

AUGUST

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Review
of Reviews for
Busy Men and Women

—
Sir William Macdonald and
Practical Education

—
Fitting Young People for
Life's Battle

—
The Outside vs. the
Inside Man

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Great Achievements of Men Over Sixty

So Many Wonderful Things Have Been Accomplished by Men of More Than Three Score Years That it is Impossible to Enumerate Them All—Why Should Any One Feel Gloomy at the Approach of Age?

By H. E. Simmons in *Mussey's Magazine*.

OLD age is a subject in which we all feel a direct and personal interest, since those of us who are not already old are certain to become so if we go on living. Deep down in his inner consciousness, every human being doubtless hates the thought; and even when in the full tide of youth or in middle life, he feels at times a cold fear gripping at his heart, as if some one had said:

"Walk just a little while, and you will be sitting in the chimney-corner, quite out of the race, quite past the age of all achievement, and no longer of any use."

It is true that modern life is pushing back the period of old age. A man of forty is to-day much younger than was the man of forty a century ago, and a woman of forty is a girl compared with the Puritan dame at two score years. But, none the less, we know that old age still waits for us, even though it waits a little longer; and most of us are secretly in dread of it, because we think that it will cripple our activities.

For this widespread notion the poets are

in part responsible, with their melancholy mention of "the scar and yellow leaf." If we look upon recorded facts, however, old age need not be either sad or barren of achievement. A man who is sound of mind and body does not reach his full maturity until his fortieth year, just as a woman does not reach her full maturity before the age of thirty. The three decades which succeed the fourth ought, in the case of the normal man, to be the most fruitful ones of all. And this is an assertion of which the truth is amply and even overwhelmingly made clear by history.

Dr. William Osler, in his remarks upon the age-limit of usefulness, is said to have declared that a man has done his work at sixty, and is thereafter a negligible quantity. It is odd that a physician should set the age of sixty as the terminal of usefulness, when so many of the greatest members of his profession, from Hippocrates and Galen down to Abernethy and Lister, both lived and practised with great success for many years beyond that period. And this is no more true of medicine than of



GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891)
Who completed his "History of the United States" at
ninety-two

every other sphere of human activity—war, statesmanship, art, literature and science.

It is an interesting and instructive thing to look into the later years of some of the long lives among the world's great men. So many wonderful achievements have been accomplished by men of more than three-score that it would be impossible to enumerate them all. Yet it is necessary to cite a comparatively full list of illustrious examples, so that no one may be able to declare that certain historic instances are exceptions to a general rule.

OLD MEN WHO WON BATTLES

Warfare demands of those who would successfully conduct it both physical and mental powers of a very high degree. The brain must be at every moment clear and swift in all its processes; the body must be strong enough to withstand exhaustion and fatigue. Both of these requirements were met in the German leader, Johann von Tilly, who, in the Thirty Years' War, headed the forces of the Catholic League. Tilly was sixty-one when, in 1620, he buckled on his sword and won the great battle of the

White Hill under the walls of Prague. He went on from victory to victory until, at the age of seventy-two, having succeeded Wallenstein in full command of the imperial forces, he stormed the town of Magdeburg.

In "Childe Harold" Byron speaks of—

Blind old Dandolo,
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

As a matter of fact, if the histories are right, the gallant Venetian soldier Enrico Dandolo was no less than ninety-six when he led his mailed hosts to storm the walls of Constantinople.

Another instance worth recalling is that of the daring British general, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who at sixty-six directed the expedition of 1801 to Egypt, where he routed the French in the Battle of Alexandria. Old man though he was, when a bullet struck him in the thigh he made no sign, but cheered his soldiers on till victory was theirs. The Russian fieldmarshal, Kutusoff, was sixty-seven when, in 1812, he led the relentless pursuit of Napoleon's shattered army through the snows of that terrible



TITIAN (TIZIANO VECELLIO, 1480-1550)
Who painted portraits in his ninety-fourth year.



"MARSHALL FORWARD"—GERHARD VON BLÜCHER, PRINCE OF WAHLSTADT (1782-1861)
Who in his seventy-third year Commanded the Prussians at Waterloo.

winter, and inflicted a disastrous defeat upon Davout and Ney at Smolensk.

Of Sir Charles James Napier, Carlyle wrote: "A lynx-eyed, fiery man—more of a hero than any modern I have seen in a long time." Napier was brave to rashness, and inspired by an energy which ill brooked control. He was in his sixtieth year when he took command of the British army in India, and conquered the Province of Sind. In one fierce battle he hurled his force of two thousand men upon a native army of twenty thousand, and literally hewed them down, fighting himself in the forefront of the battle; for Napier was a general of the older type, assailing the enemy sword in hand. After the war ended, he served as Governor of the Province

for several years, quelling the hill tribes and bringing order out of chaos. At sixty-six he was sent out once more to India to put down an insurrection of the Sikhs.

American military history affords at least two illustrious examples of what old men can do in war. The first of these is General Winfield Scott, who in his sixty-first year took command of the American invasion of Mexico, and led the famous march from Vera Cruz to the capital, winning an unbroken series of victories over tremendous natural obstacles and against a foe who outnumbered his small army three to one. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Scott was commanding general at the age of seventy-five. Afflicted with the gout, he was unable to take the field in person; yet

he worked out a scheme for crushing the Confederacy, at which short-sighted theorists then laughed derisively. Scott was retired, and gave way to younger men; yet in the end the war was actually fought out in accordance with his so-called "anaconda plan," which proved that while the old warrior's body was infirm, his military genius burned brightly to the last.

Scott's rival and fellow soldier, General Zachary Taylor, won almost equal glory in the war with Mexico. He was sixty-two when he fought and won the bloody Battle of Buena Vista over Santa Anna, pitting his force of fewer than six thousand troops against a well-equipped and disciplined army of twenty-one thousand Mexicans, and shattering it to atoms. At sixty-four he was inaugurated President of the United States.

But it is modern Germany that has afforded the most remarkable instances of laurels won by veteran commanders. When Blucher helped Wellington to crush Napoleon at Waterloo, the Prussian marshal was well on in his seventy-third year, but still as keen and fiery as a youth. At Ligny, two days before, he had been caught in a sweeping charge of the French cavalry; his horse was shot, and fell, rolling over on its rider and leaving him senseless on the ground. He escaped capture only because Napoleon's troopers did not recognize him in the darkness of evening. Carried off the field, and retreating with his beaten army, the splendid old soldier lost not an atom of his courage. On the morning of the next day but one, knowing that Wellington's force had taken up its stand for a pitched battle, he insisted on mounting his horse,



LIEUT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT (1796-1866)
Who was Commanding General of the United States Army at seventy-five

saying that he must get into the fight if he had to be tied upon his saddle. As the Prussians, moving toward the thunder of the cannon, dragged their artillery over the miry roads, the old man constantly urged them on with: "Forward! Forward! I have given my word to Wellington, and I must keep it!"

An equally conspicuous and more modern example of what may be done in age is found in the career of Helmuth von Moltke, the Danish-born Prussian general. It was not until the sixty-fourth year of his life that Moltke's name was known outside of army circles. Through all those years he had planned and organized for the victories that were to come when events should have ripened into opportunity. Aided by Count von Roon, himself a man of sixty, he had forged the sharp blade which was to set Prussia at the head of Europe. The first test came when Prussia and Austria massed their armies under Moltke and swept over Denmark in an irresistible tide of bayonets. This was but a small affair, a mere trial of the weapon. Two years later, Prussia faced Austria, and in a seven weeks' campaign Moltke's generalship brought the empire of Franz Josef to its very knees.

Four years later still, Moltke led the

German hosts to the conquest of France, which until then had been regarded as the first military power of Europe. In all that year of war he practically never lost a battle; no one of all his complicated plans went wrong. Not since Napoleon had the world seen so great a soldier as this veteran of seventy. Even then he did not cease from his activities, but remained until his eighty-eighth year at the head of the German army, acting besides as chairman of the committee of national defense—a post which he retained until his death at the age of ninety-one.

Among military engineers, perhaps, the best example is to be found in the French marshal and military engineer, Sebastien de Vauban, whose works on fortification have even now, two hundred years after his death, a definite value to military theorists. Vauban was made a marshal of France at seventy. When he died, at seventy-four, he was busily engaged in writing on economic subjects, and was "the first advocate of what has now come to be known as 'the single tax.'" Sir Mark Brunel completed the first tunnel under the Thames at the age of seventy-four. The American,



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE (1800-1891)
Who at seventy was Chief German Strategist in the war with France



OTTO VON BISMARCK (1815-1898)

The great German Statesman who was Imperial Chancellor till just before his seventy-eighth birthday.

Richard Gatling, at sixty-eight, invented a new gun-metal and was authorized by Congress to experiment on new methods of casting cannon.

Todleben, the Russian military engineer, was, it is true, a mere infant of thirty-seven when he devised the fortifications of Sebastopol in the Crimean War; but he was sixty years of age when, in the war between Russia and Turkey, he drew around Plevna the works which caused the downfall of that famous stronghold. And after the campaign was over, and peace declared, he served for some time as Governor of the conquered districts.

Still living is Britain's greatest general since Wellington—Lord Roberts, whom Kipling has made widely known under his army sobriquet of "Bobs." After forty years' service in India, Roberts had gone home to England, apparently to spend his latter days in retirement. He was in his

sixty-eighth year when there came the news that the army sent to South Africa to punish the Boers had failed, that Buller had met humiliating defeat at Colenso, and that Roberts' only son was among the slain. In the emergency, the veteran general was called to the front, where he speedily reversed the situation. Within a few weeks Kimberley was relieved and Cronje captured, and within a few months Roberts had swept irresistibly over the veldt, scattering the enemy before him and occupying the capitals of both the Boer republics.

It is told of him that while riding in company with General Buller, in the outskirts of Pretoria, they came upon a fairly high rail fence.

"How about taking that fence?" asked Roberts.

Buller was seven years younger than his chief, yet he replied:

"I am too old for that, sir."

Whereupon Lord Roberts, setting spurs to his horse, cleared the fence as neatly as though he were the youngest huntsman in a field at home.

Of naval heroes, David Farragut, greatest of American admirals, was nearly sixty-one when he ran his fleet through the fire of the Confederate forts defending the mouth of the Mississippi, and captured New Orleans; and he was sixty-three when he fought and won his desperate battle with the ironclad ram Tennessee in Mobile Bay.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF STATECRAFT.

The statesmen who became noted in their later years are too many to be enumerated. One famous instance was that of Benjamin Franklin, who was in his seventy-first year when he arrived in Paris as the first American ambassador to the court of France. Seventy-seven when he helped to negotiate the treaty that secured our national independence, minister at Paris until his seventy-ninth year, and after his return to his own country serving in various public capacities, surely Franklin proved that a man may be of use when he is past sixty. John Quincy Adams, at the age of sixty-four, having been defeated for re-election to the Presidency, returned to Washington as a member of the House of Representatives. He served there, and served well, into his eight-first year, being fatally stricken while sitting at his desk in the Capitol.

No official station in the world entails a greater burden of work and responsibility than the Presidency of the United States. Of the twenty-five men who have held it, five—John Adams, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Buchanan—were over threescore when they took office. Six others—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Johnson—passed their sixtieth birthday while in office, and a seventh—Cleveland—missed doing so by only a few days. The physical labor of a Presidential campaign has become so enormous that of late it has been usual to choose younger men; yet in 1904 the Democrats nominated an octogenarian for the Vice-Presidency, and Speaker Cannon's seventy-two years are not thought to disqualify him as a possible candidate at the approaching election.

England has had no "boy premier" since Pitt. The Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister at sixty-one, and held a Cabinet portfolio at seventy-seven. Of his thirteen successors to the present day, all but three held office beyond sixty, all but five beyond seventy, and two—Palmerston and Gladstone—beyond their eightieth year, Palmerston dying in harness two days before his eighty-first birthday, and Gladstone retiring, still vigorous at eighty-four.

Gladstone's career was parallel in some ways, and strongly contrasted in others, to that of Bismarck. For nearly a third of a century, beginning nine years before that day in 1871 when he proclaimed William I. as German Emperor in the Palace of Versailles, the Prussian statesman carried a tremendous load of cares, "playing high," as he once remarked, "with other people's money." He was forty-seven when he became Premier of Prussia; he was seventy-five when young William II. deprived him of the Chancellorship; and throughout that long period he had held the helm of State without a single interval of rest.

Two other famous veterans were Louis Adolphe Thiers, President of France, and Francesco Crispi, Premier of Italy. Both these men held the reins of Government in their seventy-seventh year, and Crispi was a member of the Italian Parliament in his seventy-ninth.

The turbulent political atmosphere of Haiti can hardly be regarded as conducive to longevity, but Nord Alexis, the present



RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)
Who did some of his best work after he was seventy.

autocrat of that dusky republic, is understood to be ninety years old; and that he is still a man of vigor seems to be sufficiently proved by the highly unpleasant experiences of those who have dared to challenge his authority.

The history of the Papacy is full of proofs that old age need not be a period of weakness. Take, for instance, the last three names on the list of pontiffs—those of Pius IX., who died in his eighty-sixth year, after a life full of strife and stress till near its end; of Leo XIII., who lived to his ninety-fourth year, physically frail, but intellectually powerful; and the present Pope, who at seventy-three promises to rival the longevity of his two famous predecessors.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF LITERATURE

Philosophers and writers have often lived to achieve great things in their old age. Plato was more than seventy when he wrote his great work on the "Laws"; and when he died, at eighty, he was still the inspiration of the Academy which he had founded forty years before. Sophocles, the Athenian dramatist, was eighty at the time of his last contest; and in the



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS (1832-1914)
Who at sixty-eight Commanded the British forces in South Africa.

preceding thirty-two years he had won the first prize from his rivals no less than twenty times. The Italian poet, Petrarca, wrote much lovely verse after he was sixty. Cervantes was sixty-seven when he produced the second part of "Don Quixote." Dryden began his translation of Virgil at sixty-three and finished it at sixty-six; and to the latter year belongs his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," the finest of his lyrics. Jeremy Bentham, whose works on ethics and political economy are classic, died at eighty-four, active and vigorous to the last.

One of the most striking examples of continued productiveness in old age is that of Voltaire. This great Frenchman, from the age of sixty-four until he was more than eighty, lived a many-sided existence on his estate at Ferney, where he managed the affairs of his domain in patriarchal fashion, built a private theatre and a church, and exercised a sumptuous hospitality, while all the time producing witty, epigrammatic letters and pamphlets on the questions of the day. At eighty-four he journeyed to Paris to witness the production of his play "Irene," an event which forms an epoch in the theatrical history of France.

Another life filled to the brim with rich



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Who wrote some of his finest poetry in his last years

creativity was that of Goethe. To the very end of his eighty-two years, he preserved his youthfulness of spirit, kept hold of all his varied interests, and made of Weimar a famous literary landmark. It was only just before his death that he finished the second part of "Faust."

Carlyle was almost seventy when he finished his monumental history of Frederick the Great. Victor Hugo was seventy-six when he completed his "Histoire d'un Crime," and when he died, at eighty-three, he was engaged upon a tragedy, working with all the energy of youth.

Two of Browning's most vigorous volumes of verse were published after he was seventy-five, and Tennyson wrote continuously, with little sign of failing power, up to his death at eighty-three. Isaac Walton, best known as the author of "The Complete Angler," published his "Life of Bishop Sanderson" at eighty-five, and Walter Savage Landor his "Heroic Idylls" at eighty-eight. Nor should mention be omitted of the great John Wesley, who preached, taught and wrote till just before his death in his eighty-eighth year.

Swirburne, at seventy-one, has lately completed a new poetic drama. George Meredith, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, and Tolstoy, who will reach the same mile-stone in August, are also distinguished instances of mental fertility in old age.

Among playwrights and actors must be mentioned the name of Charles Macklin, who lived to his hundredth year, and who at ninety not only wrote "The Man of the World," but appeared in it himself, creating the difficult part of Sir Pertinax Macgrath.

Of Americans there are William Cullen Bryant, who at seventy-six finished his translation of the "Odyssey"; Emerson, who lectured with success when he was nearly seventy, and whose pen was busy till shortly before his death at seventy-nine; Longfellow, who published four volumes after he was seventy; Whittier, who was revising his earlier poems and writing new ones after his eightieth year, and Walt Whitman, who produced "Sands at Seventy" when he was three-score and ten, and "November Boughs" two years later. Lowell, between sixty-one and sixty-six, not only wrote the verses that make up the volume "Heartsease and Rue," but he also



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790)

Who at seventy-seven negotiated the Treaty with France that secured American independence.

served his country most effectively as Minister to England. Later, after his return to America, he did some of his best work as a lecturer and an essayist.

Washington Irving finished his "Life of Washington" at seventy-six, and Oliver Wendell Holmes published his "Over the Teacups" at eighty-one. But perhaps the most remarkable case in American literary annals is that of John Bigelow, who in his ninety-first year is still the active head of the New York Public Library, and who has just finished his work as the biographer of Samuel J. Tilden by publishing two volumes of Mr. Tilden's letters.

Guisot, the French historian, was a busy statesman until he was past sixty. Having

fallen from power when Louis Philippe was dethroned, he turned to historical writing as a task for his old age, and devoted twenty-six years to it, working at his "History of France" till just before his death, at eighty-six.

It is nearly forty years since Emile Ollivier, Premier of France in the last days of the Second Empire, told his countrymen, on the outbreak of war with Prussia, that he drew the sword "with a light heart." Many people who still remember that unhappy phrase do not know that Ollivier is still alive, and working away, in his eighty-third year, at a bulky history of the great events in which he long ago took part.

Leopold von Ranke, whose new methods

of treating historical materials mark an epoch in that field, was past eighty when he began the publication of his most ambitious work, the "Weltgeschichte," and he reached the ninth volume before he laid down his pen.

Theodor Mommsen produced some of his best work after sixty, and long after that time he was an active worker in various liberal movements. He was a member of the Prussian Parliament until he was sixty-five, and secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences until he was seventy-eight.

George Bancroft, the American, might have paraphrased George Eliot by saying that he began his "History of the United States" as a young man and finished it as an old one, for he was seventy-six before he completed the book that is his chief monument, and he continued to revise it for seven years more. Bancroft held public office, too, in his old age. He was seventy-three when his term as Minister to Germany expired.

Herbert Spencer was forty when he announced his intention of writing a series of books covering the whole field of philosophy. Though hampered by ill-health and lack of means, he pursued his self-appointed task for more than forty years, completing it just before his death. Only a volume of reminiscences, which he undertook as a relaxation from his more serious work, was left unfinished when he died in his eighty-fourth year.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF SCIENCE.

Science affords many illustrious names to swell the list of veterans. Galileo, who formulated the correct theory of the earth's motion, was sixty-nine when his bigoted persecutors forced him to abjure the truths he had announced; yet the fire of his genius would not die. At seventy-two he wrote an important work on the new sciences; and a year later, just before blindness sealed his eyes, he made a valuable telescopic discovery in the sphere of lunar phenomena. Even when all was dark to him, the old man toiled on unwearied, thinking out the application of the pendulum to clock-work, and, through his secretary, carrying on an extensive scientific correspondence.

Sir Isaac Newton was made president of the Royal Society in his later years, a long time after he had watched the apple

drop and had discovered gravitation. He was sixty when he took the office, he was eighty-four when death made him give it up; and throughout the period of his tenure he was constantly at work for the advancement of science.

The French zoologist, Lamarck, the founder of organic evolution, died at eighty-five after a life of hard work and high thinking. His monumental "Histoire Naturelle" was not finished till he was seventy-seven. Laplace, the French astronomer, wrote his treatise the "Mecanique Celeste" between the ages of fifty and seventy-six. Buffon began the publication of his great book on natural history when he was sixty-four. When he died, in his eighty-first year, he had issued seventeen volumes and was preparing the eighteenth.

Alexander von Humboldt, the German naturalist, who lived to be almost ninety, was seventy-five when the first part of his "Kosmos" appeared, and he continued to work at the book until just before his death. John James Audubon was sixty-two when he purchased an estate upon the Hudson, and settled down to write. There he completed his "Birds of America," and still later, with the assistance of his sons and of John Bachman, wrote his treatise on "The Quadrapeds of North America."

Michael Faraday, the English physicist, did some of his best work not very long before his death at seventy-five, even though mind and body were then failing. Louis Agassiz was sixty-six when he carried out his plan of establishing a summer school on Buzzard's Bay, the first summer school ever opened in America, and the mother of all the summer schools that have been projected since. The "Descent of Man" was finished when Charles Darwin was sixty-two, and during the remaining eleven years of his life he compiled six more of his carefully wrought books, full of original observations of natural phenomena.

Jurists are proverbially long-lived. Sir Edward Coke, as Lord Chief Justice of England, was sixty-one when King James I. gave him the appointment, hoping thereby to bend him to the royal will. But Coke was not to be suborned. He opposed the king and maintained the supremacy of the law, even though he was imprisoned in the Tower as a punishment for his obstinacy. He was seventy-six when, in the third Parliament of Charles I., he helped, by his wis-

ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW
FARRAGUT (1860-1900)

Who was past sixty when he was
killed in the Civil War.



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(1749-1832)
Was married - Passed shortly before his death
at eighty-two



VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885)

Who finished his "History of a Crime" at seventy-six.

dom and profound knowledge, to frame the Penman of Rights—courageous in old age as in his youth. John Marshall, probably the most famous of all our American jurists, presided over the Supreme Court of the United States until his death at the age of seventy-nine. Justice Stephen Field remained on the bench to his eighty-second year, and our present Chief Justice is past seventy-five.

FAMOUS VETERANS OF ART.

Among artists, musicians as a rule have not lived and worked so long as painters, yet there are exceptions in the ranks of the composers. There was Handel, whose masterpiece, the "Messiah," was written when he was not quite sixty, being finished in the incredibly short space of twenty-three days. The oratorio of "Judas Maccabaeus" was produced when he was sixty-two, and "Jephthah" when he was sixty-seven. Even when, a little later, blindness came upon him, he continued to compose and to perform in public. Bach, the fountain-head of German music, labored unceasingly until his death at the age of sixty-five. He was dictating the last notes of the chorale, "When We Are in the Depths of Need."

when he felt that his end was near. He told his secretary to change the inscription to "Herewith I Come Before Thy Throne"; and so died working.

To name a few more of the veterans of music, Rossini composed his "Messe Solenne" at seventy-two, and Meyerbeer his master-work, "L'Africaine," at the same age. Verdi finished his "Otello" at seventy-four, his "Falstaff" at eighty, and was still composing at eighty-five. Auber's opera, "Le Reve d'Amour," was produced at eighty-seven.

It is wonderful that the art of painting, which requires the steadiest of hands and the surest of eyes, should have among its great masters so many who have worked until an advanced age. There was old Giovanni Bellini, the founder of that school of Venetian colorists to which Titian and Giorgione are assigned. Bellini lived to be almost ninety, and painted to the end. His later work is characterized by more freedom of truth and by a deeper warmth of color, if anything, than that of his earlier periods.

But, of course, all other names are dim beside that of Michelangelo, who left his impress not only upon painting, but upon sculpture, architecture, and all the kindred arts. When Michelangelo was sixty, he had done what might well have been con-



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1796-1862)

Who at seventy-six finished his translation of the "Odyssey."



HERBERT SPENCER (1820-1903)

Who at eighty completed his great series of philosophic works.

sidered a full measure of work, yet Pope Paul III. sent for him to complete the decorations of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. He was seventy-one when he finished the task; and his frescoes, including the mighty one of the "Last Judgment," on the immense altar-wall, stand to tell succeeding generations what an old man can do. But further things this old man did, for in his seventy-second year he was appointed chief architect of St. Peter's, a post which he held through the reigns of five Popes.

Even longer than he did the painter Titian live and work, being in his hundredth year, when, stricken by the plague, he laid down his brush. Titian was seventy when the Emperor Charles V. summoned him to Augsburg, where he painted his wonderful characterization of that great but gloomy ruler—the equestrian portrait in full armor.

Sir Christopher Wren, the English archi-

tect, was just sixty-four when he designed Greenwich Hospital. At seventy-seven he made the plans for Marlborough House, and at eighty for the towers on the west front of Westminster Abbey.

TWO NOTABLE CENTENARIANS.

One of the most striking instances of activity extending over a very long life is to be found in Manuel Garcia. Garcia died two years ago at the extraordinary age of one hundred and one. He had been a profound student of voice-production, and had established several theories which are now generally accepted. He had taught and trained some of the great singers of the past century, and he was the inventor of the laryngoscope, an instrument of great importance to surgeons and specialists. To the last year of his life he retained a remarkable measure of physical and mental activity.

Another notable centenarian was Michel Eugene Chevreul, the French chemist, who published an important scientific treatise at ninety-two, and who was busy with pen and microscope until his one hundred and third year.

Occasionally in the past some pretender has arisen to assert that he had found the elixir of life, the magic liquid which would enable men to live forever. There have always been many eager hands to seize the flask, and yet it is doubtful if many men would really care to remain upon this earth forever. There is something almost appalling in the thought of an existence lasting much beyond the natural term of four-score years, though we all long to have that span filled full with whatever work may be allotted to us here. The true life is like a sentence in the mouth of a good speaker, well-rounded and carrying on its theme until the end, then closing with a clear-cut period, and not trailing off into ineffectual sounds. The records of the race show myriads of such lives: only a very few of them have been cited here. Why, then, should one feel gloomy at the approach of age?



To What Height Will He Climb?

Winston Churchill has the Making of a Statesman, Great Opportunity and Influential Backing—Lack of Peace at a Critical Moment May, However, Upset the Ongoing March of a Career That has Been Full of Incident and Interest.

By William E. Bowers.

IT is probably not too much to say that the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill occupies a more conspicuous position in the affairs of the Empire than any other man of his years. He has his admirers and his detractors, the latter predominate. Those things ought to help a young man, and undoubtedly they have helped him, but it must in fairness be admitted that it is his own personality which has carried him to the front, and that his political score has been made off his own bat.

I met Winston Churchill in Montreal in the fall of 1902 when he had just returned from South Africa and all the world had been talking of his bravado, and his somewhat sensational escape from Pretoria. I interviewed him at the Windsor Hotel and found him affable, talkative, vivacious, picturesque and egotistical in all he said and did. The same evening I heard him lecture in the Windsor Hall. Major Pond, the prince of entrepreneurs, was his manager, it is therefore needless to say that the affair was well advertised, rather too well to suit the sober judgment of the man in the street, who read with some amusement, and probably a touch of contempt, that "Winston Churchill, the future Premier of Great Britain," would lecture on his South African experiences. At 8 o'clock the hall was packed with probably the most stylish audience which ever assembled in Montreal to hear a lecture or address. About two-thirds of those present were ladies and probably three-fourths of the whole audience was in evening dress.

As young Churchill had done literally nothing in South Africa which counted, it is not easy to explain such a fashionable

turnout on other than social grounds. I have no doubt that it was more curiosity to see the son of Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill than to hear his address which brought fifteen hundred people out. He lounged on to the platform, after keeping the audience waiting an unconscionable time, in a manner which was either studi-

ously affected or horribly bored. For a young man of twenty-seven he had the most blasé and indifferent air, he did not attempt ornate delivery or indeed anything more than a "sotto voce," unanimated, desultory talk of himself and his doings. It might fairly be called a rambling description and contained few ideas or conclusions. My recollection is that it added nothing to one's stock of knowledge on South African affairs.

The Press reports show that as a lecturer he was not more successful elsewhere than in Montreal, and that when the curiosity of the public had been gratified by seeing him the great mystery was at an end.

Since it must be admitted that Churchill has proved that those who appraised his character and ability by these bizarre performances reckoned without their host. A man who with the obvious deficiencies mentioned (to which may fairly be added intolerance of others and contempt for their opinions and feelings) has nevertheless forged his way to the front and so acquitted himself as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, that Mr. Asquith could not leave him out of his Cabinet, must have at least some of the characteristics of greatness.

I well remember his father in his earliest Parliamentary days when he was a member of the Fourth party; it seems almost incredible now to think that so staid and philosophic a statesman as Mr. Balfour was one of the four. In those days Lord Randolph exhibited all the recklessness, audacity, smartness and readiness which characterize his son. Lord Randolph rose to Cabinet rank and might have been Premier. At the time Lord Salisbury took him into the Cabinet it is doubtful if there was a man in public life who had so surely caught the public ear and seized the popular imagination. He was almost an orator, which his son will probably never be, and this helps to account for his hold on the masses.

But in view of the recent utterances of Winston it is rather striking to recall the fact that his father's greatest public speech was the one delivered at Newcastle in opposition to Home Rule. At that time Mr.

Gladstone had no more formidable opponent. Soon after came the collapse, which has never been explained in the press and the whole truth of which cannot be told for many years. But allowing for what is known, it still remains that the erratic trait which manifests itself in every Churchill had something to do with the "delicacy."

Winston Churchill is still young, but he has yet to reveal the statesmanlike qualities which his father evinced. His brilliancy has dazzled, but there is no evidence yet that it is other than superficial. His surrender to Mr. Redmond at the eleventh hour looks far more like expediency than conviction, and the result of the Manchester elections tends to show that that was the construction put upon it by the electors.

Once on a time Mr. Chamberlain's critics dubbed him "pushful," yet he never possessed half the pertinacity of Winston Churchill, and while I am willing to concede to him intellect, industry, ambition and extreme pertinacity, his most enthusiastic admirers must admit that he has yet to win his spurs as a constructive politician.

It is too early to predict how far he may go, his great opportunity would be to popularize Fiscal Reform, and his portfolio that of the Board of Trade would seem to open the way to this. But the young Minister has never familiarized himself in any special manner with the subject and both his experience and his duties have led him in another direction. He may inherit that natural aptitude for finance which caused his father to gravitate to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but if so the public has yet to learn the fact. He has a great opportunity, influential backing, and the splendid traditions of an historic house. He has in him the makings of a statesman and even those who are the most inclined to resent his peculiarities are willing to concede that if he fails to make good it will not be for lack of ability or opportunity, but because of the persistence of an inherited streak which has been so apt to manifest itself in the Churchill family in lack of poise and balance, especially when confronted with a crisis.



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Instances of Proverbial Inconsistency

By Warwick James Frost in the Bohemian Magazine.

"Consistency is the hallmark of little minds."—EMERSON.

Many hands make light work. Also—Too many cooks spoil the broth.

No jealousy, no love. Though—In jealousy there is more self-love than love.

Everything comes to him who waits. But then—He who would find must seek.

The face is the index of the mind. Yet—A fair skin oft covers a crooked soul.

All truths are not to be told. And yet—Tell the truth and shame the devil.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Though—Nothing venture, nothing have.

The end justifies the means. But one should—Never do evil that good may come of it.

Good fortune ever fights on the side of the prudent. And just as truly—Fortune favors the bold.

Birds of a feather flock together. But how about—Two birds of prey do not keep each other company.

He who hunts two hares at once will catch neither. Yet—It is always good to have two irons in the fire.

The middle path is the safe path. But how about—The neutral is soursed from above and singed from below.

Finally: A proverb is one man's wit and all men's wisdom. Though—A formal fool speaks nought but proverbs.

Education and Business Requirements

Pros and Cons of the Various Kinds of Present Day Instructions Reviewed and Applied to the Young Man who, Having to Make a Living Without Depending on Extraneous Aid, is Left Entirely to his Own Mental Resources to Make Good.

By Gerald Skiney in the Young Man Magazine

WHO does best, from a business standpoint—the Public School man; the University educated man; he whose Alma Mater was a private school; the Board School product; or the self-educated man?

Taken generally it would be impossible to arrive at any definite decision; that is, if the question were asked, who does best in the world at large; and even when regarded from the business basis, unless one makes some qualification as to circumstances, it would be far from an easy task to reason logically on the matter.

The writer, therefore, in propounding the above query, and after doing so endeavoring to answer it, ventures on stipulating that a particular position shall be assumed—that is, that the hypothetical case taken shall be that of a young man who has no further prospect at the end of his educational career than that of having to depend without extraneous aid entirely on his own mental resources to "make good."

It is well that this provision should be made perfectly clear. We are going to regard the question entirely from the business standpoint (practically excluding the majority of the professions, to follow which it is necessary to presume the possession of means), and by business meaning clerical, wholesale and retail trade, and passing over those trades which call for a longer or shorter term of apprenticeship. We are taking as our illustration the young man or youth who at the close of his school or college days stands facing life with the assured knowledge that he has got to fend for himself—get his own position and make his own way without influence or money to assist him.

It is a most curious thing that a fellow placed in the position above defined, has a tendency to assume that had he had a better education his prospects would be much brighter. The ex-Public School man who has not spent a time at a University, points to that as his probable stumbling block in the way of success. The Private School product sighs for a past that included at least some time at a Public School; the Board School educated fellow casts glances of envy at the two. The self-educated man, who is probably still educating, in the little time he can spare for vain regrets envies all three. Even the misanthrope, who has either had none, or evaded education, throws the blame of his non-success on the whole of the educated classes. "Ah, if I'd only ha' been to Eton an' 'Arrow an' 'Hoxford an' 'Cambridge I'd ha' done well!"

Before, however, the young man indulges in these regretful thoughts, it would be an excellent idea if he were to review thoroughly the pros and cons of the varied kinds of education. The writer has broadly classified them into five distinct classes; as, if one were to embrace all shades and variations of learning, it would necessitate digressing into so many by-paths of the question that no single article would be elastic enough to contain them.

To start at the head of the list and work downwards, let us consider the position of the Oxford or Cambridge graduate, who, having obtained his degree, is now facing the problem of what to do for a living. Of course, we are making the reservation that he has neither means nor influence. He may or may not during his University days have made useful friends, but it will be outside our hypothesis if he has done the latter,

as to admit he has made useful friends (by useful understanding the world as commercially useful, or those able to advance his prospects) would assume influence.

So far, then, he is standing on that very excellent base "If I want to get on I must do so by my own unaided efforts."

His scope is very narrow. The professions of medicine, law and any other, that require private means, or, at least, a large sum in hand at the start, are closed to him. The Church, without influence, does not hold out many hopes of preferment—the ministry is obviously in a different class to the Church, but both these are rather outside our subject, which is so far materialistic that we are looking at things from the monetary view. Literature is in many cases a fickle mistress, as also are the arts, even though our young man may be theoretically supposed to know all about them.

His education has been such that an ordinary business career would be like starting his school days again, in the sense that he knows nothing of the problems or usages of business life. In fine, there is practically only one way out if he intends to, or must, immediately make a living. This way is teaching—becoming a schoolmaster. If he has been so fortunate as to have obtained his first-class or his "Blue"—in other words, is particularly good at examinations or athletics generally—he may obtain a position starting at about £100 a year resident. Of course, regarded as a first salary this sum compares more than favorably with the initial salary he could gain in business proper; but, on the other hand, it is a mistake to compare the two careers in this way. It must be borne in mind that unless he has gone up to his University with a scholarship (which is seldom the case) his training, lasting as it has for three or four years, has cost from £200 to £300 a year, equal to a total amount of from £600 to nearly twice that amount. If, therefore, his position be looked at as the outcome of the investment of that sum, it will readily be seen that had he invested a like sum in some business he might reasonably expect a far larger return than £100 a year, even with residence.

Again, unless he be able to invest anything up to £5,000 in buying a partnership (which is, under our present conditions, unlikely), his prospects do not look over bright. He may possibly obtain in time

£150 per year, but it would be exaggerating to say that he could hope to reach much higher than that. Moreover, as he gets older his value decreases, just as in the case of the average laborer, and when advancing age precludes his playing football and cricket (as necessary essentials to an undermaster as academic qualifications) he is done for—shelved.

The above is based on the assumption that the University man is exceptionally brilliant in both learning and athletics. A man with a less successful University career cannot hope to command as an initial salary more than from £60 to about £90 per year. The University man who has failed to obtain even a "pass" degree can reckon on no particular minimum. Perhaps £30 might be given as an average, but in some cases it is lower than that.

Besides the poor prospect for the schoolmaster who has no money or influence, it should be remembered that he must keep up the appearance of a gentleman—the outward appearance as well as the manner—in far greater degree than would be necessary in a business position at a like salary.

In making the above statements regarding the prospect of the University man, it will be understood that the average individual is meant. It is possible that a graduate, even though he fell short of a fellowship, may obtain a Civil Service clerkship, perhaps a first division one indeed; but only a small percentage of the great number of Varsity men attain this distinction.

It will be seen from the above (which is not based on imagination, but on simple and incontrovertible facts), that a young man with his own way to make, in banking after the flesh-pots of a Varsity career and assuming that they contain the essence of success, is following what in most cases is a chimera.

Turning to our next class, what are the prospects of the Public School man? We have reviewed the University man's chances, and therefore will presume that the Public School fellow is, on leaving school, about to shift for himself, and not rounding off his education with a period at Oxford or Cambridge.

The writer ventures, as an old Public School man himself, to assert that the education given at a Public School, in relation to qualifying a youth for business life (with our specific hypothesis understood), does

not compare favorably with the teaching of the average commercial grammar school, or the private school. The curriculum is based more on the assumption that the youth will, on the starting of his career, have influence or means. Otherwise it is impossible to imagine that the powers that be would proceed on the lines they do. Although of late years the modern side of our big Public Schools is more to the fore than the classical, even then, for our particular young man the education he receives does not help him as a second average commercial teaching would.

That the Public School teaches esprit de corps is granted—but it is possible to learn this without going to a Public School. It is no exaggeration to assert that the esprit de corps of the average commercial or private school compares more than favorably with the other.

The point is that a Public Schoolboy's education may be said, in view of his after life, to be more directed to the bringing out of his physical qualities than his mental development. The proportion of compulsory "games" to school work is, for practical purposes, wrong.

Who of the fellows at a Public School is regarded as the one to be emulated? The plodding youth who, realizing that he is now educating himself for future life, makes the most of his opportunities to absorb knowledge? Certainly not. The "little tin god on wheels" who is a great man at football, a brilliant cricketer, one to whom Fives can offer no secrets, whose running, jumping and other athletic prowess is beyond the reach of criticism; he is the fellow to be followed. Never mind if his mental advancement is such that he is in a form (and nowhere near the top of it either) with boys two and three years his junior. His reputation as an athlete casts such a glamor over his whole personality that little indiscretions such as slacking at work are glossed over—if they are perceived at all.

The reader must not imagine that because the above assertion is made the question of athletics is decided. Not at all. The writer's desire is to point out that the Public School education in its entirety—"games" included—does not fit a man, placed as we have provided, for the work of making a living so well as some of the less "high-class schools."

Take a fellow straight from a Public School, plant him in some business house, and see what happens. The chances are he is unable to put a letter together properly. His writing (this is no wild assertion) is enough to make angels weep. Set him to tot up a column of figures—he confesses that certainly he is a "bit of a cotter at math" (mathematics). If he has been on the modern side of a Public School he will at least have had the chance of learning two foreign languages (whether he took the opportunity more than he was forced to is another matter), in fact, modern foreign languages are compulsory. Does he know (save in exceptional cases) how to translate a letter from some foreign correspondent, or to write one to a French or German firm? Far from it. In fact, his native love of his country has always made him view "those beastly foreigners" with such an aversion that, on principle, he has paid little attention to their lingo. So far as being able to give you "yes" for "oui," or "no" for "nein," he will be delighted to be of service to you. Anything further, he must really be excused.

No, the Public School fellow, unless he has made the most of his opportunities (which is a rash thing to assume) is, at all events at the start, like a round peg in a square hole when placed in business. A lot of these on leaving school, instead of being sent to college, or pushed into some position or profession, or allowed to become men about town, find through unexpected circumstances—family troubles, paternal failure, or the like—they have got to make their own way. And looking back at their school career, with all its successes of being in the first XV, or the first XI, or their sports' records, and then looking forward to the matter of making a living, they kick themselves—metaphorically, of course, it being rather a difficult matter to apply the kick physically; but, on the whole, the metaphorical one hurts none.

Altogether, the Public School man is, under our special circumstances, more to be pitied than envied.

The next class, embracing the commercial and private school, is certainly more to be congratulated, that is, if the ultimate goal is a business career.

An education that is built up with a view to counteracting as far as possible the unexpected turns of fortune, is better in the

long run than the teaching that prevails a rose-strewn future, or at least a banking account and featherbeds.

As to the young man who has had, and made the most of, a Board School education, he is not nearly so much to be pitied as the Public School or University man. His ideas of success are more modest, and he is able also to get more comfort out of a modest income than would his colleague in the business of "making good," the Public School man or graduate. And he is more built to rough it than the other, who, having been practically wrapped in cotton wool during his school days, feels somewhat cold in the thin vest of his meagre accomplishments when facing life proper.

Moreover, there is nothing to prevent the Board School man from climbing mentally higher. There are opportunities galore. If he is inclined to deplore his lack of learning, instead of sighing after profound wisdom of the other fellows, he can sort out the kind of knowledge that will be useful to him, and gain it without hampering himself with the non-essentials of education. It is no optimistic thing to say that if he wishes to learn a thing, and means to do so, that thing will be accomplished. The corollary of the proposition "I will do it," is "it is done."

In the relation of the latter class we are dealing with to the first three classes—

ready dealt with, the delightful joke in Punch (one of that master wit's, Charles Keene) adapted to the occasion may fix the writer's contention that the position being stated, the Board School man is better fitted to get on than the "Varsity or Public School one. The joke, as far as memory goes, was attached to a drawing of a father rebuking a somewhat puppyish son. "What?" says the father, "you consider office work 'infra dig'? In my day it was *him* for a penny, *him* for a pound."

There it is, in a nutshell. The higher educated fellow, though aware of his necessity, looks on the business side of life as "infra dig!" The less highly educated realizes his necessity, and, viewing the matter as "in for a penny in for a pound," puts his head down and goes for it. Even the self-educated man is not so much to be commiserated after all. He has the pleasurable knowledge of difficulties overcome, and so goes forth to further battles.

There is a lot of sense and hope in the reflection on a remark made by a public speaker in Hyde Park (a remark caught by the writer en passant): "What we want," shouted the speaker, vigorously sawing the air with a dingy fist, "What we want is more of the three R's, an' less of this 'ere flapdoodle.'" As a well-known character used to say, "The bearin's of that remark lays in the application of it."

The Outside Versus the Inside Man

The Requirements, Responsibility and Obligations of Those who are at the Back of the Traveler, Faithfulness and Devotion to Duty of the Inside Man Should Earn for Him Larger Reward and Greater Consideration When Promotions are Made or Salaries Increased.

By W. A. Porter

I SHALL endeavor to condense the arguments, pro and con, which are customarily used in an ordinary business to carry the point when this subject is discussed. The only reason for argument may possibly lie in the fact that "each unto his own" is a man's business religion, always understanding that each man's own particular work is necessarily the hardest and the least appreciated. This idea originated thousands of years ago, and is likely to last for a few more aeons. There should be no friction and no misunderstanding between the men who, as traveling salesmen, represent or misrepresent their respective houses and the men who are empowered to carry out the inside workings and the general policy of these houses, but the fact remains that the trouble, in the majority of cases, does exist and is a constant source of worry to those in charge.

A little consideration of the causes of this friction may help some to be more fair in their treatment of each side of the case, may make them more able to deal justly with the matter, with a resultant profit to themselves and to their employers. A little patience and mutual education will do wonders to help things along—that is the reason for the appeal in this paper.

As a rule, there are two sources from which the average traveler is created—one from the works or warehouse in which he has been employed since a youth, and from the outside, that is from some opposition house.

Taking the case of the former—he has worked for years in an atmosphere of trade terms, packing and shipping, checking and stock-keeping, rush and bustle, his constant aim being to arrive on time in the morning

and to get out so much by night—to please "the boss" and to keep from being "docked" for errors in packing or shipping. He becomes a useful man and his chance comes to him—a vacancy on the traveling staff occurs and he is asked if he would like to become that ideal of his, a Traveler. He wonders why Jones, who is a much better man than he, in every way, is not given the opportunity—Jones is worth five dollars per week more to his firm than the man selected—and his wonder increases when he is told that Jones is too valuable a man, for the inside, to be put on the road, too good a man to be spared, and yet the offer to the new traveler (for, of course, he accepts) embraces an increase in salary which places him above Jones in earning capacity, and this without one single effort or trial, on his part, to show that he is worth one copper, as a salesman to his firm. Is this fair, just or even decent?

And yet it is done every day, and the sting remains with Jones—"too good" to be spared for the road, but not good enough to receive as much money as his admitted junior and inferior, whom he may be called upon to help out of many a trouble in days to come—can Jones be blamed for curving his own energy and aptitude, which placed him on top only to be kept where he can rise no higher and to see his juniors stepping over his head?

Is it an inducement to a man to use his brains to rise "inside" the house when the result of his success may be his downfall, in a sense—when he sees the "outside" man suddenly make a little goal and while he himself remains just "good old Jones"?

Do employers think of this when old and valued employees leave them for other

CALLED BACK.

By A. M. K.

He left the blue hills and the swaying trees,
And in the city sought earth's fairest things;
There beauty beckoned him with rain-bow wings,
And life beat time to subtle melodies.

But in the gray of life again he turned,
To those fair hills where pine-trees wove a song;
And found that peace not of the city throng,
The joys for which his heart had all-time yearned.

houses? Better for them if they would think first, sacrifice a trifle of their own personal comfort and give Jones a chance as good as that of any other employee.

The new traveler starts out for his firm in a pardonable state of enthusiasm and misplaced energy—he tries his very best, of course, but he soon learns that in the game of selling he has competition to meet and the lessons are hard to learn. In time he becomes the finished product—his mistakes have been numerous, but he is a "Traveler," and he rests content.

The other source before referred to produces the man procured from a rival house. This man is experienced, knows the goods and may probably know his customers. He must be a good talker and "jolliter" in order to persuade the same customers that the goods which he is now handling are vastly superior to, or even equal to, the goods which he has been extolling for years while in the employ of the other firm. New or old, the traveling salesman ought to be a credit to his house—does he always try to be?

His firm should be able to trust him as implicitly as if he were at headquarters—he should be trying always not only to swell the amount of his sales, but also to promote the interests of his house by selling goods which produce a profit and by avoiding unnecessary expenditure—the "amount" of the sales is worse than nothing to a firm when the "profit" is gone, unless an unfortunately large stock happens to be on hand.

The traveler's sins are many—he carelessly or illegally writes his orders, causing confusion and worry at the warehouse or factory, he makes occasional mistakes in figuring and then fumes because the house will not support him in his blunders; he changes his route so that his mail becomes lost for a time and then rages because the house criticizes him sharply for breaking prices—prices which did not reach him owing to his own stupidity in altering his route before he informed the office; he takes up the cudgels for his customers and writes letters to the firm on a variety of things, trivial and otherwise, letters which would seem to emanate from a deadly enemy instead of from a paid servant of the house—and these letters must be patiently read and reflected upon, and there is the trouble—for the inside man.

A letter from the office to a customer

who has lodged a complaint with a traveler may, if not carefully and courteously worded, cause the loss of that customer's trade, and that through no intentional fault of the writer, who has no information save what he finds in the rather incoherent letter of the irascible traveler. The salesman is on the spot, but the inside correspondent is supposed to have telephonic communication and to be able to conciliate and satisfy a man who is perhaps three hundred miles away, and whom he has never seen.

Again, the traveler is generally very well satisfied with himself as being wide awake and not easily "gulled," and yet he is the easiest victim in the world to the old, worn-out game of "better price from the others." The almost insane eagerness with which he rushes in an order at a reduced price "to meet competition" is a strange thing to see—it is a disease with most salesmen, a disease which it seems almost hopeless to try to cure. But does the salesman get the blame for reduced profits at the end of the year? Not in nine cases out of ten, for it is the inside man who is held responsible, while the traveler is "our star representative" who sold so many thousands of dollars' worth more than any other salesman—and he never even blushes for shame when his salary is increased.

And then the toiler of the road, when business may be slack, must make the sales look well—he books orders for future delivery with a reckless disregard of the possible rise in price of raw material and trusts to the house to sustain him. Business exigencies may cause the firm to grudgingly accept the orders, but is that sound policy, and does the salesman or the house gain by it? Once a cutter of prices always a cutter, in this busy age. The man who cannot sell goods without cutting his prices and without holding out "future delivery" as an inducement is worse than useless to his employers and should be summarily disposed of.

Now let us consider the opportunities in the hands of the average traveling salesman if he wishes to use them. He has the privilege of meeting, face to face, the customers who patronize his house; he has unlimited opportunities of studying each character and forming his opinion of the way best suited to address each man; he can force his own personality, to a greater or lesser degree, upon every customer with

whom he may come in contact; he is able to personally investigate most grievances and to adjust differences; he can examine defective goods and report to his house with a clear idea as to what is wrong, or claimed to be wrong, and he can do this without offending the customer or losing his own dignity in the least—he has these opportunities; does he always use them?

A successful traveler may make some enemies, but it does not follow that he must make them; he need not be a prince of good fellows, but he must respect his customers and he must make them respect him and his house. A bit of sympathy is never wasted, but a salesman who talks in a derogatory manner of his own house, or of other houses, is a nuisance and abomination—his word becomes a by-word and his statements, however big, are given little thought. Again, a thoughtful salesman may assist a customer by advising him as to probable advances in prices and by helping him to order accordingly, but it does not follow that he should deliberately throw away his firm's chances of a legitimate profit by taking orders broadcast, in order to swell his sales, when the market on raw material suddenly advances, and his own cleverness should not induce him to take it upon himself to reduce prices to customers because he has had a tip as to the sudden fall in price of the same raw material—he should give his firm the same chance that his customers get, for his salary comes from the house and not from the man who buys from him.

As to his troubles there is no doubt—cranky customers, pompous, conceited, bad-tempered, good-natured, bilious, abstemious, sports, church elders, saints and sinners—he has to meet and adapt himself to them all; that is, he should try to adapt himself to all; he has to talk to enraged debtors whom the house has sent fit to dun and he has to put off men whose credit has become too shaky for his firm to trust; he has to be polite and attentive to every proxy and wearying crank who loves to dwell upon local church festivals and the fall fairs, and he must burden himself with many woes which concern him not.

The "inside" man has upon his shoulders a responsibility which varies according to the number of duties which lie to his lot, but he generally has to be a combination of a great many different kinds of a man

and must be ready, at all times, to assume immediately the duties which every phase of his work demands. His greatest trouble is that he is expected to be a first-rate man at almost every class of work common to a warehouse and office and he must constantly jump from one thing to another without the slightest hesitation and without warning—he is unfortunately endowed with only one brain, but is expected to have two or three heads for each day's use.

Office-boy, invoice clerk, salesman, letterkeeper, cashier, accountant, correspondent, buyer—he must know enough of the work of each in order to properly control things—if he fails in the slightest degree, the powers that be are down on him like a shot. If he undertakes more than he is capable of attending to, so that things may work smoothly, and then relaxes in the least, he is put down as beginning to grow old, and his end is quick—he is soon on the business junk-heap.

He must understand and control his warehouse, office or factory staff, must know the capabilities of each man, his strong points and his weaknesses, and must so use his knowledge that he may get the best results and at the same time satisfy both his firm and his staff. He must keep in touch with his travelers and assist them as much as possible in his correspondence—correspondence conducted with men nine-tenths of whom he has never seen and of whose personal characteristics he has but the slightest knowledge.

He has to see that errors are rectified, prices are kept both by the inside and the outside salesmen, that shipments are made as promptly as possible and that complaints are attended to so as not to offend the firm's customers; he must soothe the irritated traveler who thinks that his firm is giving him the worst of an argument and he must always be patient and fair when a dispute arises with a patron of the house—in short, he ought to be a paragon, which is exactly what he is not.

Sometimes he is harassed and worried by every imaginable complaint that the mail, the telephone or the telegraph can throw at him—everything will indolently persist in breaking loose or going wrong. But he must always remember that it is expected of him to answer his correspondence in a courteous and business-like manner and not allow his personal feelings to affect him at

all. For every complaint which a traveler receives the inside man has a dozen, and he has the additional misfortune of being expected to listen to the traveler's personal complaint after the matter in question has been gone over with the customer—he has to fight with one hand tied, and as it were, and he must always come up smiling, at that.

If a traveling salesman be taken ill a substitute is provided, so that the connection may be kept up; and, upon recovery, the regular traveler takes up his work just where he left off. But let the inside man fall ill, and what happens?

Upon his return he generally finds enough work heaped up for him to make him wish that he had stayed where he was, and he is looked upon as having deliberately made himself ill in order to inconvenience others. If an epidemic strikes the staff he has the unalloyed pleasure of trying to do three or four men's work at the same time, with the result that his own work suffers, and the powers that be become frigid or torrid, as the occasion seems to warrant.

Did anybody ever hear of a firm or an employer hustling around to try to furnish a substitute when an old and trusted inside or office man might be temporarily away from work through illness? He, or they, might make a spasmodic effort to have some one "just look over Smith's papers, will you?" but it seems to be always taken for granted that Smith will make things right, never mind how.

How often do employers ever think that the inside man may need money as well as the outside man—that he often has to entertain customers—that he is denied privileges which the traveler enjoys, simply because the business of the firm must appear to be conducted upon steady, strict and solid lines?

And when sales have been good and the business year has turned out well—when the traveling salesmen are enjoying Christmas holidays at the firm's expense and receiving increased salaries, based upon their sales, does it ever occur to the firm or directors that a large portion of those so-called "travelers' sales" comes from the efforts of the inside men?

Do employers, as a rule, remember that the tact, patience and courtesy of their showroom salesmen, the laborious interpretation of involved specifications, with the results clearly set down in the finished quo-

tation, and the following up of these quotations by the correspondent bring to them a great share of their business, a share which they would get without the accident of the traveler's having chanced upon the customer when things were ripe for results?

An inside man does all these things as a matter of course, and has to do them well, or get out—he may make more personal sales than the best traveling salesman employed by his firm and may be an invoice clerk, cost man or correspondent at the same time, but he would never dream of claiming an increased salary because he happened to sell goods any more than he would ask for more money because his letters bore a more finished style than those of others or that his clerical work was neater and more quickly done.

He must be a combination, and a good combination, of different types, of men, to be appreciated at all.

How often does the head of a firm notice that his office and warehouse are cleaner than they used to be, that his books are cleaner and neater, that his invoices and statements go out more regularly, that the correspondence is brighter and more convincing, that his whole staff is more alert and accurate?

If he does notice it, does he give a passing thought to the care, the patience and the hard work necessary to produce those results?

Does he ever remember that a few years ago his mail was filled with complaints about bad packing and shipping and his warehouse seemed to have no system or order about it—and does he then reflect that things are different now, everything in its place, all moving smoothly and the complaints reduced to almost nothing?

If some passing wonder fills his mind it is generally gone before it has caused him to consider that some man or group of men close to him, in his very office or factory, has evolved this order out of chaos, and in addition to this has kept his travelers to their work, has assisted them to sell their goods, has pointed out possible chances for orders and the right men to see, has kept watch on prices for selling and buying, has looked after collections and avoided financial pitfalls, and has done it all without hope of one word of praise or appreciation.

He generally expects no reward and his expectations are fulfilled—there is no halo

for him, no fat increase in salary—but he knows his work and does it and he has the satisfaction of feeling and knowing what he has done was good. Others may do the talking, but he does the work, and gets his own reward in his own peculiar way.

The time will surely come when the inside man will be as much appreciated as he is now overlooked, and when things have been shaken down to their proper level he will be found where his brains, education and energy should long ago have placed him—very near the top.

In the meantime his lot would be rendered happier and his work made easier if the average employer would sometimes use toward him the same consideration that he gives to his traveling salesmen—his work should be recognized, and his salary should be based upon his work and results, and not merely upon length of service.

If a traveler increases his sales largely he expects, and gets, an increased salary—why, in the name of all that is just and rea-

sonable, is the salary of the inside man not increased when his work becomes greater and his services more valuable to his firm? Why is it that the salesman's salary, at the periodical adjustment of affairs, is advanced from five to ten dollars per week, if he has done his duty and done it well, and the inside man receives only an additional dollar or two per week simply because his work has been also done well and his duty performed?

Is it not because most employers are a little selfish in their thoughts of their own immediate surroundings and convenience and are short-sighted in looking afar? This may sound somewhat paradoxical, but does it not hit very near to the truth?

The inside man's faithfulness and devotion to duty should earn for him a better reward than he usually receives, and I take the liberty of trusting that my remarks may cause a small portion of those who may read this article to think a little more deeply, in future, of how to help and understand him.



Does Your Work Drive You?

The Greatest Achievements of the World Have Been Accomplished by Enthusiasts—Will Power Working Parallel With Interest Is Tenfold More Efficient Than Will Power Working Counter to Interest—Some Simple Rules.

By Dr. Luther H. Golick in the *World's Work Magazine*.

ONE of the great contrasts between men is the contrast between those who are interested in, or in love with, their work and those who do it merely from a sense of duty. One class drives the work, while the other class is driven by it. One is full of enthusiasm, and the other of the consciousness of effort and work. These two states of mind can be analyzed, and, to a considerable degree one can choose which attitude one shall have for his life work.

When we give attention to anything, we do so from one of two motives: either the thing possesses some inherent attraction for us—draws us to it; or else we have exerted a deliberate push, as it were, upon our consciousness. If we are hungry, we give attention to a good dinner without the least feeling of effort. In the same spirit we attend to a good novel, once we have "got into the story," or to a charming girl, or to the latest stock reports. In these cases our own conscious part seems merely to let attention have its way; it goes straight to its object and stays. On the other hand, everyone knows how painful and exhausting may be the process of keeping the attention fastened to an object when there is none of this magnetic force in play; where all the control is a matter of moral resolution. It is safe to say that no other form of energy-expenditure is so costly as this. What we are spending here is the most central of our personal forces—will-power; and will-fatigue means a letting down of the whole personality to a lower level of efficiency.

A friend of mine, who at the age of seventeen was a soldier in the Civil War, told me of an order once given him to watch a certain hole in a wall, through which it was expected that a Confederate

spy would creep at any minute. He watched there for a whole hour (it seemed like twenty), keeping his eyes riveted on that hole, his gun cocked, every muscle tense, ready to shoot. He said that he did not remember ever having had so fatiguing an experience. He was not disturbed at the idea of shooting a man; he was well enough accustomed to that business. It was simply the attention-strain. He could not look away; he could not let his thought wander an instant. Yet there was nothing to hold him to his duty except will-power—every natural impulse had to be persistently whipped back.

It is interesting to set alongside of this the fact that a man can go hunting through autumn woods from morning till evening, walking like a cat among the dead leaves, ear and eye strained to the last degree, and come home at night actually fresher than when he went out and eager for another day of it. In a case like this, the attention is held just as taut as it was with the man who watched the hole in the wall. But the difference is that, in so far as will-power has a part to play here, that part is perfectly spontaneous. Attention needs no stays to hold it where it belongs. There is no conflict of opposing forces. Interest works toward the same end as will; they run parallel.

When will-power must do police service, prodding to duty, it is quick to get tired. You have probably had the experience of trying to "do" some great art collection in a single visit—your only opportunity. For the first hour, or hour and a half, what an unqualified pleasure! Your attention fixes upon each object with a fresh zest; all your perceptions are quick and vivid. Then you

approach what might be termed the point of aesthetic saturation. You cannot soak up any more. And now your pilgrimage ceases to be a self-propelled thing. Interest serves no longer as a magnet. Indifference rapidly turns into distaste, finally into agony. Nothing but sheer will-power will keep you going the round; and the expenditure of energy increases in a geometrical ratio. How sadly familiar a sight in any of the great European capitals is the harassed, nervous, distracted face of the typical tourist! Whirled at breakneck speed through the world's chief museums, from one master-product of human genius to another, he no longer is in possession of any faculties of true enjoyment or appreciation. It is will-power acting in obedience to some abortive notion of self-improvement, that has brought things to this pass. "Education," forsooth! It is debauching.

Certain fatigue-tests, performed on school children, have developed the fact that school room gymnastics are the most fatiguing occupation of the school day. They are fatiguing not because they are muscularly exhausting—they are not that—but because they put such a strain upon attention control. The whole sequence of exercises, as ordinarily gone through with, requires the utmost effort of concentration. The process has practically no inherent interest for the children—to many of them it is positively distasteful; they act under orders. Attention under orders has its uses, and great ones. We do not much admire a man who has no power of holding his mind to a distasteful subject, for many distasteful subjects may be important. We do not admire a man who cannot cheerfully shoulder an unwelcome responsibility when circumstances have brought it to him. This power must be acquired, must be available in emergency.

But whatever trained attention-control may produce in moments of crisis, where the only thing to do is to grit one's teeth and go ahead, be the cost what it may (it will be large, that is sure), this is not the mental temper in which the great, monumental achievements of humanity have been brought to pass. Results that are of slow development—that must be worked for, sacrificed for, prayed over—these have other things behind them than bare discipline of the will. The mood in which an

uncongenial task must be carried through is not one which operates efficiently beyond a certain point. When a man in this mood succeeds in an undertaking—succeeds, that is to say, in some notable degree—he proves himself a brilliant exception. The natural comment is: "But how much more brilliant would have been his success if he had only been working at something that he loved!"

It is the difference between required school gymnastics and the playground. Five minutes of concentrated attention is more than can be forced out of children in their gymnastics, yet there is a standard of attention set and maintained in a baseball game among boys of fifteen—even younger—more exacting than any teacher would dream of setting up. And the attention here is indefinitely more protracted than in the schoolroom. The fielder who relaxes for one single instant may lose his great chance. His judgments must be made with lightning rapidity; in running for a "fly" he strains every fibre of his body—and he must recover himself in a second and be ready for the next emergency.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that when you do what you want to do, you do more and do it more effectively than when you do what you don't want to do. The man who drives his work counts for more, succeeds better, than the man who is driven by it. The more carefully one scrutinizes the great achievements of genius, the more clearly one perceives that, for the most part, they have been striven for and won under the inward stimulus of interest—love, ambition, curiosity—not under the prod of duty or necessity and the clanking of will-power. The big work of the world is being done by the enthusiasts. Will-power working parallel with interest is tenfold more efficient than will-power working counter to interest. Think of the great explorers, the great inventors, the great composers, the great in any field whatever, and see how the point verifies itself. These men swept forward, ahead of all competitors, like the tidal wave that along certain coasts rushes in from the sea. They were carried over every obstacle by this great, buoyant wave of belief, of passionate enthusiasm. They counted no sacrifice too great because of the devotion that they had to the thing aimed at.

The Wooing of the Tutor

How a Rich, Young Nobleman, Reported to Have Gone on a Yachting Expedition, Engaged as Instructor to Two Boys and in This Gaze Captured the Affections of a Refined and Amiable Daughter, Whose Stern Parent Perchance Marriage to an Impecunious Upstart.

By Reginald Turner in the Saturday Journal.

FOR reasons best known to himself, but which you shall learn later, Herbert Ford took a situation as holiday tutor to the son of Mr. Brackley, a substantial merchant, whose business was in the city, and whose house was in Lancaster Gate.

The two boys were aged eight and nine, and they were the only offspring of Mr. Brackley's second marriage. Refinement went out of his home when prosperity came in, at the date of that second marriage.

Miss Mabel Brackley was now nearly twenty, and far superior to the other inmates of the house, with whom, however, she lived on the most amiable terms.

She felt, nevertheless, that she was not quite one of the family. Her stepmother had many relations, who were inclined to consider her as an outsider, of little account, and who devoted their attention to her little half-brothers. She would not have been sorry to have a home which was really her own, and her father realized that it would be a good thing for her. Therefore, while discouraging any attempts of poor young men to pay attention to the daughter of the substantial house, he was at the present moment encouraging the advances of a very rich young merchant who had looked on Mabel with a favorable eye.

It was to this household that Herbert Ford entered as tutor to the two boys. Frankly, he had admitted that up to the present his experience in teaching had not been great. He intended for himself a literary career, he stated, and tutored only as a temporary expedient, but his public school and university education fully qualified him to undertake his task.

Mr. Brackley had been much pleased with the young man at his first interview

with him, and his impression corresponded with that of Mrs. Brackley when she saw him.

Mabel Brackley had an impression of having seen him somewhere before, but not remembering where, and feeling she might have been mistaken, she said nothing about it. He, at any rate, did not seem to remember her, for his greeting, though extremely courteous, was that of a complete stranger.

"We shan't want you to be always teaching the boys," explained Mrs. Brackley, and Ford bowed, relieved that his work would not be continuous. "We should like you to take them out for walks, you know, and show them London—the museums and picture galleries. It improves the mind so much, does it not? And on Sundays you can take them to the Zoo. My husband is a member through having had a sick monkey he once sent to be nursed there. I want the boys to take a great interest in natural history."

Ford was not very pleased at hearing that he was expected to look after the boys in his hours of recreation, but he merely bowed, and said that certainly the Zoo and museums and picture galleries were very improving.

"You have evening clothes, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Brackley.

Ford admitted that he had.

"Then you will dine with us as a rule. Sometimes when we go to the theatre, or have a dinner-party at which we don't want an extra man, no doubt you won't mind having high tea with the boys."

"Certainly not," said Ford.

In the evening the Brackleys saw that not only had Ford dress clothes, but that

they were exceedingly well cut—so well cut, and so well did he look in them, that Brackley remarked on the fact to his wife when they were alone.

"You see, dear," said Mrs. Brackley with a side glance at her husband's figure, "a young man looks well in anything. Mr. Ford is a well set-up, smart-looking young man, and I've no doubt that if you were to give him some of your cast-off clothes he would look quite well in them."

At that first dinner no one had been present but the members of the family minus the boys, and the rich young man, Mr. Alfred Speedwell, who was expected to marry Mabel Brackley. The young man took rather a dislike to Ford until his host, somewhat ostentatiously, referred to his position in the house as tutor.

When the conversation got on to stocks and shares (in which neither the women nor Ford took any part), Brackley apologized humorously to Ford for the topic, admitting that he realized it must be all Greek to him.

"Greek to the tutor—ha, ha!" he added, pleased with his little jest. Then, thinking that perhaps he was not very gracious, he went on: "But you are lucky, young man, in not having to trouble about investments. Times are bad, and the stock markets are almost as difficult to understand as a woman—and as fluctuating, eh, my dear?" And he looked at his daughter.

Mabel shivered slightly, and gave Ford a glance which seemed half an apology for her father's wit. Speedwell, however, found the joke excellent, and laughed long and loudly.

The next morning Ford commenced his work with the boys. Fortunately there was no one to witness his efforts as tutor, for they were hardly calculated to inspire confidence in him. People would have said that whatever his prospect might be as a writer—and everyone (it is said) can and does write nowadays—he certainly had but little gift for teaching.

The boys soon discovered this, and plied him with questions which bored him to answer even when he was able to give an answer at all. When he was quite stumped he got over the difficulty by telling them, rather sharply, to get on with their work.

The truth was that Ford had forgotten most of his school learning. English history was vague in his mind. When Jack,

the eldest, asked him the date of Queen Elizabeth's decease, Ford simply realized that he didn't know it to within thirty years, and with the stern eyes of the boy on him he dared not consult a book. So he contented himself by saying that his business was to ask questions, and repeated by requesting to know the date of the wreck of the Spanish Armada. That point having been settled with great alacrity, he proceeded to give the boys quite a useful account of the progress in ship-making from that day to this.

So little did his learnings impress the boys that they were inclined to conclude that he wasn't much of a fellow, and by way of stating their opinion they made him an apple-pie bed. Their joke, however, told rather heavily against them, and when Ford discovered it at a somewhat advanced hour of the night, he dashed off to the boys' room, woke them from pleasant slumbers, hauled them from their beds, and insisted on their re-making his for him.

The sleepy little creatures did the best they could, and Ford professed himself content, though when they had gone he had to give the finishing touches to their work before he was comfortable. But he judged rightly that there would be no more apple-pie beds for him, and when he laughed at them the next morning instead of pulling a long face, they gave up their intention of complaining to their father, and voted the tutor a good sort.

From that time they became friends. When the first Sunday came, and Mrs. Brackley suggested that he should take the boys to the Zoo, Ford proposed that Miss Brackley should accompany them. Something to the stepmother's surprise, Mabel at once fell in with the idea, though she was not, as a rule, very keen to accompany her little brothers. Brackley was quite pleased when he heard that his daughter was one of the natural history party, but began to be a little uneasy when Alfred Speedwell wondered why Miss Brackley had gone to the Zoo with "that fellow."

Indeed, Speedwell and Ford did not get on. Ford paid no deference to the very rich young man, and Speedwell was quite unable to score off him. He thought the tutor a stuck-up prig, and said that if his were Oxford manners he was glad he had never gone there, but had gone into the city instead.

But Mabel came back from the Zoo very pleased and happy, and in no way put out by Speedwell's bad temper. Her mood was only less broussier than that of the boys and Ford's, who, for a tutor, was perhaps in unseemly spirits. But the air of happiness had its effect on the parents, who (not seeing any real danger in a penniless tutor) were infected by the general content, and inclined to treat Speedwell's ill-temper in a jocular manner.

They were soon, however, to change their mind about the tutor. There came the day to which they had been looking forward. Speedwell proposed for Mabel's hand, and spoke first of all to her parents. Having obtained their hearty permission, he went to Mabel herself—and was refused. Such a thing they had never thought of. Mabel had seemed to like him; she knew that they desired him for a son-in-law, and they knew she was quite aware what a figure she would be able to cut with his immense wealth. She could not hope for a greater fortune, and if she had not encouraged Speedwell, she had certainly never discouraged him, while they had given him every reason to hope.

To let slip such a chance of a magnificent home of her own seemed to them madness which bordered on wickedness. And then they thought (though the idea was so monstrous that they could not be sure) that they saw the cause. Mabel must be "taken with" the tutor. If so, they determined speedily to choke off the adventurer, and bring the girl to her senses.

With much bluster at luncheon next day, Mr. Brackley, ignoring the tutor, whom he would have disdained to warn directly, announced that whoever his daughter married he would never give her a halfpenny. He added, also, that if she married someone he didn't approve of he would never speak to her again.

Mabel blushed painfully, and Ford looked at her with furtive interest.

"I think we've settled the young man's hash," said Brackley to his wife, "if indeed he did have designs on Mabel."

Whether it was so or no, Mabel still continued to go to the Zoo with the boys and their tutor, and even accompanied them in their afternoon walks. Brackley would have liked to have forbidden the walks, but he found that by taking too much notice he might give the matter more importance

than it really had, and putting ideas into the girl's head which were not there. And, after his remarks, he felt that the tutor would not want to marry his daughter for his own sake, even if he were willing enough for her to be a pauper.

But he was more seriously disturbed when his wife reported to him that Mabel had invested in a typewriter, and was practising it hard. Ford had also learnt this, and seemed delighted at the news. A few days later he asked for an interview with the father.

"I come to ask you for your daughter's hand," he said simply.

"What, sir—what do you mean?"

"I want your daughter's hand—of course, I mean the rest of her with it. I want her. I want to marry her. Indeed, she has consented to marry me. But, as in duty bound, I ask you for your permission."

"You are an outrageous scoundrel, sir," was all Mr. Brackley could get out. He was pink with rage. The tutor's manner was not calculated to make him less angry.

"Come, sir, come," said Ford testily, "have I your permission to marry your daughter?"

Brackley looked at him in impotent rage. He wiped his forehead with a large red handkerchief. At last he collected himself sufficiently to speak.

"You steal into this house—the best house in Lancaster Gate—under the pretence of tutoring my boys, and deliberately set yourself to take my daughter away."

"Precisely. You have stated the case as shortly as I could, though you have guessed rather quickly. I stole into this house with that deliberate intention. The tutoring was only a blind."

Mr. Brackley gasped again. The man acknowledged it, seemed to acknowledge more than even he had charged him with.

"I've a good mind to send for the police" he cried.

"Unfortunately, what I have done is not a criminal offence—not one recognized by the law, at least."

"So you came here for that purpose? What do you mean by that?"

"I came for your daughter, yes; most decidedly I came for her. And," he added excitedly, "I have got her."

"You would take her away from a luxurious home; you have already caused her

to give up a most excellent chance. And for what? That she may be a typewriting drudge, and typewrite your wretched and, I have no doubt, wicked stories."

"Well, if she likes she may."

"You think that I shall give her money. You are mistaken. She will never have a penny from me."

"That doesn't matter."

"You say so. But you know I am her father. You trust that I shall repent."

"I hope so—for your sake."

"Now, sir, I tell you that the girl is penniless, and that she will never—never you understand—have a penny of my money. If you have a spark of honor left, a spark of true regard for her happiness, you will give her up."

"I have her promise, and I shall keep her to it," said Ford.

"You talk bravely. I suppose you will tell me that you never cared about her money, that you love her for herself."

"It is sufficient for me that she loves me for myself," said Ford calmly. "At any rate, she doesn't love me for my money."

"No, indeed," sneered Brackley. "A man like you would never have got into a house like this save by a subterfuge. You and I don't meet in the ordinary way."

"That is true," admitted Ford, "and that is why I determined to become tutor here."

"And why, sir, did you single my daughter out for your designs?"

"Well, you see, I had seen her in the distance, and fallen in love with her. I wanted to know her better. She is all I thought her, and if I am not all she thinks me, at any rate I shall make her a good husband."

"Look here, sir," said Brackley, at the last gasp of exasperation, "if my girl marries you I swear I will never give her a penny, and I swear I will never speak to you again."

Ford looked at him steadily.

"I hear what you say," he said, "and I shall keep you to your word if you are inclined to break it."

"What do you mean?" bawled Brackley.

"I don't like you, Mr. Brackley. I don't like your house, and I don't like your friends. I think your daughter will be well away from you, and in time I have hopes that I shall be able to make her forget you."

"Well! Am I mad, am I dreaming? Is this a joke?"

"If it is, I don't see the point of it. I don't like you, Mr. Brackley, and I don't want to see you. I don't mind your sons. They can come and see me and their sister."

"You think I would allow my sons to see their sister's degradation, her shame! Perhaps you think it is amusing to live in a workhouse."

"I don't know, but there may be worse places. If you hadn't been able to tide over some crises in the city, for instance, you might have been living in gaol."

It was a hard hit and a true one.

"Whatever I've done I did for my children. At any rate, I haven't stolen into a house and persuaded a girl to go out of it and starve with me. If you think you can blackmail me, you are mistaken. If you take the girl, she starves—mind that—she starves!"

"But why should she starve?"

"Then what—what do you propose my daughter is to live on? Though, mind you, if she marries you she is no longer daughter of mine."

"I do mind you. Well, she can live on me. I am a very rich man, Mr. Brackley."

"Rich—yes?" said Brackley, thinking that the tutor was bluffing.

"Very, very rich. One of the richest men in England. You see, I came here as a tutor—like King Arthur, don't you know—just to see how the poor live."

"How the poor live! You needn't insult me, sir! To steal my daughter and rob her of her inheritance is enough."

"You are right, Brackley, you are right," said Ford, dropping into familiarity very unbecoming in a tutor, "and I wasn't speaking the truth. I came here to see your daughter. Yours are not, as you mentioned yourself, the sort of people whom I am likely to meet. You must forgive my being vulgar enough to say so. But I had fallen in love at sight of her, and I thought if I made her acquaintance in the ordinary way, that if she didn't fall in love with me, you would, and try to persuade her. I so wanted to be loved for myself, and I was as little sure of that in my own world as in yours. I'm a noleman."

"A noleman!"

"Haven't you heard of Lord Ascott? I see you have. Well, he is the richest noleman in Rutland, if not the oldest in descent, and he was reported to have gone on a

yachting expedition. Well, it wasn't true. His yacht went, but he didn't. He went on an expedition to Lancaster Gate."

"Lord Ascott! You!"

"Yes, and I am so glad that in marrying Mabel I shall not be marrying her family. I was a little afraid I should have to, and I was quite prepared to make the sacrifice. But you have made the way easy."

Brackley sank into a chair. The revelation had been too much for him. It was some minutes before he could speak.

"Then I have the honor to tell you, Lord Ascott," he said, gathering strength as he went on, "I have the honor to tell you that you have behaved like a cad. You steal into a man's house and get his daughter's affections under the pretence that you are a penniless tutor. You take advantage of a father's natural and proper anger at such run for his daughter to break with him, and to cut him off from that daughter's love. You may be a nobleman, by name if not by nature, and you may be a rich man, but I don't take back a word which I said to Ford the tutor—except, perhaps, what I said about our not being likely to meet."

"By Jove! you've got more spirit in you than I bargained for," said Lord Ascott. "I am beginning to be sorry for the first time that you swore you would never speak to your daughter again of his married life."

But at that moment Mabel burst into the room.

"I can't bear the suspense any longer,"

she cried. "Has he told you, father? I see he has. You must forgive him and me."

She went and stood by the young man, taking his hand.

"Your father has sworn that if you marry me he will never speak to you again."

"Father!" She left her lover's hand, and went to her father. "You can't mean that. I love Mr. Ford. I don't mind trying to work for my living. But I do want to be happy. And I couldn't be happy if you cast me off like that, and cast him off too."

"So you would leave your father for this man?" said Mr. Brackley.

"I would leave you for him because he is to be my husband. But I love you, father, and if you do this dreadful thing you will know that you are spitting my life—and spilling it just when I ought to be happy."

The two men looked at each other.

"We mustn't spoil her happiness, even to please ourselves," said the younger man. "I expect you will have to break your oath, Brackley; and I shall have to grin when you do it. Shall we fall on our knees and ask your blessing?"

But at that Mr. Brackley turned and left the room hurriedly.

"He will forgive us I'm sure he will," said Mabel.

"I think so, darling; and we shall yet learn to like each other—he and I."

There are two kinds of reckons. One goes off with a great sputter and is gone; the other produces the steady, glowing light.

Reasons convince.

The man who is afraid of himself certainly cannot hope to win confidence with other men.

Shoulder your share. —*Workers' Magazine.*

"Just Among Those Present"

How a Public-Spirited Citizen, who Had Indulged in Much After-Dinner Oratory, Asked to be Excused From Speech-Making, and Then was Bitterly Disappointed Because the Banquet Committee Took him at His Word.

By ELIOT FLOWER in *Petticoat Magazine*.

I WISH people would be more considerate; I wish they could be made to understand how very trying it is to be always one of the stars at public functions; I wish they would let me sit back in irresponsible freedom and enjoy the proceedings just once. A seat on the platform or at the speakers' table used to flatter me, I suppose, but that is so far in the past that I have forgotten the sensation.

I tried to make Dummer understand this to-day, but he is very obtuse.

"I thought you liked it," he said. "Like it!" I expostulated disgustedly. "It is the nightmare of my existence!"

Dummer had just asked me to respond to a toast at a banquet to be given for Lord Doodles and a party of English investors in American securities. He seemed much surprised.

"Then why do you do it?" he asked.

"It's my infernal good nature, coupled with a sense of duty," I told him frankly. "I feel that I owe something to the city in which I have achieved success, and I find it difficult to refuse when I am appealed to in its name. Then, too, you people who get up the banquets and public meetings rely on my friendship, and I dislike to disappoint you; but it is really an imposition. I am essentially a modest man, and it is most annoying to be persistently forced to the front."

Dummer intimated, erroneously and ungratefully, that I had been decidedly active in these matters myself in earlier days, and that my efforts to secure a place at the speakers' table or on the platform had created much amusement on some occasions. Dummer is a tactless and stupid fellow. I explained to him that, urged by

others, I doubtless had given my assistance in organizing these affairs, but that self-exploitation was foreign to my nature.

"Anyhow," I added, "I have served my term as a prominent citizen, and I have a right to retirement now."

"Oh, very well," said Dummer; "we won't put you on the list of speakers, but we can count on your being present, of course."

"My dear sir," I replied, "you might as well put me on the list at once. A man of my prominence in all matters affecting the welfare of the city cannot escape notice in such an assemblage, and the chairman would certainly have me on my feet at some stage of the proceedings."

"That's all right," returned Dummer. "I'll tell the chairman to let you alone." It occurred to me that Dummer was not particularly interested in the success of the banquet.

"Even then," I argued, "some other speaker would surely address remarks to me that would compel a reply. I have been in the vanguard of the city's commercial interests so long that I cannot hope to escape attention. There are so few men who can speak entertainingly on such an occasion that there would be sure to be a call for me. No; if you insist upon my presence, I must be prepared to make a few remarks; it's the penalty of the prominence that has been thrust upon me."

"Well," said Dummer, "if you feel that way about it, we'll let you off. I'll tell the committee you can't be present. We certainly don't want to impose on any one." They must have been crazy to put Dummer on the committee; a man with so little

persistence cannot be expected to make a success of anything.

"I don't want to be disabliging," I explained.

"Perhaps you're right," he said; "you've done your share."

"Rather than have the affair a failure," I told him, "I'll put aside my personal inclinations."

"Oh, it won't be a failure," he insisted. "I guess we can pull through without you this time." Dummer has a most unpleasant way of putting things, but I could not see that that relieved me of responsibility; I should not like to feel that I had sacrificed any business interests to my personal convenience and pleasure.

"Of course," I said. "If the committee deems it necessary, I shall place myself in the vanguard again."

"No need of it," said Dummer. "I don't wish to appear selfish." I persisted, determined that he should understand me, and, while I think I am entitled to a respite in these matters, I shall forego the rest and modest retirement that is so grateful to me, if—

"Say no more about it," he interrupted. "I understand the situation, and I'll make it right with the committee."

Dummer annoys me exceedingly sometimes; he seems to lack steadfastness of purpose and perseverance.

I thought it all over after he had left, and I was much relieved to find that I had really succeeded in evading one of these unwarranted demands upon my time. Every man owes something to his city or town, and, if his natural ability has forced him to the front, he must expect to make many sacrifices for the common good; but he is entitled to consult his own inclinations occasionally. I had done no more than that, and surely I was justified in asking the favor of withdrawing into the background. At the same time, I could not help feeling sorry for the committee in charge of the arrangements. Of course they deserved disappointment for intrusting an important mission to such an ass as Dummer, but some of them are my friends, and one owes something to friendship. Anything short of complete success would be a most unfortunate thing for the city too.

Perhaps, I reflected, I ought to sacrifice myself for the general welfare again. I

recalled some of my previous successes, when I had lifted the gloom at a critical moment by my masterly presentation of some phase of our material prosperity, and it seemed to me that I really ought to be among the reserves, ready to come to the relief of those on the firing-line in case of necessity. Possibly I would not be called upon; possibly I should have the long-sought pleasure of being merely "among those present." This was unlikely—I founded no serious hope on it—but it was a possibility. I would not deceive myself by expecting to be thus ignored, but there was a chance, and I decided that I ought to take the risk.

So, regretfully but dutifully, I sent the chairman of the committee my check for two seats, and prepared a little impromptu speech, that I might not be caught unprepared.

The banquet for Lord Doodles and the visiting Englishmen was the most dismal affair I ever attended; I felt it my duty to apologize to Mr. Towne for inflicting it upon him.

Mr. Towne happened to be in the city that day, and I offered him my extra seat. He is looking over the ground here, with a view to taking over a street railway franchise, and he naturally thought my influence would be of value to him. His purpose as the representative of a big syndicate is not suspected as yet, so he was anxious to keep in the background.

"In that case," I suggested, "you will not care to sit at the speakers' table."

"No, indeed," he replied. "I shall be glad to meet some of your leading men, but I wish to keep out of the limelight just now."

This troubled me a little. If he really wished to be inconspicuous, it was unfortunate that he should be my guest.

"I shall try to remain with you," I said, "but if they insist upon having me at the head table, you will pardon my desertion."

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "I shall be more than satisfied to have an obscure place where I can see and hear. As a study of the relative importance of men, there is nothing like an affair of this kind."

"I have tried to beg off," I explained; "the notoriety of leadership is most distasteful to me; but a leading citizen is not always permitted to consult his own wishes."

Mr. Towne was very nice about it, but there was no occasion to desert him. I thought it probable that the committee saw that I had a guest and hesitated to separate us. At any rate, nothing was said about transferring me to the head table. This was a great relief to me, but I could not help thinking that, for the success of the affair, it was most miserably managed.

"They have more consideration than I expected," I told Mr. Towne; "I hardly dared hope that they would permit me this desired seclusion. I shall not mind saying a few words from our table."

"Perhaps they won't need you," he suggested.

"I hope they won't," I returned fervently.

Nevertheless, I deemed it my duty to whisper to the chairman that he could rely upon me if he struck a snag. He thanked me, but said he thought it would be unnecessary. I am beginning to think the chairman is almost as big an ass as Dummer.

I was surprised to find that we were assigned to seats in a really obscure corner of the room, where few except those in our immediate vicinity would know of our existence. This was personally gratifying, but I must confess that I was rather shocked by such a display of short-sightedness on the part of the committee; it would have been so much wiser to keep in touch with me. However, they knew that I was ready to step into the breach.

The speaking was dismally poor—flippant and lacking in the serious purpose for which my remarks are noted. I soon saw the chairman, unless extraordinarily obtuse, would see the necessity of calling upon me to save the day, and I hastily went over my notes. I was the more ready to respond because I wished to make a

good impression upon Towne. He was the embodiment of courtesy, laughing heartily at the silly jokes and sallies, but I knew it must be a great strain upon him thus to keep up appearances.

"Please don't judge us by these ridiculous efforts," I whispered to him. "We are capable of better things."

He pretended to think that the speeches were really clever. "I guess they won't get to you," he remarked; "the men on the programme are holding the crowd all right." I don't know that I think so very much of Towne. A man of better judgment should be chosen to represent great financial interests.

I caught the chairman's eye finally and nodded to him, to indicate that I was ready to take up the burden. He smiled, but he evidently lacked the courage to interrupt the regular order. Some men never rise to emergencies. Even at the conclusion of the set programme he overlooked me when I half rose as a sign that I was prepared to sacrifice my natural inclinations on the altar of duty. A few misguided men called to me to sit down, and Towne took the extraordinary liberty of pulling my coat-tails.

It was a most disappointing affair. I thought Towne treated me rather slightly toward the last, but I could not very well explain that my apparent unimportance was due to that erratic fool Dummer. Towne is certainly not a man of much intelligence.

I got all the morning papers, to see whether any of them made editorial reference to the blunders of management in connection with me, but I found that I was merely "among those present." This is personally gratifying, but—well, they need never send Dummer to me again. It makes me impatient to think of such an unprogressive fool being on an important committee.



The Value of Advertising Cities

How the Magazine is the Best Medium for an Urban Community Desiring New Industries and New Capital and, Above all, New Citizens who are Themselves an Embodiment of Both Capital and Industry.

By Herbert S. Croston in the Westward Ho! Magazine.

BEFORE I was a magazine man, I was a newspaper man, and no one can excel me in admiration for the newspaper or my belief in its power as an advertising medium. In many ways it far surpasses the magazine and always will surpass it. Whenever advertising is for the local trade and whenever the news or time element is an important factor in general advertising the newspaper is supreme. In what other possible way can a magazine publisher, for example, advertise as effectively a current feature, such as a story by Kipling or a hunting sketch by the President, as in the newspaper? Manifestly that is the best way, because a quick market must be made for this month's magazine before next month's issue crowds it out. The newspaper is the one medium to be considered, also for the retail trade of a retail store.

The point I want to establish in your minds is that the magazine more nearly approximates the letter in directness than any other form of advertising. This is due chiefly, I believe, to the confidence which the magazine reader has come to have in the magazine. And this confidence has been built up as a result of the strong feeling of obligation which publishers and editors have felt to the home, for which their periodicals are made. They have undertaken not only to entertain their readers, but to build them up in sound, ethical views. Of course, we make no pretensions to any monopoly of either virtue or good intentions, and I sincerely hope we are not like the priest and Levite who go by and look at our newspaper brother on the other side. But I do believe that because we have such a clear perception of our re-

sponsibility, indeed of our trusteeship to the home, that we have taken great pains to have our advertising pages come up to the same wholesome standards as our editorial pages. They have excluded from their pages whiskey advertising, patent medicine advertising, mining stocks, oil stocks, and other speculative announcements; indeed, they have undertaken to see that no unclear or doubtful thing should be borne in their pages over the threshold of a single home. We have reached no millennium, and like Andrea del Sarto "our reach still exceeds our grasp"; but we hope that our reach is in the right direction, and we sincerely believe that much which we have desired is already within our grasp. In a word, the magazines have already set up the standard which many wish to see established through a national advertising law.

While the magazine is personal in the sense that it goes to its readers almost as a letter from a friend, it is, in another sense, impersonal. By that I mean that the national magazine, like some great colossus, has as its base the whole continent. This breadth of support relieves it from the questions of local interest which press upon the newspaper.

The newspaper has the defects of its qualities. Planted deep in the city, from which it draws its chief support, it is committed absolutely (both by loyalty and by necessity) to an unflinching advocacy of that city. Beyond question, the daily papers are the greatest advertisements which have ever been issued, or can be issued, for the city in which they are published. They stand for that city as against the world, arguing for its betterment, pleading its

cause, and in every way furthering its interests. Their service in these broad lines is simply beyond calculation. No city, however great the advertising patronage it may give its daily press or the circulation support that it may extend, can ever adequately repay the newspaper for the service which it renders. But what is the defect of this high quality of unlimited devotion and loyalty to its own city; isn't it that the newspaper becomes so overwhelmingly a special pleader for its own city that the advertisement of any other city in its columns is in danger of becoming simply a bubble lost on the ocean?

As far as advertising a city in its own papers is concerned, their circulation, of course, is chiefly among those who live in the city itself and know all about it. But do I undertake to prove too much? Is there no place for the newspaper in city advertising, if economy and efficiency are to be considered? Most assuredly there is. If a city wishes to do intensive advertising in a particular section, as for example, Atlantic City in New York and Philadelphia, the daily is the best medium. I can understand how a southern city could effectively concentrate its appeal in dailies of the northwest, laying great stress on winter climate.

Not only is the newspaper a great advertising medium itself, but it is a source and centre of the publicity spirit everywhere. Look to-day at the cities of the country where the advertising idea is being quickened into life and you will find newspaper men the enlightening promoters of that idea. In Minneapolis and St. Paul I found the leading newspaper men fully identified with the strong publicity movement which is stirring those cities. Mr. Murphy and Ralph Wheelock, of the Tribune, and Lucian Swift, of the Journal, were hearty supporters of the idea in Minneapolis, just as Webster Wheelock, of the Pioneer Press, and Walter Driscoll, of the Dispatch, were in St. Paul. And it is so all over the country. John Stewart Bryan, of the Times-Dispatch, is one of the directing committee of the campaign in Richmond, as Victor Hanson, of the Advertiser, is of the campaign in Montgomery. Lafayette Young, with his son, is the centre of the movement in Des Moines.

As a magazine man, I wish to pay to

these newspaper men and to their countless colleagues of a like view the homage of my sincere respect. They are men of wide vision who see far horizons. To the narrow soul who gares only to the boundaries of his own backwash, it would be heart-breaking to see money for advertising sent out of the city. But to the public-spirited newspaper man this is money put at usury; as wisely spent advertising money always is. He knows it will come back in the growth and upbuilding of the city and add to the prosperity of every citizen. Genuine public spirit always brings a double blessing, one to the city in whose service it finds expression, and another to the willing worker who is one of the dynamos in generating that spirit. To the newspaper, this public spirit, of which it is the very life, brings growth, with the city's growth, and it brings also increased business from general advertisers, who see in an advertising city a progressive community that will buy advertised articles. And I rejoice in the prosperity of the newspaper. In this ill-starred endeavor to set the magazine over against the newspaper I have no sympathy.

For a city seeking the country over for new industries and new capital, and, above all, for new citizens, who are themselves an embodiment of both capital and industry, there is no form of publicity, I undertake to say, that can even approximate to the magazine in value. It has a long reach and a strong grasp. The magazine is the message bearer that is as personal as a letter and as impersonal as a letter carrier. And it does its service at a charge which makes Uncle Sam and his postage cost look like Standard Oil extortion. Just ponder for a moment a comparison made in an admirable address delivered recently before the Manufacturers' Club in Kansas City by Mr. E. S. Horn. I give you his statement as that of a disinterested investigator, as he is a clear-headed agent who holds a brief for no one form of advertising. Here is what he found. He took a list of national periodicals for a campaign of full pages at a cost of \$4,000 per month, which was to include postage expense and clerk hire in sending out printed matter as follow up. "This list of mediums," he said, "would give a circulation of approximately 3,300,000 copies each month, or if, as is commonly considered, there are five

readers to each magazine, 76,500,000 readers. In other words, by this method you can place your full page announcement before fifty-five readers at a cost of only one cent. How can you obtain such results," he asked, "by any other method?" The answer which any student of comparative advertising costs and results is bound to give is that there is no other method that can show such results. But advertising must be continuous over a period of two

years. If not of five, if it is to have a fair chance to yield its greatest benefits. Conviction in the human mind on so important a personal question as a change of residence or of business location is usually of slow growth. It is naturally so, because the stake is so great. And here lies the chief danger to the success of city advertising, whatever the medium used. The city must not only start for a goal of wide publicity, but it must keep on and attain it.



The above illustrates the handsome new office building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, erected in Montreal. The Canadian Express Company now have the first three floors for their business and executive offices, which the Grand Trunk Pacific management will also make their headquarters here. The splendid structure has just reached completion.

How London Newspapers Change

Some Radical Alterations in Their Make-Up, Management and Methods—Members of Editorial and Reporterial Staff now Lead the Strenuous Life, Whereas a Dozen Years Ago it was One of Sweet Repose—Many Assignments Covered by News Bureaus.

By E. T. Tandy in New York Saturday Post.

ONE is constantly being told that the English newspapers are becoming more and more "Americanized." As a matter of fact, a remarkable change is taking place in the English journals. The English newspaper press is in an intermediate stage of development. It has been forced to abandon its ancient style, and does not quite know what new style to adopt.

This condition of uncertainty is due to two notable circumstances. During the past few years, consequent upon the great influx of population from the countryside into the towns, there has been a remarkable awakening among the English lower-middle and working classes, hitherto intellectually lethargic. A vast and entirely new field of newspaper readers has, therefore, arisen. It is the people—the readers—who have changed; and the change being now forced upon the newspapers is not really an Americanization, but a natural step in their evolution.

Ten or fifteen years ago the great organ of the English middle classes, the Daily Telegraph, a two-cent paper, owned by the Lawsons, a wealthy family, at the head of which is Lord Burnham, was proudly boastful of a circulation of a quarter of a million daily. But at that time if the Telegraph wished to display an important piece of news by means of a number of lines in the heading to it, every line, even though there were a dozen of them, would be in exactly the same sized type; and the paper was written in a flowery style of language all its own. When the Daily Mail, a one-cent paper owned by the Harmsworths, a family of brothers, the elder of whom is Lord Northcliffe, was founded, the word

was given that everything was to be written as one would tell a story over the breakfast table, and, in consequence, the paper was soon able to declare its circulation to be five times that of the Telegraph. Then the revolution set in in earnest. More recently, another Harmsworth paper, the Daily Mirror, a one-cent paper, devoted chiefly to snapshots of the events of the day, boomed to a daily circulation of close upon a million copies. That started every paper giving pictures, and set up in England a new occupation.

Some of the papers have struggled hard against the change. The Telegraph is trying to win by adding page after page to its size, and its reporters are strictly forbidden to write in "Telegraphese." Even the Times, though it continues its price at six cents a copy, has been compelled to resort to extraneous inducements, such as special supplements, and a free circulating library, with all the up-to-date literature on loan, and much on sale at greatly reduced prices.

HARD YEAR FOR THE PAINTERS.

Within the past year three old-established London newspapers, the Sun, the Echo, and the St. James' Gazette, have ceased to be. Somewhere earlier, a couple of two-cent papers, with long and honorable records, the Daily News and the Daily Chronicle, were obliged to reduce their price to one cent. The Tribune, upon which over \$1,250,000 was spent during the two years of its existence, failed utterly, because it was a reversion to the old form. The Standard, the great Conservative two-cent daily, previously one of the strongest of properties, came into the market. The Times was recently all but sold to Cyril

Arthur Pearson, and any day official word may come that it has been really sold to the Harmsworths.

In the brightening of their style, and in the organization of their news departments, an approximation to American methods is certainly taking place, but the approach is still very slight. Naturally enough, in the turmoil which the changes have caused, the sweet repose of former times has gone. In the old days, the editor-in-chief turned in leisurely at nine in the evening, and never saw the office in the daytime. The sub-editors began at 7 p.m., had a long interval for supper, and amused themselves with games from about 11.30. The reporters covered one assignment a day, received notice of it at home each morning by post, and did not visit the office until the "turn" was done. As a rule in those days, nothing was "covered" which was not known of the night before. No attempt was made to discover "copy" by searching for suggestions, nor to make it by way of the "interview."

DECADENCE OF THE "LEADER."

Each paper then had a large staff of its own reporting the doings of Parliament, and the chiefs of those staffs were men whose friendship and assistance were sought as well by ministers as by newly-elected M.P.s, anxious to see their speeches reported at length. In those days, too, the "leader-writers" were men of high literary distinction. No part of the change that is coming over the English press is more remarkable than the decadence of the "leading article." Nor is any part of the Americanization more developed, though it is the least recognized, than the method of influencing public opinion, not by the editorial, but by the news columns, by giving news which will sow prejudice or prepossession, according to which is desired.

A dozen years ago, the office of city editor, as understood in America, was practically unknown on the London papers. The "chief reporter," or the editor's secretary, made up the diary of the known events of the following day, from invitations received, and submitted it at night to the editor, who assigned the "turns" to the staff. Then the office slept peacefully till the next evening—only the advertisement department was awake. Now every paper has a "news

editor." In London the Stock Exchange being in that part of the metropolis known as the City, the "financial editor" has always been called the "City editor." Each paper has a separate City office and staff near the Exchange, covering its money news.

AS IT IS DONE NOW.

The "news editor" starts work now as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and usually he has only a youth or a girl typewriter to assist him. He rarely gets away until 7 p.m., and sometimes not until eight or nine o'clock, and his pay varies from \$50 to \$100 a week, according to the paper. Yet in hardly any case has he more than eight or ten reporters on his staff; but each reporter now has to cover two and three "turns" during the day, to be in the office on time, and remain until a given hour. Much of the work done is somewhat novel. Very little of it touches the mere news of the day, except the events of great importance.

In London now every news event, great and small, is covered by one or other of the news bureaus, most of which work upon an annual subscription. The papers could get along without reporters at all—and sometimes, indeed, a day does happen when the entire staff of reporters does not produce a single line of "copy." Everything comes in on the "tickers"—police courts, law courts, coroners' courts, Parliament, sporting news, financial news, foreign news, general news; nothing is missed. Telegraph operators sitting beside their "sounders" working typewriters are unknown. Two or three offices have special wires, and government post office telegraphists go in to work them. But most of the instruments used print upon a tape, as does the ticker.

"PENNY-A-LINERS" GONE.

A few years ago as much as \$500 a day in the aggregate used to be spent by the London papers on "image" among "liners," men paid by the line, and scores of broken-down journalists, and drink-ridden members of other professions, too, were able to pick up a precarious living in that way in Fleet Street. But now even that work is done by a bureau. The consequence is that the "news editor" has to find "specials" for his staff to cover, and often,

when he is hard pushed, some of them are of a somewhat freaky character. Not long ago a newspaper gravely announced that "a clergyman in the East End" had prohibited the use of confections at weddings. His benefice being a very poor one, he was dependent for subsistence, it was said, upon his fowls, which had managed to live on the rice, but could not get along on confection. A reporter was sent out to find and interview the "clergyman in the East End." The East End is about a quarter the size of Greater New York! Another day the same serious journal declared that a "gentleman living off the Edgware Road" had a parrot that could sing the national anthem. Again a reporter of another paper was sent to discover and interview the parrot, and a photographer to snapshot Polly in the act. The Edgware Road is as long as Broadway, and there are hundreds of streets "off" it!

Nor is the London "news editor" behind his American compeer in enterprise. Not long since, a reporter was detailed to climb a Welsh mountain in mid-winter. The expenses were \$50 for a single column story of no importance. Still more recently a reporter with a hired motor-car was set to watch the government flying machine. The machine did not fly. The hire of the car for waiting amounted to \$150. In the last sensational murder mystery two "news editors" had special telephone wires laid for eighty miles. In a recent jewel robbery, \$500 was paid to an officer for news of an arrest.

In addition to the "news editor," who controls all the Provincial correspondents as well as the reporters, most of the papers now have a "foreign editor," who cables instructions to foreign correspondents, and whose pay ranges up from \$75 a week. Another comfortable and well-paid post is that of literary editor, whose task consists largely in distributing the books among old university chums for review. University men are not usually a success on the London press—except as assistant editors and literary editors. A year or two ago a B.A. of Oxford on one of the papers described a number of lions as being brought over from Africa in "hermetically sealed cages." He went back to Oxford and became a university coach.

Each paper has, of course, its special sports staff, the chief of whom is usually

the racing "tipster." Only one paper, the Daily News, does not touch horse racing, for the paper belongs to a Quaker millionaire. Each also has its special theatrical critic; and most of them have experts for motoring, for cycling, for fashions—even for "Fashions for Men," one of the most recent introductions—and for the games of chess and draughts. Society news is mostly done by women more or less in society; but each paper has also its expert who writes "Personal" paragraphs. Some offices also have a special "correspondence" editor, and the Daily News at least has a clergyman who is religious editor. Few now, except the Times, keep a staff at Parliament. The commoner course is to have merely a descriptive man there, and to supplement his account from one of the bureau reports.

Hardly any of the offices have a pneumatic service, but still use boys; and so permanent are the berths that in one case at any rate the "boy," who was a boy fifty years ago, is still "boy," though he is now a grandfather—and he has been "boy" all the while.

Even the editor-in-chief has now to work fairly hard compared with former days. He usually holds a consultation with the "news editor" over the telephone every morning about noon, comes in and goes through the schedule of ordered copy about five o'clock, and returns after dinner to instruct the "leader-writers." The assistant editors have now to read every line in proof before it is allowed to be locked up in the forms, and they also assist in the "make-up."

FATE OF TYPEWRITERS.

The use of schedules is an introduction from America, but little else has been directly adopted from this side. During one of his visits here, Lord Northcliffe saw all the reporters using typewriters. On his return home, he ordered in machines for every man on his staff; but within six weeks they were all out of use. Another editor sent over his chief engineer to pick up useful notions. After spending several weeks here the engineer returned and as the sole result of his visit installed a new "cease-work" signal!

Most of the offices have a collection of books, and that is all that is known as the library, except at one or two places. But,

start from one or two vain trials, none keeps "clippings" as here. Instead, they keep the obituary of well-known persons ready written. The Daily News has by it an obituary written by Harriet Martineau, historian and economist, forty-five years ago. The person is still living. Miss Martineau has been dead a generation.

Probably few papers make greater efforts to be correct than the Daily Mail. Yet no papers make greater blunders. Its last big one, a question of short-weight soap, cost it over \$1,000,000. Five assistant editors read every proof every night, and one of them is a barrister, an expert on libel law. The Mail also has a critic on its own grammar and style. For a long while the late Admiral Sir William Laird Clowes, author of "The Naval Pocketbook," filled that post. Every day he marked in red ink the mistakes and "vulgarisms." The paper was then handed round and the writers had to initial in blue the corrections in their mat-

ter. The result is that no Daily Mail man is permitted to mount a trousers; it must be a tramway car. And if he is aboard a vessel, he must say "in" a ship, and not "on" a ship!

In some ways London is ahead of New York. Much more is now being done there with the photography of events as distinct from persons than here. The bicycle newsboy is one of the features of London. Crowds gather to watch them. Some of them now use motor cycles. In the streets there seems more newspaper life than on this side. London has no stalls like those at street corners, and under the station stairs here; but there are more boys selling, and each has a "Contents Bill," a printed bulletin, and there is much more shouting all day than even in Park Row.

After all, it is rather out of London, in towns like Manchester or Birmingham, that one sees the best organization of an English newspaper.

GET A BROAD VIEW.

By Waldo Pondray Warren.

A knowledge of the whole enables one to handle a part more intelligently. In a great mail order establishment every new employee is allowed from one to three weeks to get acquainted with the entire system of handling orders from the time the letter is received until the goods are packed and loaded into freight cars. No matter what line of work a new employee is to be engaged in, it is considered important for him to know the whole process of the business.

Many workers are content to know merely their own part of the work, and never give thought to what is going on in the other departments of the same business. This necessarily limits their range of view, and makes them in some degree less valuable. It is this very attitude that often keeps men doing one thing all their lives.

The right spirit is that shown by the man who wants to know all he can about all parts of the business as well as about his own work. To have some conception of the business as a whole enables a man to work in harmony with the purposes of his employer, and to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of his instructions. This must eventually tell in the quality of the man's work, and so affect his standing and progress.

The King's Grip

How the Boss, who Held a Great City in his Clutches, After Deciding to Release His Hold and Quit the Old Life Forever, was Abruptly Turned Aside in His Course by Intervention, Which, Though Well Intentioned, was Decidedly Inopportune.

By Edward Balthood in Menzies's Magazine.

THE three men who owned the city had met by appointment in the king's library. Although they were calculating royal revenues, there was a strange lack of papers and books of account. Occasionally it was necessary for them to scribble figures, but as soon as each memorandum had served its purpose, Abraham Wolfe studiously burned it on a capacious ash-tray. Drifting through an open window, the night wind from one of the Great Lakes stirred the ashes.

The king's library was furnished, like the other rooms in the king's residence, with simple and somber luxury. There were no bright colors, and the woodwork was gloomy and massive. The depths of a gigantic leather chair swallowed Abraham Wolfe, who looked like an attenuated college professor, with his seedy black coat and bulging forehead. Across the table glistened the red countenance of Mr. Terry Dermody, close to whose bejeweled fingers were, as usual, a decanter and a glass.

The king sat at the end of the table. His name was John Cameron, and in the grip of his strong hand he held the city's mavor, the city's judges, the city's police, and the city's gambling-houses.

"Then there's the little Motson Street joint," Dermody said. That's worth seventy-five thousand."

"Nearer ninety," piped Wolfe, tugging at his sparse gray beard.

"Call it ninety," conceded Dermody. "Call it ninety thousand dollars a year. That totals, divided by three—"

"By two," said the king quietly. He was a big man, but his voice was unobtrusive. The salient note in it now was the one of peaceful contentment which becomes a

monarch arranging his voluntary abdication. "It's all to be divided by two, same as I told you," he explained. "I'm out of the Motson Street joint, same as the others. Understand that! I'm going clean out."

Wolfe's hungry eyes snapped behind his thick spectacles, but Dermody scowled anxiously, and the whiskey loosened his tongue.

"I suppose it's no sense tacking you again, John," said the Irishman, "but everything will be on the punk with you away. Everything will smash up. The Reform Club and the ministers think they are raising the devil already. We can manage them, of course; but some cheap politicians is almighty liable to use 'em so's to slide into the City Hall, like Henville done in ninety-nine when you were in Europe, and close us up, and do all the business himself. John, the ring is pitched for a finish scrap: you're a sure winner, and here you are quitting before the gong. Do you know what they'll say—them parsons and reformers? They'll say they chased King Cameron—that you're a sneaker, that you're afraid!"

"They can say what they please," placidly remarked Cameron. "Parsons make noise, but their lip won't carry to Italy."

"Italy!" growled Dermody. "According to Henville, of all the lonely, rotten holes—"

"I'm not going to Italy to be lonely,

Terry," said the king.

His lips tightened inscrutably as he showed back his chair. The two cabinet ministers went to the street, roused the sleepy chauffeur, and climbed into the automobile.

"Well, it beats me!" complained Dermody. "I never looked to see Cameron lose his grip. It certainly beats me!"

"Ever heard of a chance of his marrying Donald Rufane's widow?" asked Wolfe.

Dermody bent forward in surprise. "Mrs. Rufane?" he said. "Not marry her—not old John? But she's got no license to kick at Cameron staying on the job, even so. She stood for Donald."

"Women are queer sometimes," observed Wolfe.

"A woman will queer us this time," said Dermody, with a sad attempt at pleasantry. "It'll be a licking for ours, without the old king," and he snored morosely.

II.

The next day Cameron entered the city's railroad station. In his dark and perfectly made clothes, the king's sturdy figure carried his fifty years to admiration. A bank president and a portly magistrate, coming from the suburbs to their morning duties, offered him wary salutations. A detective-sergeant dropped his eyelids reverentially as the king passed. Two green-goods men, in wait for victims, regarded him with surreptitious awe.

Cameron appreciated these tokens of kingship mechanically, with no more effort than a telegraph operator exercises in taking a message. He knew the secret financial entanglements of the banker and the secret political promises of the judge; he could break the serpent by a nod, and force the two swindlers into honest poverty by a wave of his hand. In any of the city's crowds the king was aware of his imperial power, but aware of it only with a sort of subconsciousness; and upon his smoothly shaven face neither the knowledge of his sovereignty nor his cruel and base uses of it had written a visible record.

Through the window of the Pullman he smiled cheerfully at the cheerful landscape. Because he was going to-day to ask a woman to marry him, Cameron rejoiced in sympathy with the spring and the sunshine.

Drawing a faded letter from his pocket, he unfolded it tenderly. The letter was dated five years before, from a health resort in Colorado:

Dear John:

The doctors give me a month, but I reckon that is pressing the bet more than it's worth. Look out for Lilian and the boy. She ought to have married you instead of me. This is not a dying fool's fancy,

King. I would rest easier if I knew my two best pals—Lil and you—were going to get together for keeps. But it's the boy, after all, that counts for everything with my wife and me. I want him brought up to be straight. I want him brought up to be different from us, John. The boy bears my father's name. If only for that reason, my brother ought to forgive the child for his parentage and give him a show. But my brother has risen so high in the church now that I presume black sheep are less popular with him than ever.

Good-by, John, and good luck to you. Be a father to my kid, and for God's sake try to make him an honest man.

DONALD.

The king smiled again, sternerly this time, and with resolution, and sauntered to the smoking-room. His tobacco was of a regal brand. He read his newspaper between the lines; his underground knowledge of men and affairs expanded insignificant paragraphs into sensational columns.

On the opposite seat a tall middle-aged stranger was enjoying the final whiffs of a cigar. His face, stature and attire oddly resembled Cameron's, but his masterful mouth and scholarly brow had been cast in a finer mold. Somehow his courteous presence seemed slightly to disquiet the king. John Cameron's intuitive mental habit was to classify people, to label and price them. The stranger vaguely puzzled him.

When he was alone in the compartment, Cameron picked up a purple cigarband, which the tall man had chanced to leave on the window sill. The king recognized it, with a tiny grunt of commendation. It told him that whoever wished to buy the stranger must pay well.

Berringle was a small rural station, two hours from the city. A double-seated surrey, from the local livery stable, was at the platform. Cameron greeted the driver familiarly, and had his foot on the step when he heard the tall stranger talking to the station agent.

"Yes, I can telephone for another rig," said the agent; "or maybe you—maybe there's room for you—"

The official concluded with a tentative glance at Cameron.

"Sure, there's room, sir," responded the king hospitably. "Plenty of room. I'm not going far."

"Thank you—you are very kind," said

the stranger. "I will leave the valise. I wish to be taken to Mrs.—to a place called Clover Lodge, I believe."

"Clover Lodge?" blurted the driver, with a bashful grin. "Why that's Mrs. Rufane's, just where—"

"I am bound the same way," said Cameron. "Get right in."

"You are very kind, sir," repeated the stranger.

The wonderfully trained muscles of Cameron's face were an impenetrable mask as the surrey rolled through the little village and up the slope beyond. After polite formalities, the king's companion let conversation lapse. His mind was elsewhere; he stared, with brooding eyes at the wheel near his elbow. Cameron and the driver fell into a jocular discussion of race horses.

"Anybody who knows about steeplechases," contended the king, "will tell you the same. I leave it to you, sir," and he turned to the stranger, who laughed urbanely.

"Don't leave it to me," he protested. "I'm a steeplechaser of another stamp!"

"So?" muttered Cameron.

"A clergyman," said the stranger.

"This is Clover Lodge," said the king.

III.

It was a comfortable, green and white cottage, with wide lawns and profuse shrubbery, trimmed to the last refinement of neatness.

"Pray don't bother to get out," said the stranger; but the king had already descended, and a lady in a gray dress came from a recess of the broad piazza.

"Why, John?" she cried; and then, seeing the stranger, stopped short.

"Good morning, Lilian," said the king composedly.

"Excuse me," hesitated the other visitor. "Mrs. Rufane? I am afraid I—I did not know that this gentleman—"

Mrs. Rufane's air of mild bewilderment was charming. Her cheeks flushed prettily. She was no longer young, but her figure was graceful, and her brown hair, rippling low over her forehead, lent a singular girlishness to her delicate features.

"I have called on a—somehow confidential matter," the stranger faltered. "I can wait—another time, perhaps."

"Oh, no!" objected the lady pleasantly. "You'll pardon us, John?"

"Certainly," said the king. "My name is John Cameron, Mr.—"

The pause was mandatory, and the stranger dropped a hand on the balustrade with a helpless gesture.

"I am Mark Rufane," he said.

"Bishop Rufane?"

"Yes."

The lady's lips trembled for an instant.

"If your errand concerns me, sir," she said, "I would rather Mr. Cameron heard it. He is my faithful friend, and was my husband's."

"Mr. Cameron's name is known to me, of course," said the bishop stiffly.

Mrs. Rufane led the way to a secluded nook of the piazza behind a screen of palms. Cameron bowed, giving the churchman precedence, and followed in silence. The king's silence had won many a fight. They sat in wicker chairs, gaily caparisoned with Mexican tapestry. Birds sang on the lawn below, and a woodbine, swaying in the breeze, dimmed the glare of noonday.

"It is not easy to begin," acknowledged the bishop. "I have come to speak of the boy—of my brother Donald's son."

"Of my son," said the widow.

Her amendment of the possessive was not emphatic, but it seemed to narrow Cameron's eyes sharply. Any of his lieutenants would have recognized the manifestation of royal applause.

"Of your son," yielded the bishop readily. "I came to speak of the boy who will carry, through his life, my father's name."

"You have been many years without speaking of him, sir," the lady hinted.

At this the king frowned disapproval. It was evident to him that the bishop should be left to play his cards unaided.

"I am aware of that," rejoined Bishop Rufane. "My brother and I. Heaven forgive us, quarreled long ago. He died in the course of the life he had chosen. I judged him then, in my worldly bitterness. I do not judge him now. Were he alive, I would go to him with nothing in my heart but love. If Donald were here, and would clasp my hand, I would humbly thank God. I would thank God, too, if reparation could be allowed me, Mrs. Rufane."

He was so deeply in earnest that both he and the lady appeared to have forgotten Cameron. The king perceived this and creaked his chair faintly.

"I can think of no possible reparation,

sir," said Mrs. Rufane. "I am sincerely grateful for your kindness in telling me what you have told. I shall remember it always. But—reparation?"

"The boy," said the bishop.

Cameron's chair creaked again; now, however, because of no intention of the king's. He drew a long breath.

"I am childless," pursued the bishop softly. "I want to love my brother's child, so far as such a thing can be, as if he were my own. I want to do what I can to make him the man Donald could have been, the man I ought to be, the man our father was. I want to do what I can to make him upright, honored, of honorable use to his fellows, and bearing his name worthily."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Rufane.

"For this," said the bishop, "I offer all that I have, all that I can do, and a home for you and the boy with my good wife and myself. I promise that there shall be faith in the future, and no thought of the past."

"How I thank you, sir!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling. "I can't think—I can't answer—may I have a word with—with—"

Bishop Rufane arose.

"If you like," he assented gravely. "It is my duty to make one thing very plain, I fear. I promise no thought of the past, if you accept my offer, Mrs. Rufane. But there must be, too, no associations with the past, and he faced the king squarely. "For the boy's sake, we must have no associations with the past," he repeated.

The king rose also, and squarely also faced his foe.

"I am sorry I have to say this," concluded the bishop; "but I am not sorry to say it, if I may say it at all, in the presence of Mr. John Cameron, my poor brother's mentor and model. Shall I wait here, Mrs. Rufane?"

He went through a doorway to the drawing-room. Across the lawn rang out the clear, treble voice of a little boy at play.

IV.

The bright fittings of the drawing-room exhibited the best of womanly taste. Flowers were everywhere. The walls were lined with bookcases, some well-covered water-colors, a classical bas-relief in plaster. The bishop lighted about, smiling with satisfaction. A Chopin prelude was outspread on the music-rack of the piano. Taking a

volume of Thackeray from the table, where it lay open, the bishop read the book for many minutes on the divan.

"Every one knows what harm the bad do, but who knows the mischief done by the good?"

The printed phrase annoyed the bishop, and he raised his eyes irritably from the page as the king entered the room.

"Well, sir?" demanded the bishop.

Cameron half sat on the edge of the table.

"Mrs. Rufane has gone to fetch the boy," he answered. "I'm to give you her decision. She's sort of accustomed to let me advise her."

"She needs advice from such a source no longer," contested the bishop coldly.

"It's done her no hurt," said Cameron. "It'll do her no hurt now."

"For the benefit you've done my brother's widow by your care of her, Mr. Cameron," said the bishop, "I sincerely award you gratitude and credit. For all the harm and pain I've caused her by my neglect, I sincerely ask forgiveness." He fluttered the leaves of the book reflectively. "But now—"

—why, Mr. Cameron, between us is a gulf, of your own making. You have chosen to be a man whom right-minded people cannot and should not trust. You have chosen to be a power of public, and, I must believe, of private evil. That is the reason why your advice is unnecessary."

"Lillian is acting on it, anyhow," replied the king.

Disarmed by his composure, the bishop placed the volume resignedly on the table.

"And I'm going to give you some advice, too," went on Cameron. "No—sit down, sir. I'm going to smooth things for you and Lillian. You see, she married your brother in Colorado, where I'd taken him for his—his trouble. She didn't know then but what he was straight as you are, and she doesn't know now."

"Impossible, Mr. Cameron?"

"Why?"

"Because she knew you as my brother's intimate friend," argued the amazed bishop. "Because your name is notorious—the newspapers—"

"Well," interjected the king, "there isn't any talk here in Berringsvale. She likes to live by herself mostly, and doesn't see hardly anybody except the kid—and me. I told

her what newspaper stories she ran across were lies. She believed me."

The bishop leaned back, with a gasp of astonishment.

"You cheated her into believing you are honest—yes—king, Cameron?"

"I did, and made her believe Donald Rufane was honest," said Cameron, nodding impatiently. "But now there's a risk she may quit believing in Donald. She mustn't quit that. Listen! I've just told her the kind of man I am."

"Told her?"

"Had to," said the king; "so's to make her do right by herself and the boy. I had to tell her I'm crooked. You're the man for her to tie to—not me. She and the kid must be kept straight among straight folks. I could only try to do it—you can do it sure. I'm wise to that. I'd have to tie to her all my life, and cheat her, and that isn't the ticket with Lillian Rufane. I told her so, out there on the porch, and that's the end of it. But now that she's out to me, she may guess about Don. See the risk? If she does guess, it'll hurt. She mustn't. Understand?"

He hit off the words, pounding a beavony fist on his knee. And the bishop understood, and began to understand, too, although dimly, the man's sacrifice.

"I may have wronged you, sir," allowed the bishop.

"You can't wrong me much," retorted Cameron grimly. "Count me out of it. I want you to think the best you can of Don. Here's a letter he wrote me a week before he cashed in. Read what he wanted done with the boy, that's all. Don't let her see the note. Keep it—it's no more use to me. You let a valise at the station, didn't you? I'll send the rig back with it. You'd better stay on here for a day or two. She'll make you comfortable." He looked wistfully around the room. "Well, good-by."

"Won't you wait for—for Lillian?" murmured Bishop Rufane.

"We've had our good-by," said the king. "What you told her about cutting out the past was dead right. I couldn't help doing 'em harm, I expect. You can't help doing 'em the opposite. My life wouldn't hitch with what theirs ought to be. Once I grip, I don't often let loose, but this is one of the times. Good-by!"

He was gone. The surly rattle on the driveway. While the bishop was reading

the letter, Mrs. Rufane came into the room, with her son clinging timidly to her hand. The bishop kissed the hand, and kissed the boy, but his thoughts were with the king.

V.

The house of the Reform Club was on the city's principal avenue, and three or four members sat by a window, gazing ruefully out at the thoroughfare.

"The surprising part," said one, "is the abruptness with which the old villain whipped around. Why, only a fortnight ago he was on the run!"

"How do you know that, Kenware?" queried another.

Kenware, a young lawyer, flourished his eyelashes.

"We had a detective on Cameron's private trail," he said. "Cameron was closing up shop—getting rid of his real estate and stuff—had an ocean yacht chartered in New York. Yes, sir, the king was ready to quit! His heels were scared green. Dermody and Abe Wolfe were in a panic. We thought we were going to unhorse the bench; and, by jingo! we could have, with the king away! Now, all of a sudden, it's different. No more property-selling or yacht business. Cameron's in the saddle safer than ever, and it looks as if he'd stick till doomsday."

"That's bad!"

"Bad?" declaimed Kenware. "I guess it's bad! See that alderman out there in the cab? See those cops? See that courthouse? He owes 'em King Cameron owes 'em. And a couple of weeks since he was certainly letting go his hold."

"I wonder who persuaded Cameron to tighten it up again?" remarked Kenware's interlocutor.

A tall, elderly man, sitting apart from the group, laid down his newspaper.

"Oh, I don't know," said Kenware in disgust. "A rascally pal, probably. But I'll tell you one thing—whenever led the king to relink his grip on this town deserves forty years in State's prison. How do you do, Bishop Rufane? Glad to see you, sir. We've missed you for some time."

"Yes," sighed the bishop. "I have been spending a few days at Berringsvale; and he picked up his newspaper rather wearily."

The Call of the Country

The Commuter-Citizen is Practically a Resident of Two Communities, and He Who is Not an Active Person in the Town Where he Has set up His Lanes and Penates is Remiss in his Duty to Himself and to Others.

By L. S. A. in *Saturday Life Magazine*.

FOR lack of a better name, let's think of it as "The Call of the Country." It's that subtle something in the spring air which lures us out-of-doors, makes the city seem distasteful and fills us with a supreme longing for the woods and fields.

The getting back to earth is no longer a mere fad, or the whim of an individual or two—it's the actual life of hundreds of thousands of men. And such a life! After the turmoil of the city and the nerve-racking grind of the day's business, there comes the restful quiet of the country home, with its fresh air and health-giving environment.

The exodus from the city to the country the past few years has been tremendous. The multiplication of trolley lines has opened for practical development large areas of farming country, so that it is very possible for any man to conduct his regular business in the city, and, in an hour or less, be on his farm or country place, as he may choose to call it, with an acreage dependent only on his inclination or pocketbook.

The man of more modest tastes has his choice of hundreds of most delightful suburban towns, with everything in the way of modern up-to-date surroundings at his disposal. Instead of the city apartment, for which he may be paying one hundred dollars a month or more, he finds that he can obtain a new eleven-room house, with all the conveniences to which he has been accustomed, and with land enough to indulge any dreams he may have had of raising his own chickens, or eating vegetables fresh from his own garden, at a total cost of considerably less than one hundred a month, including commutation to the city.

He tries it out some year, intending to stay only from May to November; but when November first comes you can not drag him back to the city. He is contented, his wife and children are enthusiastic, and he buys the place he had planned to occupy but six months. He has found that the nights and Sundays spent in the country, away from the rush and turmoil of the city, have so added to his physical vigor and mental alertness that he is able to do more and better work during the hours of business in the centre of the great city's activities. During the next few months this experience will doubtless be repeated many times—all in response to the call of the country, which is nature's call to those who desire the truly best in life.

The commuter-citizen is practically a resident of two communities—the one in which he wrestles with business problems, and the other where he builds his home. In the all-round man, the business and social sides should be well balanced, and this equipoise is more easily obtained when business and social ties are somewhat widely separated.

The men who are engaged in active business in the city are apt to be men of progressive ideas and with a faculty for getting desirable things accomplished in the shortest space of time. They are quick to recognize the necessity of public improvements, and find a genuine delight in adding to the beauty of the suburban communities where they elect to make their homes.

Not a few suburban towns of the older sort, the old-time residents of which were far behind in the march of progress, have been wonderfully transformed by the coming of the commuters.



Sandringham House, County of Norfolk, King Edward's Private Residence.

King Edward is Entirely Out of Debt

For the First Time Since his Marriage His Majesty is Relieved of all Financial Worries and his Civil List is Also Free From Mortgage—How a Most Satisfactory Condition of Affairs Was Brought About—Large Sums Obtained by Radical Reorganization of the Royal Household, the Sale of Surplus Furniture, Art Treasures and Wines.

By Wynne Hall in *Commonplace Magazine* (Abridged).

ROYALTY suggests wealth, and kings and emperors are usually supposed to be rolling in riches, since the very fact that they make their homes in magnificent palaces implies affluence, just as a workman's cottage indicates straitened circumstances. Yet many of the monarchs of the Old World in modern times have known the pinch of poverty. The debts of nations are often supplemented by infinitely more pressing liabilities of a personal character, in connection with which princes and kings are compelled to submit to all sorts of humiliations.

Among the least bitter of these is the recourse to the pawnshop, and long is the list of the anointed of the Lord who have at one time or another been forced to seek the costly assistance of that avuncular relative who has adopted for his heraldic device the old Lombard banking-embellish of the three gilded balls. Thus, the last king

of Naples on several occasions pawned all his silver plate in London. King Milan, while still on the throne of Serbia, repeatedly deposited the various jeweled insignia of his sovereignty at the Mont de Piete in Vienna, in order to obtain the money necessary for the settlement of his "debts of honor"—that is to say, his losses at cards in the Austrian capital, and on two occasions they were for political reasons, quietly redeemed by Emperor Francis Joseph. The Sultan of Morocco has within the last few months sent his crown jewels to London to serve as security for an urgently needed loan; and the late Queen Isabella of Spain was wont to pledge not only her diamonds, but also a couple of superb ancestral portraits by Velasquez (on which she was always able to raise a sum of twenty thousand dollars), whenever she had exceeded her liberal allowance from the Spanish treasury, and was short of

funds. In fact, one was always able to gauge the state of the extravagant old queen's finances by observing whether or not the paintings in question were hanging at their accustomed places on the walls of her Parisian home, the so-called Palace of Castille. She used to joke about the matter, and to remark that the monarchs which they portrayed were kings of great worth, since they had so often "come to the rescue of Castille."

Probably no sovereign has suffered more acutely from the lack of funds than King Edward VII., and it may therefore be of interest to know that, for the first time since his marriage, more than two score years ago, he is now entirely free from debts of every kind. It is this that accounts for the phenomenal and altogether unexpected improvement in his spirits and in his general health, as well as for the retirement of Lord Farguhar from the post of Master of the Royal Household. I have said that the king is now out of debt. I mean this only in a financial sense. For he owes a deep debt of gratitude to Lord Farguhar, Lord Fisher, and Sir Ernest Cassel for his liberation from all monetary embarrassment. The story of his rescue by this trio of devoted friends and able business men is an interesting one, and worth relating.

Edward VII. began his married life in 1863, under many disadvantages. In the first place he had been brought up with such extreme strictness that when he first attained his freedom he was naturally disposed to extravagance of conduct, speech, and expenditure—in a word, he had to sow his wild oats; and when a prince of the blood, and particularly the heir to a great throne, engages in agricultural pursuits of this kind there are always plenty of men and women eager to propitiate the rising sun by abetting his follies. Then, too, the prince was thanks to a piece of disgraceful lobbey on the part of those concerned, saddled with the estate of Sandringham, the purchase of which had absorbed most of the accumulations of the revenues of his duchy of Cornwall, which he would otherwise have had at his disposal on attaining his majority—an estate that was not only productive of no income whatsoever, but which has involved the expenditure of vast sums for maintenance, and in order to render it habitable and comfortable.

Moreover, the recent death of the prince consort, and the withdrawal of the widowed queen from public and social life, led to the Prince and Princess of Wales being saddled at the time of their marriage with all those representative duties of royalty which ordinarily fall to the share of the sovereign. Upon them fell the burden of entertaining members of foreign reigning houses who visited England, and of dispensing hospitality to the aristocracy, the dignitaries of state, and those people of light and leading who from motives of policy must be kept in touch with the dynasty. Finally, they were required, by reason of the queen's retirement, to surround themselves with a far larger court of lords and ladies and gentlemen in waiting than would have been necessary under other circumstances. In fact, the obligations of which they relieved the queen involved the expenditure of an income almost as large as the three million dollars which she received from the civil list for the purpose, whereas their revenues at the time were less than four hundred thousand dollars a year; that is to say, inferior to those of many of the great nobles, such as the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Westminster, Sutherland, Buccleuch and Northumberland, the Earls of Derby, Dudley, etc. The result of this condition of affairs was that the Prince of Wales soon got heavily in debt, and the time came when even the Rothschilds, whose position in English society he had firmly established, intimated to him that it was impossible for them to make any further advances. It is reported that on one or two occasions the queen, prompted by her ministers, and confronted by them with the alternative of their appealing to Parliament for a grant in behalf of the prince, reluctantly came to his rescue, and relieved him of some of his most pressing liabilities. But as much as no means was devised for the liquidation of all his debts, and for the prevention of their recurrence, it was not long before his troubles became once more acute.

It was then that the so-called "benefactors" appeared upon the scene. "Benefactors" are persons of great wealth, who, from motives of patriotism and social ambition, esteem it a privilege to be permitted to place their well-stocked purses at the disposal of royalty. Such a one was Sir James Mackenzie. He had made the great-



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

er part of his money in India, originally as a hatter and afterward as an indigo planter, and was a kind-hearted, withal somewhat vulgar, man, whose main occupation during the latter part of his existence was to find means of helping along his future king in a financial way. Among other things, he was in the habit of leasing each year one of the most costly and magnificent country seats in the neighborhood of Windsor, solely for the purpose of being able to place it at the disposal of his illustrious friend for Ascot week, Queen Victoria having saddled so many restrictions upon the use of Windsor Castle during the races by her eldest son, that he was unable

to make use of that magnificent and historic palace. When Sir James, who purchased one of the finest estates in the neighborhood of Balmoral, died very suddenly, his executors called upon the prince to repay at once loans to the extent of considerably over one million dollars; and as they were compelled by their legal obligations to take steps to secure the recovery of the money, they would probably have been obliged in self-defence to institute legal proceedings against the heir apparent, had not Baron Hirsch come to his assistance.

If court gossip in England and on the Continent is to be believed, it was not the first time that the great Jewish philanthrop-

ist had shown himself a friend in need to the future king of England. The latter, in 1888, had found himself involved in such terrible financial embarrassments that he appealed to his favorite brother-in-law, Emperor Frederick, who had just succeeded to the throne. Frederick, who had always been very fond of the prince, despite the dissimilarity of their tastes, and who during his long wait for the crown had been subjected to very much the same pecuniary disadvantages as Queen Victoria's first-born, readily acceded to his request, and it is understood to have loaned him a large sum of money for his most pressing needs. This kindly act met with so much disapproval on the part of the leading dignitaries at the imperial court at Berlin that Prince Stolberg actually insisted upon resigning then and there his post as minister and Grand Master of the Royal House, rather than participate in any such transaction as the loaning of money belonging to the Hohenzollern family to a foreign prince. On Emperor Frederick's death,

not long afterward, and the accession of Emperor William, steps were taken to recover the money, and the unpleasantness in connection therewith was the cause of much of the bitterness which marked the relations of the Kaiser and his English uncle during the early years of the former's reign. It is said that King Edward was enabled to liquidate his debt to the treasury of the Hohenzollern family by means of the timely help of Baron Hirsch, but that he has never wholly forgotten or forgiven the treatment to which he was subjected in the matter by his nephew and the authorities at Berlin.

Baron Hirsch, it may be remembered, died very suddenly, without coming to any arrangement about the liabilities of the prince toward his estate; and it was then that Cecil Rhodes and his friends are reported to have appeared upon the scene as benefactors, and rendered possible the publication of a solemn yet significant assurance that England's future king was not in any way indebted to the estate of Baron Hirsch. To what extent the prince benefited by fortunate investments suggested by the South African colossus and his business associates, who included the Duke of Fife, who is the king's son-in-law, and the Duke of Abercorn, who was the Chief of his Household, it is impossible to say. But the fact remains that when Edward VII. succeeded to the throne he found himself still burdened with such a heavy load of debt that everyone was prepared for an application to Parliament by the crown for the settlement of the liabilities which he had incurred as heir apparent.

While a demand of this kind might have given rise to some discussion, there is no doubt that it would have been granted by an overwhelming majority, and would have met with the approval of the people at large, since a very general impression existed to the effect that the king had not been altogether fairly treated in a financial sense while Prince of Wales. Realizing however that such an appeal would weaken his position both at home and abroad, and would always be cast in his teeth by the foes of the dynasty, he took counsel of his most trusted advisers, and placed himself unreservedly in their hands. These advisers consisted of the great Anglo-German financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, of Nile Dam fame, Lord Farquhar, for many years the man-



King Edward's Stables, Newmarket, where his Race Horses are Trained.

aging director of one of the leading banks in London, and Lord Esher, who is generally understood to be interested in the firm of Cassel. The king undertook to turn over to them the management of his household and the administration of the civil list, whereupon they assumed all his liabilities; and by means of economies in various directions, by insurance policies, by the sale of useless things and duplicates, by clever investments, and by the establishment of a sinking fund, they have so skillfully managed matters that King Edward has since last summer and for the first time since his marriage been entirely out of debt, and his civil list free from mortgage. It was this action by Sir Ernest, Lord Farquhar and Lord Esher in taking upon themselves all the personal obligations of the king at the time of the accession, which enabled the government to announce in Parliament that he would be satisfied with the same civil list as his predecessor on the throne, that he would make no application to the nation for an additional grant of money, and that he had no debts with which it was necessary for the treasury to concern itself, an announcement which, while it was re-

ceived with the utmost satisfaction, at the same time created much surprise, as it was generally understood that the king had not benefited to any extent under the will of the late queen, the major part of whose fortune had gone to her younger children.

It may be well to declare here, in the most explicit fashion, that there is not a vestige of truth in the malicious stories, widely circulated, and which have even found their way into print, according to which an arrangement has existed with some of the greatest art dealers in London, whereby art treasures of one kind and another were placed on view from time to time in Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and other of the king's residences, in order to admit of their sale to American millionaires at prices far above their real value, in the belief that they formed part and parcel of the royal collections. No one in the entourage of the king would have lent himself to any such trick, so dear to the sharper grade of auctioneers, on both sides of the Atlantic; and if there had been any attempt to resort to such practices it would scarcely have escaped the attention of Edward VII., who has developed



SIR ERNEST CASSEL.

Who Assisted in Getting the King of England out of Debt.



LORD ESCHER

Another of King Edward's Admirers and Benefactors.

into an exceedingly shrewd and wide-awake man of business in his mature age. The reports probably had their origin in the fact that on the death of the late queen a careful investigation of the contents of her numerous palaces disclosed a vast quantity of things for which the king could find no possible use, and which he was in consequence advised to sell. The huge cellars at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace, for instance, were crowded with ports, sherries and other wines which had gone out of fashion, which did not commend themselves to Edward VII's taste, and which had been accumulating there throughout the sixty years of his mother's reign, and even in the time of her two uncles, George IV. and William IV. These were sold at a high price, in order to make way for his favorite vintages.

Then, too, there was much furniture of an artistic character, for which there was no longer any room, and which had to be sold off, while the art collections (that is to say, the paintings, the statuary, the collections of rare porcelain and ivories, the built cabinets, and bric-a-brac of every description) had to be subjected to a very extensive weeding process, everything being sold for which the king and the queen did not care, or of which there were a superfluous number of examples.

By means of these sales a far larger sum of money was realized by Lord Farquhar, Lord Escher and Sir Ernest Cassel than the public would ever dream, and another big amount was obtained by a radical reorganiza-

tion of the entire royal household, and by the reformation of the almost incredible abuses and extravagances that had gradually developed at court during the nearly forty years of widowhood of Queen Victoria, and which were of a nature to cause her thrifty and level-headed husband—a clever business man if ever there was one—to turn in his grave. It is no exaggeration to assert that Lord Farquhar and Lord Escher, by doing away with waste, perquisites, pilfering and with useless yet costly sinecures, were able to cut down the expenditures of the royal household nearly one-half, without in the slightest degree impairing the brilliancy or the splendor of King Edward's court, which, indeed, is vastly superior in that respect to that of his august mother. And so perfect has been the reorganization, now happily completed, that Lord Farquhar, who undertook the matter purely from motives of patriotism and of affection for the sovereign who had been his lifelong and intimate friend, has been able to abandon his office of Master of the Royal Household to his deputy, Col. Sir Charles Frederick, with a knowledge that everything will continue to work smoothly, efficiently and economically. I



LORD FARQUHAR

One of the Men who Took upon Themselves King Edward's Personal Obligations.

The Marlborough was the Favorite Resort of King Edward When he was Prince—A Special Table in the Dining Room and a Writing Desk are Still Reserved for His Majesty.

From the Scrap Book Magazine.

ONE of the most exclusive clubs in the whole world is the Marlborough Club, whose building stands at the western end of Pall Mall, near Marlborough House, which was the residence of the present King of England while he was Prince of Wales. From Marlborough House, the Marlborough Club took its name. It long ago became the favorite resort of the Prince; and since he became King, his interest in it has not waned. No one can be admitted to it without his sanction. His personal friends become members of it as soon as he has expressed a wish for their enrolment.

In its dining-room there is a special table always reserved for him at which he may sit with such intimates as he chooses to invite. In the writing-room there is also a desk which no one else ever thinks of using, and at which King Edward has carried on his personal correspondence. Although the building is quite imposing, it is somewhat simply furnished, with that sort of simplicity which is by no means inexpensive. Because of its exclusiveness, it is perhaps less often spoken of than many of the older clubs, such as the Carlton, the Travlers, and the Athenaeum.

Oddly enough, the club which ranks next to the Marlborough in exclusiveness is the famous Beefsteak Club, which has black-balled many a Prime Minister, many a nobleman of high rank, while opening its doors at the same time to men of letters, artists, and, in fact, to those who are congenial, without any consideration as to their rank or their riches.



The Exterior of the Marlborough Club. This was a favorite resort of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, and no one can be admitted to it without his sanction.



The Dining-Room at the Marlborough. King Edward's Table is in the Right Foreground, under the Picture.

A Man Who Risks His Fall on a Throw

The New Chancellor of the Exchequer Possesses the Swiftest Mind in Politics, and Spins the Web as he Goes Along—Audacity and Utter Fearlessness the Great Principles of Lloyd-George, Whose Career Has Been Decidedly Meteoric in Its Character.

By A. G. G. in the London News.

IF there is one figure in political life in Great Britain who has forged his way to the front with cannon ball celerity it is the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is tactful, good-tempered and sunny in disposition. What is the secret of his rapid ascension?

First and foremost it is audacity. Danton's great maxim is with him, as with Chamberlain, the guiding principle of conduct. He swoops down on opportunity, like a hawk on its prey. He does not pause to think; he acts. He has no fear. The bigger the task, the better he likes it. The higher the stakes the more heroic his play.

He never fears to put his fate to the touch. He risks his fall on a throw. When the great moment came he seized it with both hands.

He had two motives: his love of the small nationality and his instinct for the great game. The two gave him passion, the other calculation. There was the occasion; he was the man. His business was being ruined; no matter. His life and his home were threatened; good. The greater the perils, the greater the victory.

And he has not only the eye for the big occasion and the courage that rises to it; he has the instinct for the big foe. He is the hunter of great game. "Don't waste your powder and shot on small animals," said Disraeli, and he hung on to the flank of Peel. "Go for the lion," was Randolph Churchill's maxim, and he gave Gladstone no pause. Even to snap at the heels of the great is fame. It is to catch the limelight that streams upon the stage. There are names that live in history, simply because Gladstone noticed them. Lord Cross and

Lord Cranbrook came to great estate merely because they beat him at the poll. To have crossed swords with him was a career.

Mr. Lloyd-George's eye ranged over the Government benches, and he saw one figure worth fighting and he leapt at that figure with concentrated and governed passion. It became a duel between him and Mr. Chamberlain. It was a duel between the broadsword and the rapier—between the Saxon mind, direct and crushing as the



The Writing-Room at the Marlborough Club. [The Desk in the corner is the King's.



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.

thunderbolt and the Celtic mind, nimble and elusive as the lightning.

He has, indeed, the swiftest mind in politics. It is a mind that carries no impediments. He is like a runner ever stripped for the race. The pistol may go off when it likes; he is always away from the mark like an arrow. And it is not speed alone. When the hare is started he can twist and turn in full career, for the hotter the chase the cooler he becomes.

He is the improviser of politics. He spins his web as he goes along. He thinks best on his feet. You can see the bolts being forged in the furnace of his mind. They come hurling out molten and aflame. He electrifies his audience—but he suffers in print next morning for the speech that thrills the ear by its impromptu brilliancy seldom bears the cold analysis of the eye. He is in this respect the antithesis of Mr. Churchill, though Mr. Churchill is like him in daring.

I once had a pleasant after-dinner talk with them on the subject of their oratorical methods.

"I do not trust myself to the moment on a big occasion," said Mr. Churchill. "I don't mind it in debate or in an ordinary platform speech; but a set speech I learn to the letter. Mark Twain said to me, 'You ought to know a speech as you know your prayers; and that's how I know mine. I've written a speech out six times in my own hand.'"

"I couldn't do that," said Lloyd-George. "I must wait for the cries. Here are my notes for the Queen's Hall speech." And he took out of his pocket a slip of paper with half a dozen phrases scrawled in his curiously slanting hand. The result is a certain thinness which contrasts with the breadth and literary form of Mr. Churchill's handling of a subject, or with the massive march of Mr. Asquith's utterance.

He has passion, but it is controlled. It does not burn with the deep spiritual fire of Gladstone. It flashes and sparkles. It is an instrument that is used, not an obsession of the soul. You feel that it can be put aside as adroitly as it is taken up.

And so with his humor. It coruscates; it does not warm all the fibres of his utterance. It leaps out in light laughter, it is

the humor of the quick mind rather than of the rich mind. "We will have home rule for Ireland and for England and for Scotland and for Wales," he said addressing some Welsh farmers. "And for hell," interposed a deep, half-drunken voice. "Quite right. I like to hear a man stand up for his own country."

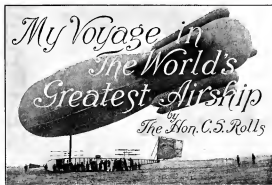
Detachment from tradition and theory is the source of Mr. Chamberlain's power. He brings a fresh, untrammelled mind to the contemplation of every problem. It was said of Leighton that he looked at life through the eyes of a dead Greek. Lloyd-George looks at life with the frank self-assertion of a child, free from all formulas and prescriptions, seeing the thing, as it were, in a flash of truth, facing it without reverence because it is old and without fear because it is vast.

"The thing is rotten," he says and in a moment his mind has reconstructed it on lines that acknowledge no theory except the theory of practical usefulness. Thus he has swept away the old effete port of London, and put in its place a system as original as it is ingenious. And all the world asks, Why was this not done years ago?

Like Falstaff, he is "quick, apprehensive, forgiving," but he does not like Falstaff, owe these qualities to canny, for he is a teetotaler. He owes them to the Celtic spirit that races like a fever in his blood. His apprehensiveness, indeed is amazing. He picks up a subject as he runs, through the living voice, never through books. He does not learn; he absorbs, and by a sort of instantaneous chemistry his mind condenses the gases to the concrete.

His intellectual activity is bewildering. It is as difficult to keep his name out of the paper as it was to keep King Charles' head out of Mr. Dick's memorial. He is always "doing things"—and always big things. His eye lights on an amachrom—like the Patent Law—and straightway he sets it on fire. He does not pore over books to discover the facts about docks; he goes to Antwerp, to Hamburg, and sees. When he brought in his merchant shipping bill he took a voyage to Spain and learned about ships. And his passion for action grows with what it feeds on.

He has yet his trumps to play.



A WHITE fog pressed close to my bedroom window like a blanket of fleecy wool. Not a pleasant sight for a man who has to take his first voyage in an airship. I had visions of being fog-bound in the seas of the air, of drifting helplessly on to the grey stones of Notre Dame, or crashing against the great steel structure of the Eiffel Tower. The whole city would be a submerged reef of rocks.

It was to be my hundredth balloon ascent, and was to be made in the company of my friend, Mr. Frank Butler, who had also accomplished ninety-nine ascents. Like the true sportsman that he is, he had waited for me to get level with him, so that we could make the century together.

And this was to be no ordinary balloon ascent. Monsieur Henry Deutsch de la Meurthe had courteously placed his dirigible airship, the "Ville de Paris," at our disposal. It was an occasion—something to be remembered in after years. The densest fog that was ever conceived in the smooze of London would not have prevented us from hoping that we should be allowed to take the trip.

We drove in a taxicab to Sartroville, and found the fog denser than it was in Paris; and when we entered the enormous garage, or shed, where the "Ville de Paris" lay like some sleeping leviathan, we could

hardly see from one end to the other. Then the chief and second engineers arrived. They made the final adjustments to the mechanism and tested the engines. Before they had finished, the chief navigator—the captain—came upon the scene, and held council with his officers. They decided to have lunch. It was possible that the fog might clear by the time we had finished our meal.

The airship shed was in a deserted spot, and so we motored to St. Germain, and lunched at the famous Pavillon Henri Quatre. On our way there we were turned back by the gendarme in the park. He informed us that no kind of mechanically propelled vehicle was allowed in the vicinity of this sacred enclosure. Little did he think that a couple of hours later we should be sailing over his head, and jerking at his impotent wrath.

On our return to Sartroville the fog had almost dispersed. The crew of the airship were ready. M. Kapferer, the chief navigator, gave a signal, and the quiet shed became a scene of bustling activity.

Bang! Bang! Bang! My heart went into my boots. Something had exploded! There had been an accident! There would be no ascent, after all.

But I was mistaken. It was only a prearranged signal to some paid helpers in the neighborhood, who were required to

hold the vessel down at the start. Before many minutes had elapsed they were on the scene, and twenty lined up on each side of the framework. The word of command was given, and the huge cylinder, nearly two hundred feet in length, began to thrust its nose out of the end of the shed.

Foot by foot it emerged, like some antediluvian monster creeping from its lair, until it stood on the open manoeuvring ground. I was busy with my camera, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to go on board. Mr. Butler was already seated on a camp stool in the stern of the ship. He looked warm and comfortable in the thick suit he used for tobogganing in Switzerland. It would doubtless be cold when he rushed through the air, for this was not ballooning. It was an aerial motor-ride.

I took my place behind the navigating bridge, and watched the trimming of the ship, which was evidently a matter of supreme importance. Ballast was being discharged in small quantities from bow and stern alternately. The captain kept his eye on the clinometer, an instrument for indicating the exact horizontal poise of the vessel.

It was a long time before there were any signs of buoyancy, for the balloon was still heavy with the moisture from the fog. Then at last the bows lifted, first a few inches, then a foot or two. She was still "down by the stern," however. It was suggested that Mr. Frank Butler should move forward, but the difficulty was met by the discharge of more ballast from the afterpart of the vessel.

"All clear!" The words rang out above the chatter of voices. I had often heard them before, but never under such circumstances as these. The voices grew fainter and fainter. The voices dropped away from us. The voyage had begun.

"Slow ahead!" No voice this time, but a ring on the telegraph to the engine-rooms. The engine roared; the ship trembled from stem to stern; the wind brushed past our faces. This was something worth living for. It was the conquest of the air.

Then suddenly the engine stopped. The vessel turned round at right angles to her course, and we drifted broadside on with the wind, like any ordinary balloon. I began to think of unpleasant things. The descent of our 200 ft. cylinder, shorn of

its motive power, and left to the mercy of the wind, was something I did not care to contemplate.

The engineers struggled with the machinery in the fore-part of the vessel. Our navigator shouted down the telephone to ascertain the cause of the stoppage. No intelligible reply was received, but the men gesticulated wildly. I began to feel uncomfortable. I thought of all likely and unlikely accidents. I almost wished that I had made my hundredth ascent in an ordinary balloon, where there was no machinery. Those wild movements, that speechless excitement which can give no intelligible answer to a captain's questions or commands! Many a vessel had been wrecked at sea through the crew and engineers losing their heads. And a wreck here—hundreds of feet above the earth—

My thoughts were interrupted by the welcome sound of the engines. I had made no allowance for the Gallic temperament. Nothing serious had happened, after all. A faulty adjustment of the carburettor—a mere incident in the daily life of a motorist.

We made up our leeway, and headed for Paris. Then the captain spoke down the telephone, and a few minutes later the engine-room telegraph was moved to "Pull speed ahead." We had already felt the cold rush of the air, but now the wind roared past us with the fury of a gale. The navigator drew his peaked cap tighter on to his head, and put on his goggles and a scarf. We turned up our coat-collars, and clung to the side of the ship, which trembled like a torpedo-destroyer as the powerful engines forced it through the atmosphere. This was speed with a vengeance; not the silent speed of a balloon, which, even when it is traveling at forty miles an hour, seems to be almost at rest, but the fierce speed of something that is being driven against a resisting force—the speed of power.

The course was set for Issy-les-Moulineaux, where we hoped to witness some aeroplane trials on the parade ground. But as we approached Paris we entered a slight fog. So we decided to take a trip in the open country.

The ship was swung round, and as we again approached Sartrouville the fog began to clear, and the huge garage-shed came into sight. Thence we sailed to St.



On the Bridge.

The "Ville de Paris" has been rightly called a ship. The captain stands at his post on the bridge. Close to his hand are telegraph and telephone to the engine-rooms. Like the captain of a vessel, the navigator steers by chart and compass and traces his course on the map.

Germain, and floated over the Pavilion Henri Quatre, where we had been lunching earlier in the day. The hotel people came out and waved to us frantically. When we had told them we were going a voyage in an airship they had refused to believe us, but now they had the evidence of their own eyes.

By this time we were quite used to the novel sensation of being on an airship, and we walked about the deck like seasoned mariners of the air. We took photographs and admired the view.

It might be supposed that this voyage provided hardly any new experiences for a man who had already made ninety-nine ascents in a balloon. But such was not the case. The sensation of being in an airship is entirely different to that of being in a balloon.

If I was asked to describe the difference in a few words, I should say that my

hundredth ascent in the air was less pleasant but more exciting than any of the others that preceded it. A balloon moves at the same rate as the wind, and there is no sense of motion. One glides peacefully through the air, which seems almost still; and even where there is a strong breeze one does not feel the cold.

But in an airship the conditions are quite different. One is driven rapidly through the air; the cold is intense, as the wind rushes past with the fury of a gale; the framework of the ship quivers with the vibration of the engines. There is, however, practically no pitching or oscillating, except for a moment when the course is altered, or when the vessel is struck by a sudden squall.

Moreover, there is no tendency to air-sickness of any kind. As in a balloon, one feels no giddiness, for there is no connection between the eye and the ground; it is

like looking upon a map. If there were anything between the ship and the ground that the eye could follow, such as a precipice, a man would grow dizzy as he looked into the depths.

I must confess that it took me some time to attain the same feeling of security that one has in an ordinary balloon. A number of unpleasant things occurred to me as we rushed through the air.

I wondered what would happen if the rear-most propeller-shaft bearing were to break. The whole propeller would probably fall to earth, and carry with it a portion of the shafting. The airship, released from the weight, would shoot up like a rocket and drift away with the wind like an ordinary balloon. As it ascended, the gas would expand and blow out of the safety-valve. The ship would rise through the clouds, and, as the rays of the sun fell on the envelope, the gas would expand still more rapidly. Then there would come a point when the lifting power of the balloon would become less than its weight, and it would begin to fall.

As it re-entered the clouds the gas would contract, the envelope would grow heavy with moisture, and the whole structure would fall with terrible swiftness. The weight of the airship, with all its machinery, would be so great that it would be almost impossible to check the descent with the quantity of ballast usually carried. It would crash on to the ground; and the framework, which is necessarily rigid and unable to withstand serious blows, would probably break in pieces. Another portion of frame or machinery would be lost, and the ship would once more soar up into the clouds.

The same process of expansion and contraction would take place, but this time the descent would be more rapid, and there would be little or no ballast left to break the fall. The aeronauts' only chance of escaping with their lives would be to descend into a thick wood.

Such an accident as this is not very likely to arise in a carefully constructed airship, but a mere breakdown such as was not unheard of in the early days of motoring—a stoppage in the petrol pipes, a short circuit, or a hot bearing—might be attended with serious consequences. The airship would be turned into an ordinary balloon; while its great weight and bulk and its

unyielding rigidity would render a descent at the same speed as the wind both difficult and dangerous.

In the case of an ordinary balloon the passengers are protected by a flexible wicker-work car, which gives to the shock, and from which it is very difficult to fall out; but in the case of an airship the car is a light wooden or tubular framework, with sides that are open in places, and which would easily fracture on contact with the earth.

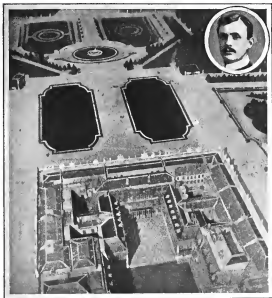
I thought of all these possibilities while we were flying through the air, and I realized how much depended on the motor and the man in charge of the engine. But the latter seemed so supremely happy, and the engine was beating with such perfect rhythm, that I gradually became as confident as the captain, and I soon lost all sense of fear.

The "Ville de Paris" had been rightly called a ship, for in many ways she resembled her sisters of the sea. The captain stood, or rather sat, at his post on the bridge; close to his hand were the telephone and telegraph to the engine-room, the two steering wheels (for an airship moves both in vertical and horizontal planes), the aneroid for indicating altitude, the self-recording barometer, the thermometer, and a number of mysterious levers and gauges.

Like the captain of a vessel, the navigator steers by chart and compass, consults them frequently, and traces his course on the map. And, like any other sailor in charge of a ship, he has to keep his undivided attention upon his work; he has to be quick to think, and quick to act, cool in moments of danger, a man of authority.

We sailed out into the clear sky again, and continued our voyage. As we passed over the forest of St. Germain we caught sight of a hut, in which M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe was taking part. Needless to say, we descended, and skimmed just over the tops of the trees, exchanging greetings with the huntsmen, much to their amusement.

At one time a fort lay beneath us. How strange it would have been to have dropped a bomb behind the ramparts, and blown the defenders to pieces! Small wonder that the military experts of all the great nations are devoting their brains and energies



A Novel View of the Palace of Versailles.

Inset is a portrait of the Hon. C. S. Robt., who snapped this photo as the airship was speeding over the palace.

to the development of this new and terrible engine of war.

Before our voyage came to an end, M. Kapferer put the airship through her paces, just to show us how wonderfully she answered her helm. She moved as gracefully and easily as a bird. Upwards and downwards, to right and left, however the navigator chose to guide her, she swooped and curved with incredible swiftness and accuracy. Twice she described a complete figure of eight as skillfully as any skater at Prince's.

Our starting place was now near at

hand, and the crew began to make preparations for our descent. I fancied that the final landing would be by no means the least exciting part of the journey.

We were traveling with the wind, which had freshened somewhat since the start, and were running before it at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour. To an ordinary balloonist it seemed that we were in for a lively time. It was still misty, and it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out ahead. My task had already been allotted to me. I was to discharge the huge trail-rope at the word of command, and I stood

by," as the sailors have it. At a time like this there was no place for an idle passenger.

Then, suddenly, the great garage-shed loomed up out of the mist, and in a moment we had flashed past it, only just clearing the roof.

"Overshot the mark," I said to myself, "and badly too." I expected to hear the beat of the engine die away into silence, or, at any rate, throb more slowly as the speed was reduced. But we continued to rush through the air at full speed.

Then suddenly the airship lurched, like a vessel struck by a squall. I clung to the side, as the helm was put hard over, and the great machine swerved round into the wind.

I understood the manoeuvre at once. I had been a fool to think that we had accidentally overshoot the mark. They were going to shoot her up to her moorings against the tide, in this case a swift current of air instead of water.

The speed slackened as we fought our way back against the wind; the shed came in sight again, and the aeroplanes were set so as to force us downwards. We were now almost over the manoeuvring ground, and a great concourse of people had gathered to await our return.

The engine-room telegraph rang, and the speed was reduced till it just held us up against the wind. Lower and lower we sank towards the earth; the word of command was given; I discharged the great trail-ropes, which unrolled itself as it fell, and was gripped by a score of willing hands; the propeller still moved to keep us

head-to-wind; and then we floated on to the ground without even knowing that we had touched it.

Cheers went up from the crowd as they watched this supreme triumph on the part of the navigator. We collected our cameras and instruments, and alighted on solid earth once more.

We bade farewell to M. Kapferer and to M. Poulhain, the clever and genial young engineer of the ship. Then we returned to Paris, delighted to have been the first Englishmen to go a voyage in a private airship.

We spent the evening at our hotel in the company of M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe, the owner of the "Ville de Paris" and one of the most hospitable men in France. His name will always be remembered in connection with the early days of the conquest of the air, for he has done much to further the science of aeronautics; and among the numerous valuable prizes he has offered is the one recently captured by Mr. Farman.

The next morning the whole experience seemed like a dream, and it was hard to believe that we had not merely been reading a story by Jules Verne or H. G. Wells.

Exactly twenty hours after our ascent the "Patrie" was lost; and the "Ville de Paris," thanks to the generosity of its owner, was handed over to the French Government.

We were glad to think we had taken the opportunity when it had been offered to us. If we had waited another day or two, the chance would have been lost to us for ever.

The Story of a Close Shave

How a Once Prosperous and Powerful Manufacturer of Razors was Virtually Crowded to the Wall by a Shrewd Van Rival, Yet Managed to Extricate Himself in Time—The Part That Ridicule Played in the Ludiicrous Climax.

By Herbert Kesteven in the Popular Magazine.

WALTERS, President of the National Razor Company, paced the floor and chewed his cigar until three-quarters of its length was a macerated pulp. From time to time he peered at the paper in his hand. He was worried.

It was the first of the month and the statement before him was enough to bring despair to a heart that had not been kicked about by the heavy boot of ill fortune as long as his had. In fact, Walters was in a bad way. That is, the National Razor Company was in dire straits. And, after all, the National Razor Company was Walters. Of course, there were the minority stockholders, but they shared the profits not the troubles. And it needed a mime-promoter or a Merwin to figure a dividend out of the figures that stared at him from the debit side of the two columns before him. Times had changed in the past two years. Walters harked back to the earlier career of the company, when profit was the chief product of the factory and razors a mere incident in its activity. The country was howling for National Razors then. It wanted them at their own price, and their own price was a pretty stiff one—three hundred per cent. profit on sets and twice as much on separate blades.

Then the field had been cut up. Some of the infringers they fought off and some they bought off, and some were not infringers. None of them mattered very much until Brown came along. You have heard of Brown. Who has not? Brown is perhaps the most distinguished sachem of the face-loving tribe of advertisers. Long ago he caused the smile to fade from the visage of the "gent" who shoes the nation, and he has deepened the look of melancholy upon

the countenance of the individual who talcums it. But the concern caused in the hearts of these two valiant satraps of self-adulation was only one of envy and chagrin.

To Walters it was something more poignant. It was rapidly spelling ruin for him, just as it had fendered every other razor concern in the field. Need I remind you of Brown's advertisement? Why, even in old crowded China the hairless coolie knows Brown and what Brown stands for, and rubs his hand regretfully over his beardless, yellow face, bawling the Providence that denies him the delight of the shaving smile that illuminates the Brown Physiognomy. Brown's razor is a good one, but Brown's advertisement is better than the razor. It was genius, the designing of that advertisement. But it was Brown's siffle that made the genius possible. Who can resist buying a Brown razor when one is faced day after day and month after month with his jovial grin, as he cuts a lane through the snowy drifts of lather and tells you in big type: IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME—IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

If ever confidence glowed in a man's eye and if ever a man's eye could inspire confidence in another man, Brown's can. That face and that motto have made him a millionaire, have built his scores of factories, have crowded his little black boxes into the haberdashers' and the druggists'. It has sounded the doom of the barber. It is responsible for the steadily augmenting breed-line of men who once flourished upon conversation and tips. Its influence has crossed the Atlantic and turned the old-fashioned razor shops of Sheffield into sheer



factories and penknife plants. And all within a period of less than three years, due to the combining circumstances of a good idea, a good photographer and a good advertising agent.

Look at the magazine on your table—Brown's face stares at you from the back. When you take the car to-night, glance at the row of newspapers spread in line before you. Brown smiles at you. You cannot dodge his razor. It is good enough for him, and you have not the will-power to resist finding out if it isn't good enough for you. Mark Twain's "punk trip slip" may have annoyed you, but Brown's dictum hampers you. If you want peace, you must have Brown's razor.

Yes, Brown was smiling the National Razor Company out of business. For month after month their sales had decreased. They had poured their profits into the newspapers and magazines; but, however heavily they rained their money into the press, Brown responded with downpours that made their most ambitious efforts mere sprinkles by contrast.

And now actual ruin was looming in through the door. Walters was at the end of his resources, mental and financial. Suddenly his teeth snapped into his cigar and the dismembered fragment fell upon the floor. "Poynter!" he exclaimed, "I wonder if the fellow can help us—Um-hm," he mused. "It is worth while trying. He certainly did wonderful work for the Utopia Company. Manders himself acknowledges that they were in the last ditch when he pulled them through." He rang for his secretary.

II.

Franklyn Poynter has a habit of disappointing one at first glance. To begin with, he distinctly lisp; and a lisp, as a rule, is a mark of effeminacy. But then, rules are capricious. Their exceptions are not marked and labeled. For my part, I no longer follow them in judging men. At least, not lispers men, having suffered rather a pronounced surprise in my sophomore year at the hands of a red-headed, under-sized freshman, who lisped a little and scrapped much. From time to time, men have been deluded by Poynter's lisp. But then, Poynter has led so many men astray, in so many directions, that the observation is redundant.

ast. Poynter's appearance, far more than his mode of speech, disarms the casual observer. He is slight and undersized, and a decided flop, affecting especially extreme scarfs and waistcoats. His complexion has the healthy glow of a boy's, and the absence of facial lines accentuates his youthful aspect. His eyes tell you nothing. They are lackadaisical and help you to misconstrue the character of the man. I have heard many say that Poynter can attribute much of his astounding success in life to his neutral appearance. And, indeed, I can well comprehend how an aspect of insignificance can well aid him in his peculiar line of activity.

Spectacular in his methods, he is none the less the most retiring of men. He has no intimates. His habits are those of a clean-minded woman. For all that his income must now be enormous, there is no ostentation in his mode of life. And despite his physical frailty, he has accomplished tasks that would sap the vitality of a Titan. Where or how he has acquired, in the short range of his life-span, such a vast knowledge of men and affairs, of human nature, of financial wile and trickery, is a most puzzling thing to me. He has sounded the waters of commerce until he knows every shallow and every channel with the assurance of a master pilot.

The follies and foibles of men, their petty vanities, their weaknesses and fatuities constitute the primer of his text-books. He has never displayed despair in the face of the insuperable, nor exultation in the hour of routing victory. Rank, neither social nor plutocratic, impresses him. His blow leaves no brutal mark. I may with some happiness picture him as a pestiferous insect, inflicting his subtle annoyance until he frets away the ponderous vitality of the strongest and most virile enemy. He is a gad-fly cloaked with the spell of immunity and possessing a hell-given sagacity. Withal, he is the most amusing of men, blessed with a sense of humor and an appreciation of the ridiculous, which renders him, in non-professional hours, a most amusing companion, and in his professional activity, more dangerous than any other attribute which he possesses.

Poynter is a supreme egotist, but it is the egotism of self-confidence, the assurance of an Alexander or a Napoleon. Nor must one smile at the comparison; for however

ridiculous Poynter may appear physically, his achievements are comparatively as great in the field of his endeavor as any other man's have been in his life-bent. Often impatient, even to the point of discourtesy—brisk, sarcastic as a whip-lash, careless alike of condemnation and of praise, he is beyond all else as honest as conscience—impeccable. The arrow of bribery has never found him a target. Once he has accepted his retainer, a Judas-piece that would force Atlas' back to bend under the weight of the temptation will find his shoulders as erect as a grenadier's of the guard.

As Walters entered the door, Poynter nodded to him to take the chair drawn directly in front of his flat-top desk, upon which there were simply a telephone and a small pad. He reached into his pocket and drew forth a cigar-case of carved Japanese leather, from which protruded half a dozen of the long, slender Havanas which are his constant addiction.

"Have one?" he suggested. "It will make us both think better. What Walters are you?"

"National Razor Company," responded the president.

"Ah, I see. How's business?"

"Well—er—" began the other with a wry smile.

"I see; rotten. What's the matter? Too much Brown?"

"Uh-hm," growled Walters.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Don't you think you had better tell me just what's biting you; then maybe I'll know."

Walters began hesitatingly to outline his story, skirting around the real facts with the same reluctance that some men feel when consulting a physician—fearful of finding their ailments worse than they anticipate.

"Oh, come on. Get down to hard facts," lisped Poynter. "Tell me what is the matter. We have only half an hour, and at this rate it will take you a week to make up your mind to show your growth."

Walters flushed. He was not used to such peremptory handling. Now that he had come, he began to feel that perhaps after all he had made a mistake in expecting this lispers dude to accomplish anything which his experienced brain had not already planned and rejected.

"Wait a minute," broke in Poynter. "My retainer is one thousand dollars."

Walters started.

"Pretty steep, isn't it?" he suggested.

"I said my retainer," lisped Poynter with emphasis. "I'll let you know my fee after you tell me what you require."

"Hold on, Mr. Poynter," interrupted Walters. "We are going a little fast. I haven't quite decided that I shall need you."

"All right, then," was the careless rejoinder. "Go home and think it over. Come back when you have less time to waste. I haven't any of my own that I want to use that way to-day."

He rang the bell.

"Miss Wenson," he said to his secretary, "I am through with Mr. Walters. Get the papers on the Queen Chemical Case and we'll go through them."

Then he arose with a gesture of dismissal. Poynter's unconcern, however, now edged Walters' desire to retain him.

"I accept your terms," he said. "I will wait for you check to-night."

The secretary stood awaiting orders. Poynter motioned to her to retire and drew his pad before him. Walters shoved over the company's last statement.

"What do you think of it?" he queried.

"Rotten. What did it—Brown?"

Walters nodded assent. "Yes, he has got us up against a wall. I can't go any farther and the wall won't move. Can you lift us over?"

"Maybe I can, maybe I can't," was the laconic retort. "Tell me some more."

Walters made a clean breast of his affairs, beginning at the start of his company, recounting Brown's inroads, and wound up with a picture of hopelessness.

"Can you do anything?" he questioned.

Poynter went over to a bookcase and took out a copy of one of the current magazines. He studied Brown's advertisement on the back page for a few moments, and then smiled.

"I'll send for you next month," he said, "to sign papers of consolidation with Brown Good-by And," he added, as the bewildered Walters started for the door, "it will cost you ten thousand more."

III.

"Who's this? Oh, Mr. Poynter? No, Mr. Walters, isn't here. I expect him back

at three this afternoon. What's that, he is to come over to your office at four? All right. I will give him the message."

But Walters did not wait until his appointment. No sooner did he see the memorandum on his desk that he was on his way to the Atlantic Building as fast as his legs could carry him. The girl recognized him.

"Your appointment is for four," she said. "By Jove, this is important," he replied. "I want to see Poynter right away. You go in and tell him that I am out here."

"Your appointment is for four," was the quiet reply. And so, despite his impatience, he was forced to chafe until the longest hour he had ever known ticked out its nervous length.

Poynter, radiant in an orange waistcoat and a purple scarf, nodded to him as he entered.

"Here they are," he said, displaying a pair of papers. "Sign there!"

Walters gazed at him with incredulous eyes.

"What's this?" he asked. "Consolidation with the Brown people," was the nonchalant reply. "Have a cigar. Make you think better."

Ben Walters did not hear him. His eager eyes were perusing the documents. He wanted to pinch himself, hardly daring to realize the truth of the splendid terms set forth in the instrument.

"By heck!" he breathed, when he had finished. "How in the name of the Almighty did you do it? Look here, Poynter, shake hands! You are a little wonder. Honestly, I didn't think you'd succeed! You've pulled me through just in time—it was a mighty close shave!"

He picked up the papers again. "But you have, haven't you?" And he laughed with the halting restraint of a man to whom cheeriness has been an absent acquaintance for some time.

Poynter reached into his drawer and took a card from an index. "The matter is closed," he said, "and you can send your check. Four thousand, you know, was what we agreed upon."

"Why, it's worth forty thousand," exclaimed the other.

"I said four," lisped Poynter.

"Do you mind telling me how you turned this thirty-foot handspan?" said the president of the National Razor Company.

Poynter opened the drawer again and threw a piece of cardboard on his desk. It fell upon its face, and when Walters turned it over and caught sight of the other side he broke into a roar of laughter that did not check itself until tears fairly shone in his eyes.

"Say he gloated, 'I'll bet old Brown was just justified when he saw that. Got him right, didn't you? I'm going to take this home and frame it. Let's have the story, like a good fellow.'"

"Well," began Poynter, "Brown himself did it. His vanity is his greatest strength and at the same time his strongest weakness. His face has been his making and his undoing. For months it has been wearing upon my nerves, so that when you came and placed your case with me, the vision of his lather-smeared physiognomy at once loomed up. In a flash I saw my course. You yourself had exhausted every artifice within your power. You had assaulted his business and found it a Gibraltar. Each of your Rolands of cunning had been met with a more masterful Oliver on his part. To be very frank, my dear Mr. Walters, Brown outclassed you in management, exploitation, attack and defense. There remained but one arrow which could possibly find his head, the shaft of ridicule."

Poynter paused for a moment and gazed abstractedly into the ceiling.

"Ridicule, however, is the most potent of all engines of destruction. Its flight is as swift as the rays of light. It is the only missile that can make of a weakling a David able to bring down to his Goliath, however mighty or powerful he may seem. Ridicule has shut the doors of the White House to a dozen men. It has humbled prelate and author, merchant and jurist—it's dart is tipped with the deadliest of poisons. Ridicule is commercial, political and social death. Whenever an individual has allowed his personality to dominate an enterprise, it is only a question of patience, a matter of time before ridicule can be made to wreck him. Brown built up his success through the influence of his advertising. The foundation of his advertising is his face. He has dinged it and dinged it and binged it and slammed it into the notice of every man in America so persistently that whenever the idea of purchasing a razor occurs to him, he at once remembers Brown's enticing smile of confidence, and the germ of

suggestion fractures into the impulse of investigation and ultimate purchase. Brown's advertising is founded upon a recognized psychological truth.

"It is human nature to believe most in those things with which one is most familiar. Men have still greater confidence in those things in which the exploiter evinces his own faith. Brown's razor, fortified by Brown's belief in it, has produced Brown's great success. The task set before me was to prove that Brown has no confidence in his razor—in short, that he did not use it. The problem presented no complications. Brown is human, Brown is busy, Brown is rich. Rich men, especially those who have attained affluence within a short space of years, are usually socially ambitious. This rule is invariable with the wives of the nouveaux riches. Inquiry develops the fact that Brown has a wife, and that she has been stung with the social hornet.

"Sooner or later Mrs. B. with her bee was certain to lure the busy Mr. B. from his affairs to share in some social Roman holiday. Therefore watch Brown. From the time we joined forces, Brown lived under a shadow. My man has known each activity of his every hour. On Saturday Mrs. Brown, exultant in the capture of a social lioness, telephones him to tea at Sherry's. Brown, equally exultant, drops his correspondence and tears up-town. Needs a shave. No conveniences in his office. Drops into a barber-shop. So does his shadow. A dollar tip to the hat-boy, a convenient pillar for the shadow, a splendid flood of sunlight through a pavement casing, a carefully posed camera, a click of

the shutter, and before Brown can realize what has happened he is ours. You can imagine the rest. First a visit to an artist, then one to Brown. I hold a very annoying picture. The prospect of that thing in a dozen publications does not appeal to Brown's peculiar sense of humor. Ridicule can tear down in a month what labor cannot build up in a year. We meet; we dick; we haggle. Brown swears; Brown talks innuendo; Brown talks terms. I talk terms; we both talk terms. Sam total—your company merged with his company; now sign."

Walters with trembling fingers affixed his signature to the two papers, placed one in his pocket and at Poynter's request passed the duplicate over to him. Then, chortling with satisfaction, he hastened to the door, meanwhile scrutinizing the card in his hand and roaring with laughter. It was a picture of Brown in the barber's chair—his profile as clean-cut as a duo-tone cameo, the barber scraping away at it for dear life, and a background of other barbers corroborating the authenticity of the scene. Surrounding the photograph was a border-design exactly duplicating the famous decoration peculiar to Brown's own advertising, but instead of the customary wording thereupon, these lines had been lettered in: IT ISN'T GOD ENOUGH FOR HIM. IT ISN'T GOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

Walters paused for a moment as he opened the door, and then looked back into the room.

"Poynter," he grinned, "I'd give another thousand for a snap shot of Brown when you showed him this one."



Why Some Women Never Marry

The Usual Woman, while Passing Through the Period of the Greatest Matrimonial Possibilities, is Always Resolutely Bent on Marriage—Pretty Nearly all her Interest in Life will be Found to Centre Around the Probable Man.

By Abre Marston French in the Scrap Book Magazine.

A TOPIC lately started by an English magazine deals with the fascinating question of why so many women never marry. Owing to the nature of the theme and its perennial interest, it may be worth while here to set forth the opinions that have enlightened the English publication.

The query propounded by the editor was this: "Why do women prefer to remain unwed?" Naturally, all the ladies who answered this question differed more or less in their views and in their explanations. Perhaps the best way of getting at their answers is to give a summary of them, divested of the irrelevant remarks that befog certain of the letters.

(1) A woman often prefers to remain single, says one, because nowadays "education has enabled her to appraise her own powers and recognize her own good and bad points." That is, the modern woman has acquired a complete self-knowledge; and if she has reason to believe that she is not a good housekeeper and cannot "cut and contrive," or if children bore her, she knows that marriage will be to her a martyrdom. So she holds back until she is very sure on all these points.

Just how she can ever be quite sure until she has tried the thing for herself, the lady does not specifically inform us; but her general view seems to be that the woman of to-day is in the attitude of the proverbial man who would not go into the water until he had learned how to swim.

(2) The economic independence of women is given as another reason why there are so many single ladies at the present time. In the old days, marriage was the only career that was open to any woman,

and she had to marry if she got the chance, or else she felt herself useless and eccentric and a domestic burden to her parents. But now that so many occupations are thrown open to her, she does not need to think of matrimony.

This serves very well to explain why women need not marry, but it falls far short of revealing why they do not wish to.

(3) Another woman thinks that women do not marry because, when they look about and see their married friends, they find these very often living lives that lack excitement, that are deadly dull—lives filled with the care of children, the direction of servants, and the very small and limited ambitions that must content the members of any ordinary set of married people. This lady sums it all up by saying that women do not marry because marriage really is not interesting.

(4) A Miss Mary Frances Billington, who confesses that she is old-fashioned in her views, regards the present drift away from marriage as a temporary phase of social evolution, due to the growth of luxury and the desire for luxury among nearly every class of persons. She believes that women very often remain single simply because they wait so long for the possible millionaire to come to them that, before they know it, they have grown too old and plain to attract even the moderate sort of man whom they would finally be very glad to get.

(5) A Miss Sarah Doudney, who is more terse and more generally vivid than any of the other writers, says plainly and bluntly that women prefer a single life because they are getting to know men too well to trust them. They have come to know men thus

by reading modern realistic fiction and the still more realistic newspapers.

Miss Doudney does not think that men are hopelessly depraved, but she declares that most girls think so because of what most girls have read. Hence, literature is really the cause of the disillusionment of the sex and the dearth of marriages.

Now, these opinions are all interesting, and there is some truth in all of them; but the ladies who have set them down have failed to grasp the subject in a large and philosophic way. Each has her own solution and her own small theory to exploit, and so she does not fully satisfy the mind as to the entire sufficiency of what she says.

Suppose, therefore, that we try to frame a sort of working hypothesis that shall make allowances for all special cases, and consider only the larger aspect of the question in a much more general fashion.

In the first place, we may divide the whole sex into two classes—the Usual Women and the Exceptional Women, the great majority of them, of course, coming under the former head. In their emotional characteristics, and especially in their relation to the matrimonial question, all Usual Women are cast in a single mold and exhibit practically a single type.

THE USUAL WOMAN NOT FASTIDIOUS.

A Usual Woman, while she is passing through the period of the greatest matrimonial possibilities (say from eighteen to twenty-five), is always resolutely bent on getting married, and pretty nearly all her interest in life will be found to centre around the question of the probable man. And from her elementary standpoint, one man is pretty nearly as good as another—though, of course, I mean any man of whom she is likely to see very much.

She would not by preference elope with a coachman or a day-laborer, nor would she take a ridiculous person, such as would lead other girls to sniff at her if she chose him. Women, naturally enough, like men the possession of whom is coveted by others. But with these limitations, it may be safely said that the Usual Woman will snap at any man who happens to come along. A little proximity is the only thing necessary to make her choose John Doe rather than Richard Roe; for each is equally delightful.

There is, of course, a polite little fiction, propagated by writers of books and cher-

ished by the very young, to the effect that every woman goes about, fancy free, until some eligible and ardent youth discreetly forces himself on her surprised attention.

But we need not go very far in life in order to penetrate the secrets of the parson-house; and then we find out that the Usual Woman, especially while in the early twenties, derives the principal pleasure of her existence from thinking of the actual, prospective or hypothetical man.

ANYTHING WITH TROUSERS.

With her friends, she spends long hours in giggling and speculating over this delightful He; and on the approach of any new male person, her agitation and general emotion are wonderful to see.

And anything that wears trousers will do.

He may have brains, or he may not.

He may be good-looking, or he may not.

He may be manly and discreet and trustworthy, or he may not.

If he has any of the more complex qualities, the Usual Woman will probably not discover them, and so it is entirely and beautifully sufficient for him to be a Man. Consequently, if one asks why the Usual Woman sometimes does not marry, the answer is a very simple one indeed. It is because she doesn't get a chance, and for no other reason whatsoever. There is no problem in this case at all, and there never has been.

The really serious question arises when we come to the women who are exceptional. There are more Exceptional Women in these days than there used to be; for this is an age that tolerates departures from conventionality, and, in fact, makes unconventionality a fad. And it is an age when women are regarded as having the right to be as individual as they please. Therefore, the Exceptional Woman is generally one of a keen and discriminating mind.

Such a woman is most often of the artistic type, whether or not she actually enters upon the artistic career. She holds herself at a high valuation and is rather skeptical about the lasting value of what any one can offer her. She learns her lesson in life very early, and she is not given to illusions.

She may, in fact, be just the least bit cynical, and she suspects the fundamental sincerity of nearly every one she meets. Consequently, she is by no means carried

away by the Usual Man; and if the Exceptional Man arrives, he must be her kind of an Exceptional Man, or else she will not take him.

If she is psychic and emotional, the Exceptional Man must be one who will appeal to her in the subtlest ways, who can enter into all her thoughts and understand them all before they take the clumsy form of words.

To such a man she will surrender her life as gladly as will the Usual Woman to the Usual Man and with a splendid self-abandonment; but if she never meets him, then she will go through life alone.

If, again, the Exceptional Woman be one in whom head predominates over heart, she

will still preserve her independence, unless the Exceptional Man fully fills the niche that she reserves for him. She will never settle down to a humdrum, middle-class existence.

If she marries, she will exact every whit as much as her more emotional sister—only in a different way. She must have a great position, her husband must be Somebody, he must be externally faithful, he must not make mistakes.

The Exceptional Woman, therefore, is very likely not to marry; and if she does not, it is always because she does not care to do so, and because she is not fortunate enough to meet the person who appeals to her peculiar needs.

THE TWO KINDS

By Robert Hubbard.

In every business house there are two distinct classes of employees. One we may call the Bunch, and these are out for a maximum wage and a minimum service. They are apt to regard their employer as their enemy and in their spare time they persistently "knock." They keep bad hours, overeat, overdrink, overwear their salaries, and are "off their feed" at least one day in a week.

The other kind get their sleep, take their cold baths, do their Emersonians, join no cliques, and hustle for the house.

If I were a youth I would not compete in the twelve-dollar-a-week class. Like George Ade, who left Indiana and went to Chicago in order to get away from mental competition, I'd set the Bunch a pace. I would go in the free-for-all class. I would make myself necessary to the business.

No matter how "stagnant" times are, there are a few employees who are never laid off, nor see their wages cut down. These are the boys who make the wheels go round. And it isn't Buns that counts most; it is loaves. The difference is this: the Bunch plot and plan for personal gain—for ease and a good time. The other kind work for the house, and to work for all is the only wise way to help yourself.

The Tragedy of Business

The Most Dangerous and Insidious Rubbish in Literature is the Life Stories of Successful Men, Which Frequently Prove on Investigation to be the Mere Glorification of Selfishness Inspired by a Narrow Mind and a Groveling Soul.

By S. A. R. in the Commercial Intelligence Magazine.

OBVIOUSLY the first duty of a journalist who writes for commercial men in a commercial journal is to emphasize, and even reiterate, the importance of commerce to the world, to the nation, and to the individual, and we do not think we can with justice be accused of ever losing sight of the fundamental *raison d'être* of our paper. But it is permissible for us sometimes to invite our readers to pause with us for a moment in the all-engrossing commercial struggle in order to make sure that we are not losing our sense of proportion in our lives. Year by year and day by day we add something to the tablet that will one day become the record of our life, and as the artist who limns the landscape on the canvas before him steps back to make sure that every detail in his picture shall bear its proper proportion to the whole, so we may profitably ask whether every part of our life is in proportion to the whole. Unhappy he whose life's record is marred by the overwhelming prominence of what should have been but a fractional part of it.

We are compelled to make these observations mainly from noticing how insistently the press, the pulpit, and the platform accentuate the importance of success in business. Judging from the prominence given to the money-making capacity of men whom we are invited to call "great," the average publicist more sincerely admires the trait of acquisitiveness than any other characteristic of "greatness." How seldom—we do not say never—we are invited to admire the great, poor man! How often we are told to revere the memory of a man whose only claim to distinction has been his success in acquiring wealth. Of all the denormalizing

rubbish that is offered to the public in the guise of literature, the most dangerous, because the most insidious, are the life stories of successful men, which prove on investigation nine times in ten to be the mere glorification of selfishness inspired by a narrow mind and a groveling soul.

To say that no really great man ever acquired riches would be untrue, but it is absolutely certain that no great man ever allowed his mind to be obsessed with the greed of gain to the exclusion of other considerations. It is surely taking a most degraded view of life—which offers so vast a range to the human mind—to determine that it can be turned by its owner to the best advantage by devoting it simply and solely to the collection of material wealth that is absolutely valueless to the collector at the end. Yet we are asked to term "great" men who openly glory in the fact that they have from earliest youth kept strictly before themselves as the goal of their ambition, their great principle in life to which they have devoted all their time and talents, to be successful in the sense of adding shop to shop, warehouse to warehouse, or dollar to dollar.

When we stop for a moment to ask ourselves whether we see anything admirable in such careers, we never admit for a moment that the end justifies the means. Instead, we prefer to laud the steadfastness, courage, or patience of the individual whose success has been achieved by its exercise. So we carefully disguise, even from ourselves, the hideous truth that even such noble characteristics have been warped by the narrow sordid channels into which they have been cramped. With a right perception of the relative value of life's gifts, no

man would allow himself to devote himself wholly to what is termed "success" in business, and we maintain that the average man is not so degraded, so unintelligent, and so blind as willfully to embark upon such a career. The danger is that in the struggle we lose our sense of proportion. Business is with us every day, the struggle for life is all about us, and we recognize every moment the absolute reality of the strife. If we are not to go down—perhaps never to rise again—we must put forth our best efforts to-day. To-morrow will be the same as to-day. And so the struggle goes on until, by almost imperceptible stages, we find ourselves being gradually drawn into the vortex, and forgetting that man's life consisteth in anything else but the constant struggle to succeed in a commercial sense.

That is the tragedy of business that is enacted before us on the world's stage every day. Many a luxurious motor car, swiftly and smoothly conveying its successful occupant home from the city, conceals tragedy far sadder than the rough deal boards of the pauper's coffin. Unhappily, the tendency of the age is to misrepresent such failures as successes. We teach the school-boy to respect the successful man because he is successful, and therefore rich and, it may be, powerful. Read the lives of such men we tell them, and you will see how vain, too, may some day become like them if you also narrow down your life to the single purpose of getting gold. When one thinks of it it is very sad. It is not thus that a nation rears true nobility and elevates itself. And since the future of the nation lies with its youth the horizon would wear a monotonously sombre hue, but for the one redeeming fact that youth is not so readily deceived as its mentors. We of an older generation are seared and embittered by life's battle. Youth is fresh, natural and healthy in its hopes and its aspirations as well as in its body. The boy is more noble

than the man, more generous, less material. We ought to strive to put before him the highest ideals, the most noble thoughts, the worthiest aspirations, and if we did that we should raise a better race than ourselves, even if here and there among them there were found pitiful creatures whose lives were as narrow, mean and abject as those of many "successful" men, whose life's tragedy is distorted by the popular press and presented for our admiration.

While saying this, we do not wish to be understood to argue that "rich" and "great" are incompatible terms. Many a man has gained wealth that he has used for the best and noblest ends. He has remembered his duty to his fellows, and utilized his money to bring them prosperity as well as himself. He has cultivated his mind and character and spared a part of his time for the practice of the duties of good citizenship; possibly he has taken a prominent part in directing the affairs of State. Such a man's career does really and truly constitute an object lesson to the rest of mankind, and provide the rising generation with an excellent example to follow. Our complaint is not against success as success, but in the glorification of mere money-making as being the end-all and be-all of life. If our publicists would dwell less upon the gross and material side, we should have less quarrel with them, but when writer follows writer in asking us to admire the man who boasts of having lived only for business from his earliest youth, whose whole mind and energy have been bent upon making money, then we feel inclined to rebel and to say openly and outright that such is not the kind of man we admire, nor the type that we think any young man should follow. The pity is that the demands of modern life should be so exacting that men who would take a prominent place in the world can find so little time and opportunity to cultivate the graces.

The Importance of Secondary Education

Why Should Not the State Make as Liberal Provision for Secondary as it Does for Primary Education?—Large Numbers of Bright, Intelligent Young People Unable to Advance Owing to Expense of Text Books and Tuition Fees—What is the Obligation of the State in the Matter?

By John Hunter, M.D.

THE importance of primary education is so firmly fixed in public opinion, that the State, and that segment of it known as the municipality, not only provide free public schools, but also compel parents to send their children to these schools. Any attempt to revert to the old system of collecting fees would certainly meet with the most strenuous opposition; and yet the very system that has been discarded in the case of public schools is still in force throughout the course in secondary education. As soon as the pupil seeks to enter the high school or collegiate institute an entrance fee is demanded and tuition fees in increasing amounts—according to grade—confront him or her all the way through the course.

The question naturally arises why this handicap on secondary education? Primary education is considered to be such an important factor in the prosperity and progress of the State, that it is not only provided free, but made compulsory. Is secondary education of any less value to the State than primary education? The answer usually given to this question is this, "Primary education is necessary, for without it people could scarcely discharge the duties of citizenship in a civilized country, whereas secondary education is largely a personal affair—a qualification for a so-called learned profession."

Let us consider the interests represented in citizenship when a high grade of civilization exists. Life—domestic, social, civic or national—is a very complex problem, as each vocation is so intimately interwoven with other vocations. However, there is a broad classification of interests that will answer our purpose, viz., agricultural, in-

dustrial and commercial interests, which are served pretty efficiently by our public school system of education. On the other hand, we have the spiritual, moral and intellectual; the material, and the physical interests, not so adequately served by this system.

Now it is an indisputable fact that the latter interests are of just as vital importance to the State as are, the former. The soil might be ever so productive, forest and mine filled with raw material for the workshop, avenues for commerce open everywhere, yet a people without high spiritual, moral and intellectual attainments; without life and property being safe, and without physical stamina, would have a dormant national life. There could be no such thing as progress and prosperity. The untutored Indians had all the natural resources of this country, and yet all these furnished them was a precarious existence, little better than that of the brute creature around them. The advent of the enlightened white man gave to field, forest and river a commercial value.

The development of our spiritual, moral and intellectual faculties calls for special training. Those engaged in the busy pursuits of life cannot find time to give the great problems involved the attention they deserve—hence the need for our spiritual advisers, the clergy—the moral reformers—temperance, social and civic; and for intellectual attainments—professors, teachers, writers and editors.

The material interests involve not only the safety of life and security of property, but also the permanent maintenance of those forms in the transaction of business that give assurance of honest dealing, and



the preservation of all those regulations, forms and customs that experience has proved to be so essential to the courtesy, purity and honor of individual, domestic, social, civic and national life. These great interests demand the technical knowledge of the lawyer. No country could be prosperous or progressive if life were unsafe, property insecure, or marriage laws ignored. The preservation of law and order is of vital importance to the State, hence our courts of justice with their legal officers.

The physical condition of the people is also a vital factor in national life. The well-being of a people, and its wealth-producing power are very dependent upon the sanitary conditions that prevail. Impure water, defective drainage, neglect of sanitary precautions for the prevention of disease, absence of hospitals, or of efficient medical attendance—all these would militate against national progress and prosperity. The loss to the State through premature deaths from contagious or communicable diseases and from the physical disability caused by sickness, is a very serious matter. It has been estimated that the annual loss to the United States from tuberculosis alone is \$300,000,000. The diffusion of medical knowledge and the enforcement of sanitary laws are rapidly reducing the number of cases of communicable diseases. Our physical needs demand the technical knowledge of the educated physician. Efficient health officers render a service of inestimable value to the State.

Now, if the well-being of the people, and the progress and prosperity of the State are so dependent on the technical knowledge required in each of the callings enumerated, why should a handicap be placed on the acquisition of this knowledge? Not only is public school education free, but, in an ever-increasing number of municipalities, free text-books, and free school supplies—paper, pens, pencils, etc., are furnished—in Toronto free text-books and supplies are furnished at the rate of twenty-five cents per pupil per annum. If secondary education, as furnished in our high schools, collegiate institutes, colleges and universities is just as essential to the State as primary

education; why should the State and municipality not make just as liberal a provision for the former as for the latter?

A large number of bright, intelligent boys and girls are deprived of a secondary education on account of the expense incurred in buying text-books and in paying tuition fees. If any of them persist in acquiring secondary education they are obliged to do two things: (1) Earn the money the best way they can; (2) if they have to leave home, they are forced to seek lodging in cheap, unsanitary boardinghouses, where lighting, heating and ventilation are very defective, bedding and bedrooms often infected with morbid germs, and obliged to live on poor, unwholesome, unpalatable food, hence many deaths, much sickness and often great disability.

We hear it reiterated again and again "That the experience the student gets while earning this money will be very valuable to him in after life." This is very questionable. The student, as a rule, has so little expert knowledge that he cannot secure employment in any recognized trade. He is, therefore, obliged to take almost any menial position. Under such circumstances how easy for him to get into bad company and acquire bad habits, become intemperate or immoral, and acquire vices that may mar his whole future life. Again, the months given up to earning money with which to purchase text-books and pay tuition fees is just so much time taken from his literary course. These months spent in quickening, broadening and enriching his mind would give results far more serviceable to him than any experience he might get in a calling in which he was not interested.

The sum required by the State to furnish every student who wished to acquire the education given in our high schools, collegiate institutes, colleges and universities with free text-books and free tuition, would be somewhere between twenty-five and fifty cents per annum per pupil. The text-books would remain the property of the State and would be used by one generation after another of students. Could the State spend this sum more wisely or more profitably in its own interests?

From Jet Black to Pure White

A Hair Raising as Well as What Proved a Hair Coloring: Experience of a Brave Telegraph Operator at a Lonely Railway Station in Western Canada When a Large Sum of Money Belonging to a Lumber Firm was in His Care.

By C. F. McTAVISH.

"AND so you know John Hudson, do you? Well; he's a fine man and no mistake. I have found him not only a good friend, but have learned to value highly his opinions."

Colonel Moore thus addressed his companion in the car after they had spent the day in the city. The Colonel and Sandy Mathieson had been inseparable companions in the days of long ago. Although their lines had drifted apart there was always great pleasure experienced when it was their privilege to be together.

Sandy had made up his mind to pay a long-promised visit to the Colonel. Thus it was that the latter had journeyed to the city to meet his friend and accompany him to his own home in the little Town of Doon.

"Yes," replied Sandy, "I knew him when both of us as young men worked on the C.P.R., when stations in Canada were few and far between."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "I had almost forgotten the fact. I remember now that I heard that before. Both operators, were you not?"

"Indeed we were, and it was during this period that poor John's hair turned white."

"His hair turned white! What do you mean?"

"Did you never hear about it? Well, it's true, John's hair turned from jet black to pure white in a single night and fright was the cause of it."

"I'm interested now," returned the Colonel. "I never dreamed that there was anything out of the ordinary, although I have often thought the whiteness of John's hair was a most remarkable thing."

"Well," resumed Sandy, "it was this way. In those days it was very different to what

we find to-day. Stations were not every half-dozen miles. Sometimes, indeed, 200 miles apart on the line would be your next door neighbor. John was located at a place called Pleasant Valley, a little town in Ontario. One day he was called up by the superintendent and informed that he would be required to report for duty as relief for a man going on a holiday at a little wayside station on the C.P.R. in Western Canada.

"John had some time previous to this, when in the company of the superintendent expressed himself as desirous of seeing the Western country. Apparently his chief was now about to give him the chance.

"After due preparation and in course of time, John found himself aboard the train and fast nearing his destination.

"The place where for the next few weeks that he was to make his home was Marble Peak Pass. The nearest station to this point on the east was Big Tree Gulch, a distance of 211 miles, and to the West, Mossy Hollow, fully 190 miles. John's instructions were that although the train he would come on, would not reach the Pass until 4:55 p.m., he was to take charge immediately. The trains met at that point at 5:15 p.m., and Mr. Kennedy, whom he was going to relieve, intended to depart at once. On arrival John met Mr. Kennedy, and in the half-hour or so at their disposal was further instructed as to his duties, hours of trains, etc.

"By the way," said Kennedy, "I must tell you to be on your guard, especially to-morrow. That is the first of the month, and by express there will arrive in the evening the money to pay the men at Dymond's Camp." This was explained to John to mean that

a package consigned to the foreman of the camp containing usually about \$30,000 came on the first of each month and was called for by special messenger.

"John made the discovery next day that not only was his duties light, but there did not seem to be much chance to liven things up. Besides the station itself the only other house in the place was that of the section foreman, where he got his meals.

"The stores, hotel and all the other places of business were situated near Dymont's lumber camp, fully seven miles away.

"The next evening on arrival of the 5.15 train, John received the express parcel, the one he had been instructed to be so careful of. This parcel, along with several others for various people at the camp, he deposited in the large safe that formed a part of the station equipment.

"After attending to the duties of his office preparatory to turning in for the night, he thought he would take a walk down the platform and get some good Western ozone into his lungs. On reaching the eastern end he was rather surprised to see two gentlemen, one shading his eyes, and both apparently anxiously looking down the road. On a closer scrutiny he noted that beside them was a long, narrow box, like that enclosing a coffin. He remembered then in an indistinct way that he had noticed a couple of men standing around when the train for the east pulled out.

"Good evening gentlemen," said John. "It is going to be a stormy night I think. Are you waiting for some one?"

"Yes," replied the taller one. "We just came in on the express and fully expected James Logan from Dymont's Camp to meet us. I cannot understand how he is not here. The corpse is that of Andrew Bailey, a cousin of Logan's, who was killed at Serenade Junction, and whose remains we have accompanied here."

"I'm very sorry, indeed," John answered. "I am only here as relief man, and, in consequence, I cannot tell you anything about the place or its people, but I think in a case of this kind Mr. Logan will be along soon. In the meantime, you had better come into the station. I'm afraid that it is going to rain."

"Again it was the taller of the two who spoke: "Thank you, but really I think if he does not show up soon I'll walk in. We would like to leave on the early morning

train, going west. However, I guess we'd better go in for a little while. I hate to leave the box out in the storm."

"Can we not lift it," said John. "We can surely carry it to the waiting-room; then, if for any reason he fails to get here it will be safely inside at any rate."

"Without more being said, this was done. After conversing further for a short time the two men, who had not given their names, said that as it was apparent some hitch had occurred and the man Logan was not going to put in an appearance that night they would walk to camp and even yet get there before 12 o'clock.

"Simply saying, 'Good night,' they passed out into the blackness of the evening.

"John looked at his watch. It was 11.45 p.m. The men had been gone fully an hour. No sign of anyone coming after the corpse that night. So he resolved to go to bed and get some sleep. Seeing that all was locked up safely the signals were as they should be and that everything was in readiness for the early morning train, he prepared for rest. He had left the lamp duly burning on his desk about eight or ten feet away from where his couch was. Midway between the couch and table stood the safe. When nearly asleep he became convinced that he heard a peculiar sound. It seemed to come from the adjoining room in which the casket was. Thinking that owing to his surroundings being strange and, perhaps, his sensitive faculties unduly alert, he turned again and once more tried to go to sleep. But, try as he would, slumber was out of the question. After tossing restlessly for some time he again became convinced that he heard a noise. This time he turned toward the front of his bed, and, leaning slightly forward, his heart almost stood still as through the open door between the room where he lay and the waiting-room he saw being raised slowly and cautiously the lid of the box that earlier in the evening he had helped to carry in. He lay as though struck dumb, and while the sweat came out in great beads upon his brow, he gazed steadily at the remarkable sight. First an inch, then half way up, and finally so high, that quietly and stealthily as a cat, the form of a man emerged from the box.

Swiftly the man proceeded, after stretching himself, to take from the recesses of the box a collection of tools of finest workmanship. Standing in the shadow for a

moment, it gave John the necessary opportunity to pull the bed clothes well up over his head, thereby hiding his face. A moment later the man, with softest tread, approached the door leading to the apartment where lay his victim.

"Fortunately for John he had his revolver beneath his pillow. When within a few feet of the apparently sleeping figure the man took from his pocket a handkerchief and a small vial. He then threw a chloroformed rag upon John's face, and without a moment's hesitation went to work at the safe. With incredible swiftness the occurrences of the next few minutes took place. John snatched the handkerchief and put it out of harm's way, and with a leap like that of a tiger he was upon the man at the safe. With his revolver he struck him fairly across the head, and one blow was sufficient. In less time than it takes to describe the robber was rendered unconscious. Without a moment's hesitation John unlocked the safe. Taking the express parcel containing the money he bounded out the door, through the station yard and up the road, as fast as he could. With only brief halts to catch his breath he never stopped until almost ready to drop, he reached the camp. He remembered afterwards that as he neared the camp, through the darkness he thought he met a spirited team of horses going in an opposite direction. As soon as he could get them to understand his story he was hurried into a rig, drawn by four horses, and in company with five or six stalwart men, returned to

the depot. When they arrived all they found was the empty box, a few of the tools, evidently overlooked by the cracksmen, and the blood-stains upon the floor in front of the safe. Evidently the men in the rig whom John had passed in the darkness returned to the station to pick up their pal with the swag and drive him to another part of the country. It was afterwards learned that two men had hired a team on some plausible excuse from one of the teamsters at the camp. Finding the condition of affairs at the depot as they did, and recognizing that the coup had failed, they disappeared.

"John was highly complimented, not only by the lumber company to whom the money was consigned, but by his employers as well. As a tribute to his bravery he was promoted to be stationmaster at a large centre, where the emolument was of a nature to make possible the fulfillment of many long-cherished desires.

"The next morning, after the terrible experiences, through which he had passed on the night of the attempted robbery he was profoundly moved to find when looking in his mirror his hair, which had been a jet, glossy black, was now as white as the driven snow.

"As in after days John moved about amongst his fellows many were the inquiring glances frequently cast upon him as they noticed his young and boyish countenance, capped by a thick growth of hair as hoar as a November frost."

The best thing about a play is discussing it afterwards.

The secret of life is not to expect too much of anybody just yet.

We often find it very difficult to imagine to-day how we could have committed the acts of yesterday.

You would not estimate a poet by his worst verse, would you? Half a dozen beautiful lines, even, would place him amongst the elect.—From "The Chichester Intrigue," by Thomas Cobb.

Fitting Young People for Life's Battle

The Splendid Instruction and Practical Training of Commercial Colleges Doing Much to Help Many a Youth and Maiden on the High Road to Business Success and Equip Them to Hold Their Own in the Great World of Labor and Achievement.

By G. W. Brock.

"The Education that forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."—Pope.

THIS is essentially a business age. Canada is not old enough in years, in wealth, or in power to maintain a titled aristocracy or a landed nobility, and it is doubtful if we have the slightest desire to do so. We may not be rich or fruitful in historical association or traditional glory. We are living in the present—an age and a country, where in spite of chimeras, hallucinations or futilities, the chief business of every man is that of making a living. No matter how he does it so long as he accomplishes it honestly and faithfully, that is the principal object.

Casting aside all day dreams or abstract theories it is a recognized fact that nine men out of every ten have to work for their daily bread, to make ends meet, and support themselves and those dependent upon them. Any move, any institution, any condition of affairs, that contributes materially to the great work of fitting and equipping young Canadians to fight the great battle of existence is worthy of encouragement and deserving of a helping hand. Any person two degrees above the lower order of creation can criticize or dismantle. It is a different problem, however, to reform, to build, to suggest feasible improvements, to rear a new order of things that will stand the test of time and attack.

Much has been written along the line of higher education, extension of the university system, the widening of the collegiate institute curriculum, and the revision of the subjects taught in our public schools. These are all questions worthy of our earnest and deepest attention, and I have no criticism to offer or suggestions to make with re-

spect to these institutions. I leave this to abler minds and more facile pens than my own. But I do desire to say a word or two in behalf of the business college or school, located in nearly every town and city of Canada. These mediums of imparting a sound, practical, workable education have their detractors. Calumniators are abroad who characterize them as venal, as mere money making schemes—enterprises, which give their students a mere smattering of bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, arithmetic, commercial law, etc., and then turn out the ill-fitted attendants to shift for themselves.

In plain, unvarnished terms these schools are denounced by some as mere catch-penny propositions, designed to hoodwink young men and young women, particularly those from rural districts and chloroform them into the belief that they can take the rawest material and so work upon it that within a few weeks it is completely transformed and can demand excellent positions in the city where hours are short, remuneration enticing and prospects captivating. This, in brief, is the substance of the attack made by invidious ones on commercial colleges, business schools and shorthand institutes.

To refute these contentions the unprejudiced individual has to point out only a few things. One is that there must be a growing need, a splendid opening for such colleges or they would not or rather could not flourish as they do to-day. All the people cannot be gulled all the time, and the fact that the business colleges of Canada are multiplying in numbers and the attendance enormously increasing is the best argument that these schools are serving a useful pur-

pose and doing a commendable work. Of course, there may be a few institutions unworthy of support. This applies to every cause or profession. Journalism has its petty fly-sheets and infamous yellow dodgers; the law has its pettifoggers; medicine its quacks; dentistry its charlatans, and the ministry its scoundrels. Because of the errors or sins of a few are we to condemn all these professions, to impugn their dignity, honesty and worth? Then why should we level the shafts of ridicule, sarcasm and unbelief against schools designed to teach business methods, practices and principles simply because now and then there may arise one that is projected solely from mercenary motives or one that has imposed upon its patrons. There are always some incompetents in every trade and calling, a few, who are in the game from base motives, self-aggrandizement, or downright meanness, but, as an optimist, I believe that nine-tenths of the members in every branch of activity, industrial, educational, moral and religious, are well intentioned, animated by high ideals and noble resolves. The false, the base and the sordid are soon discovered in all avenues of human endeavor. Because of the shortcomings in isolated cases are we going to denounce all the votaries of medicine, law, religion, and, last, but not least, business. Least it should be thought that my view is jaundiced or my outlook circumscribed, I may say that I have not interests, pecuniary or otherwise, in any business college, or any venture of this character; neither am I a graduate of any commercial school, but, I have been an impartial observer of the excellent instruction that the great majority of these institutions are giving, and on this I base my conclusions. They fill a gap, supply a void and do a work that is not being adequately done at other seats of learning.

If you will visit a large office in any leading town or city and take a census of all the employees in the establishment you will find that fully three-quarters of the young ladies and young gentlemen have at some period or other attended a business college. This is the best and strongest testimony of the solid, practical and valuable course these schools are providing. They have equipped thousands to earn a good living for themselves and have educated many, who possessed few, if any advantages, in the shortest, most direct and beneficial way of early

acquiring the means of earning their own living. If some of the graduates, or those looking to graduation in these colleges, turn out indifferently, is it the fault of the school? In the great majority of instances the blame can be laid at the feet of the students, who desire to get through the course too quickly. They are not willing to expend the necessary time, energy and application in order to qualify themselves to become thoroughly competent, in bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, telegraphy or whatever course they may be pursuing.

Another feature, which has to be considered, is that no hard and fast lines are drawn so far as the ample disciplinary powers of other schools are concerned, where headmasters, trustee officers, inspectors, school boards and others are constantly on guard to see that the attendants toe the mark and conform to prescribed regulations, by-laws, and other forms of government. Business colleges in their management and jurisdiction place the pupils upon their honor and trust to their sense of right and wrong, their honesty of purpose and good intentions to do that which in other schools is frequently enforced by punitive methods. Taking all these facts into consideration the dispassionate observer must acknowledge that the results are most satisfactory. The showing made by the great majority of the students is calculated to inspire the hope and confidence that they take life seriously, recognize that existence is no joke.

A well-known authority has said "an education that is built up with a view to countering as far as possible the unexpected turns of fortune is better in the long run than the teaching that previes a rose-strewn future or at least a bank account and feather beds." This is the instruction the business schools throughout the country are seeking to impart and the measure of success which has attended their graduates is the only standard, the true gauge by which the value and timeliness of the tuition can be judged. As results count and practical demonstrations are in evidence in every office in the land assuredly there must be much merit in the different courses outlined in these schools, and to them should be accorded the credit of solving as far as any human agency can, the problem of how to conduct business on business principles and equip young people for the battle of life.

Wrecking to Save, Not to Destroy

How Some of the Largest Structures Have Been Dismantled and the Material Made Use of for Various New Enterprises—The Manner in Which the Colossal World's Fair Buildings Were Razed and the Great Revenue They Yielded the Wrecking Company.

By S. H. Harris in the American Business Man Magazine.

WRECKERS are not regarded with favor, as a rule, in conservative business circles. In fact, they are rather frowned upon, if anything. There is the bank wrecker, for instance, and the railway wrecker, two types with which the American people have become very familiar to their pecuniary detriment. There are various other kinds of wreckers, but their purpose is not always to destroy. Quite the contrary. According to Webster, one meaning of the word is this:

"One who is employed in saving the property or lives from a wrecked vessel, or the vessel itself; as, the wreckers of Key West."

That definition will almost fit the Chicago House Wrecking Company, but not entirely so. We are not engaged in life-saving as a business, but we are engaged in the saving and utilization of property, much of which would be otherwise absolutely wasted. In the conduct of this business we have successfully handled some of the largest contracts in history, and in doing so we have acquired a fame that is not only national, but is world-wide. I am referring now to our wrecking of World's Expositions, our greatest feats in this line of work being the wrecking of the Chicago Exposition of 1893 and the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. In addition to these we also wrecked the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, held at Omaha in 1899, and the Pan-American, held at Buffalo in 1901, and which will always live in history as the scene of President McKinley's assassination. We

also purchased and wrecked the old Chicago Post-office, and the Cleveland, Ohio, Post-office, leaving the ground in readiness for the erections of the new buildings.

The wrecking of a building is not such a great matter, being merely the employment of a certain number of men for a given time. To demolish the building speedily, however, at the same time preserving everything in it that can be utilized again in other structures, and to do this economically enough to assure a profit on the transaction, is an altogether different matter. Men have to be trained for such work, all material must be closely classified, and the wrecker must know where the various kinds of material can be disposed of at a profit. If the wrecker knows this his work is not of a speculative nature any more than is that of the merchant who buys a stock of goods with the ultimate expectation of selling them at a profit. It is purely a matter of organization. We have built up this organization, and have scattered the wreckage from the various expositions that we have handled, all over the United States. To properly store and show part of the goods we have obtained from these buildings, we have built up a sales plant in Chicago, which is one of the commercial marvels of the city, and which covers over thirty-seven acres of land. Our show rooms at this plant are the largest in the city, the arches that support the roof of our main display building being formed from the trusses of the train shed of the

old Rock Island Railroad depot, which we wrecked and moved out to Twenty-fifth and Iron Streets.

The aggregate cost of the four expositions that we demolished was about \$100,000,000, the cost of the St. Louis Exposition alone being \$50,000,000. This was the greatest world's fair ever held, both as regards the number and size of its buildings and the extent of ground covered. It was a city in itself, covering over 600 acres of grounds and taking four years to construct. It had buildings that exceeded in size the enormous Manufacturers Building at the Chicago World's Fair, and all its buildings in proportions and beauty compared favorably with those at Chicago. Wood entered more largely into their construction than it did into those of the Chicago buildings, but that was solely because the St. Louis buildings were erected at a time when the steel mills of the country were being rushed to their capacity on other lines of work and could not produce the vast quantity of structural material that was required. The builders were therefore forced to resort to lumber, and over 100,000,000 feet of timber was used in the construction.

At the close of the exposition on December 1, 1904, we took complete possession of the fair. Everything came into our possession just as it was, the trees, the flowers and the shrubbery, the fish in the lagoons, the gondolas, the street railways, the furniture in the buildings and the office equipment, the fire department and the uniforms worn by the guards.

We paid \$450,000 for everything within the grounds, including the fence, which was about fifteen miles long. For some of the state and foreign buildings we made separate contracts, as they were not the property of the Exposition Company. For instance, we paid \$600 for the Ohio building, the original cost of which was \$175,000, and \$3,300 for the Pennsylvania building, which cost \$300,000. We also obtained all the furniture, carpets and other equipment. We paid \$600 for the German building, which cost over \$100,000, and were much disappointed when we found

that all of the beautiful decorations on the walls and ceilings were painted on canvas and had been sent back to Germany. However, there was over \$500 worth of copper on the roof and dome, and so it did not turn out such a bad bargain. We bought most of the other state buildings at merely nominal prices.

The wrecking of a great exposition is probably an even more fascinating sight than its erection, and that at St. Louis was no exception to the rule. We would have thousands of visitors every day, many others merely attracted by curiosity, but many others coming to buy material. We charged 25 cents admission to the grounds and the revenue from this source was a considerable item. On account of the great danger of fire, where such a mass of inflammable material is concentrated, we had to rigidly enforce a rule against smoking, and at the same time maintain a fire and police department. We learned the need of this while wrecking the Chicago Exposition, where the Manufacturers and other buildings were partially destroyed by fire, at a loss to us of some thousands of dollars.

The largest single item in the wrecking of an exposition is the lumber, and this was carefully assorted and trimmed over at a sawmill which we set up on the ground. The greater part of this lumber can be recovered in commercial sizes and disposed of readily. We probably recovered about 80,000,000 feet of lumber in good shape from the St. Louis buildings, and this was sold for from \$11 a thousand feet and upwards. I don't recall exactly how much lumber we recovered from the buildings in good shape, but it amounted to thousands of car loads. Much of it we sold and shipped directly from the grounds, and there was hardly a day that we did not ship a couple of train loads. It went to all parts of the country. We had one contract in Texas to which we used to ship twenty-five carloads a day. The lumber that had been badly used or that was full of nails, we used to cut up into short lengths for fuel and other purposes, and there was a constant procession of wagons coming and going from the grounds to obtain this.

The copper wire used in the electrical

installation on the buildings and grounds was one of the most profitable items of all. There were over 3,000,000 pounds of this used, and most of it was as good as new. Originally it cost the exposition over \$500,000, and this, after being carefully inspected, we wound on reels and readily disposed of. There were also about 1,000,000 electric light bulbs used on the buildings and grounds, and these we disposed of in lots to dealers in electrical supplies. We took up about 900 carloads of sewer pipe from the buildings and grounds, and this, after being cleaned and inspected, was ready for sale. We sold hundreds of carloads of this pipe to farmers in the West and Northwest, as it was just as good for use in their fields as brand new pipe, and its cost to them was not a quarter of what new pipe would have been.

Of doors and windows we got several hundreds of carloads, and these were sold mainly to contractors who were building factories, warehouses and other similar structures. There were forty-five miles of railroad iron on the grounds, which were bought by a trolley company in one of the suburbs. In the other railway salvage were about 100,000 ties which cost 50 cents apiece, 400 tons of spikes, and some thousands of telegraph and trolley poles, which cost \$12 each. These were all readily sold at prices far below their original cost.

There were thousands of tons of construction iron in the buildings, much of it being disposed of to contractors, and what could not be so disposed of being always salable for scrap. At Chicago, where steel was so extensively used in the construction of the buildings, there was enough salvage to erect several big industrial plants that are still in use to-day. Among these is a large steel mill near Pittsburg, the Harvey, Ill., car shops, and several buildings at Dowie's Zion. From the wreckage of the Chicago Post-office enough material was shipped to Milwaukee to erect the biggest Roman Catholic Church in the Beer City, as well as to erect the Illinois Theatre in Chicago. From the wreckage of the Buffalo Exposition the fine buildings of the ship building plant at Fore River, Mass., were obtained.

In the conduct of our wrecking operations we have naturally come to be a large merchandising house. The salvage of a big exposition always contains an enormous quantity of carpets, rugs, and furniture of all kinds. These are always almost as good as new, and many of them are without a sign of wear. To dispose of these goods we have compiled a large catalogue, which is sent all over the country, and a vast proportion of our trade is thus conducted by mail. In order to keep our stock up to date and complete, we have been obliged to become heavy purchasers. We are close watchers of Sheriffs' and Receivers' sales, and will buy the entire stock of bankrupt concerns for cash, providing we can get the goods at our price. And then we sell it at a small profit, thus turning our money over frequently, and keeping our stock up to date in every way.

Our wrecking operations are not altogether confined to the land, however. We have undertaken several marine operations, with profit to ourselves and our customers. One of these was the wreck of the steamer John Nicol, which on its way from Cleveland to Gladstone, Mich., and loaded to the deck with a valuable cargo, went ashore. We purchased the salvage and unloaded the vessel. From this operation we obtained over 4,000,000 pounds of barbed and fence wire, and all kinds of valuable hardware and other stocks. From another marine wrecking contract we obtained over 2,000 oriental rugs of great value.

Every visitor to either the Chicago or the St. Louis World's Fairs will recall the famous Ferris Wheel. The Chicago House Wrecking Company bought this for \$5,000 at the close of the Chicago Exposition, and when the St. Louis Fair was projected moved it there and set it up at an expense of \$175,000. After the Fair was over the big wheel was demolished and broken up into scrap. During the eighty days that it was in operation it carried over 1,500,000 passengers. There was some talk of taking it East and erecting it at Coney Island, but the expense would have been so heavy that this idea was abandoned.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co.

was organized in 1893. It was the intention of this company to purchase the Chicago World's Fair, to dispose of the material in Chicago and vicinity. When the millions of dollars worth of material was finally placed in our hands we found ourselves in a position where we could not dispose of it to any advantage in the City of Chicago, owing to the panic time, and owing to the fact there were no building operations going on to amount to anything.

It forced us into channels we had not looked for at all. We began advertising in local papers everywhere and published a catalogue containing an inventory of all kinds of second-hand building material we secured. We published the prices outright and the request for catalogues literally poured in on us. It created a demand for reduced priced material such as we had never anticipated or dreamed of.

That was the inspiration, and we started the wonderful ball a rolling and it has kept on rolling ever since. We found that the demand for second-hand material and for rebuilt supplies was overwhelming. People had been held up for years by lumber trusts and building combines, and here we came along and offered them relief from their troubles, and they were not slow to take advantage of the situation.

It did not take very long for us to find out that our ability to supply our customers with second-hand material was drawing to a close. We could not get enough building material out of the dismantling operations we were engaged

in to take care of the demand, and we adopted a new line of procedure.

We engaged the best brains to be had in the buying world, and we associated with our company department managers of a quality and grade right up to regular merchandising houses, and we trained them so that they were able to go on the marts of the world and pick up snags in every manufactured line. We bought, and are still buying millions of dollars' worth of building material, merchandise and supplies at Sheriffs' Sales, Receivers' Sales, Manufacturers' Sales and Underwriters' Sales, and in fact, sales of any consequence.

We began to study Dun's and Bradstreet's notification sheets with a new inspiration. We found thousands of concerns that were annually forced out of existence by poor business methods, or by other unfortunate mishaps, and we, as well as the public, began to play upon the misfortunes of others. We venture to say at the present time 75 per cent. of the supplies and merchandise we have in stock is strictly brand new, first-class, up-to-date goods, just as clean material as you would buy from regular dealers of supplies, but we make it a point to buy goods at all times below actual cost of production.

We issue catalogues showing all the different products and supplies that we secure. We send these out by the thousands every day in response to the requests that we receive, not only from all parts of this country, but from practically every part of the world.



Business Man is Country's Best Citizen

He Should Take More Interest in the Affairs of His Country and Not Leave Politics and Government to a Few Professional Politicians—Good Citizenship Means a Willingness to do Everything in One's Power to Improve the Present Conditions Under Which We Live and Work.

By Joseph F. Johnson.

"If you are to justify the foundation and maintenance of this school at the public expense, you will not do it by merely making money. You must above all things make good as citizens.

"It is hardly necessary to define good citizenship. It means more than casting a ballot on election day. It means even more than attending primaries and selecting candidates. It means willingness to do everything in one's power to improve the conditions under which we live and work," says Dean Joseph Frank Johnson, of New York City High School of Commerce. "A good citizen abhors dirty streets, bad smells, contaminated drinking water, barking dogs in apartment houses, brawls in public places, unnecessary noises, ill-ventilated tenement houses, graft in public office, the private exploitation of public utilities, low wages and long hours for trolley car motormen or locomotive engineers, adulterated foods, unwise and unnecessary tariff laws, the exemption of the rich from penalties which are imposed on the poor, and so on through a long list of evils which might be recited.

"He abhors and opposes them all through, not because they hurt him, for he may be shrewd enough to escape their effect, but because he loves his country and knows that no improvement can be expected unless all good citizens vigorously unite and fight for better things. Good citizenship then means knowing what is bad for the public, hating it, and going after it hammer and tongs.

"It is a common complaint that business men in this country take little interest in politics and give little time to move-

ments for the public welfare. Europeans declare us a nation of shopkeepers, our sole concern being the almighty dollar. The majority of our people, feeling that they have no time for public affairs, leave politics and government to a few professional politicians and are not much concerned because a politician on a \$5,000 job can manage to save \$100,000 a year. This is the charge made against our business men, not only by foreign visitors, but by local students of our political institutions, and it has foundation in fact.

"We Americans know not how to explain this delinquency of our business men. In no other country is money made so fast or so easily. The rewards of successful enterprise are so great that the keenest competition prevails. Those of us who are descended from the old stock who cleared forests and drained swamps and fought Indians have in our blood an unconquerable instinct for getting on, for providing comfortable homes for our families, and a comfortable living for our old age.

"But we are not all the American people. Surrounding and outnumbering us are the sons of almost every country in Europe, men whose Americanism dates back only one or two generations, men who sought here the opportunities that were denied them in the Old World. Out of this heterogeneous mixture of people the real American business man has not yet been evolved, but we know that he is being rapidly developed and that when his character finally is shaped, it will not be Yankee, or German, nor French, nor English, nor Irish, nor Italian. It will be a combination of the best, the finest and the

sturdiest elements of each of those nationalities.

"And one of the grounds for my faith in the character of the American business man of the near future is this High School of Commerce, which is evidence that the business men of to-day realize their shortcomings and want their sons to be better trained than they were for all the duties of life and citizenship.

CHAS. DOWNS PESSIMISM.

"The United States has the reputation of being badly governed. Indeed, its cities are said to be the worst governed of any in the world. In my opinion, we do not deserve this pessimistic verdict. Our politicians are not half so black as they are painted. When we consider how little time or attention we really good people give to politics or to government, it is surprising that the politicians let us have as much spending money as they do.

"Now, no one can deny that a democracy like ours more than any other form of government needs the services of its best citizens. Nor can it be denied that in this country our business men are potentially our best citizens; that is to say, they are the ones who know most about the needs of the people, and who are best able to show how those needs most thoroughly and most economically can be satisfied.

"The business man is brought daily into closer contact with all classes of people. He knows better than anyone else what they like and what they abhor. We never can have an ideal government or a model city until the business men of this country and of this city awake to their responsibility and insist that public affairs shall be managed with the same directness, economy and practical intelligence that characterize private business management.

"We have too long looked to the lawyer for practical wisdom in politics. There was a time when he was our most useful citizen, for then legal and constitutional questions were vexing us. Now he has only second-hand knowledge of the needs of the American people. Indeed, he is not well acquainted with popular needs, for his profession brings him into contact almost exclusively with only three classes of citizens; the bankrupts, the law-breakers and a certain few who would bend the law as far as they can without breaking it. Nor

does the noble profession of medicine develop the supreme qualities of good citizenship. The doctor meets only the sick. Outside the question of hygiene he knows little about what the American people really need. As for the preacher, he long ago met the fate which is now overtaking the lawyer. He was once the foremost citizen in his community, but now books, magazines and newspapers, doing much of the work he used to do, have bereft him of his dominant influence in public affairs.

"The business man alone is the all-around American. He meets all classes of the people, he knows best what they want, and he is best fitted by his training to give it to them.

"Before an audience of young men who are looking forward to business as a career, I want to say in all earnestness and with the greatest possible emphasis that all these alarms upon the character and methods of the American business man and the American financier are baseless and unwarranted. For 25 years my vocation has brought me into close contact with all kinds of business men and has compelled me to make a critical study of the conditions under which they work and of methods under which they practice. This is a matter which cannot be proved by statistics nor demonstrated by any *a priori* syllogism, yet I am convinced that the moral law is writ in bigger letters across the firmament of the business world of the United States than it ever was before.

"I am convinced that altruism and the Golden Rule are with every year making stronger and stronger the humane element in the cruel law of demand and supply, and I do not believe, search the countries of this earth as we might, that we would anywhere find more active, a whiter or a clearer business conscience than that which is cherished under the hat of our own Uncle Sam.

"Make all the money you can, and as citizens see to it that the laws of your country permit you to make it only in honorable ways. If you do that, and in addition let your educated conscience direct the spending of your money, you will rescue the word 'commercialism' from its present odium and deserve the honor pronounced upon the man who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

The Turning Point

The Salesman who Thought That Luck was Against Him and Lost His Nerve—His Resignation and the Effect It Had.

By Daniel Lewis Hanson in *System Magazine*.

THE stenographer placed a file of papers on John Renwick's desk and noiselessly withdrew—to James Morris the whole scene was funeral in its aspects—so he swallowed twice and then braced himself for what he felt was coming.

Mr. Renwick looked over the pink slips the girl had laid down—and it was several minutes before he spoke:

"I am looking through our sales reports for a couple of years past, James, and from the record there shown I would be justified in accepting your resignation as tendered by you without further discussion, but—why did you resign?"

"Because I am not making any progress—I am not increasing my sales year after year—hence my earning powers have reached their limit—in this line anyway."

"You are figuring on another line, then?"

"I have nothing definite in view, Mr. Renwick—simply I desire to do better somewhere else."

There was a silence for several minutes; then Morris continued:

"When I go into a customer's store it is not with any certainty that I shall sell him—when a sale is effected I feel surprised—surprised at what was sold. I have had this feeling for years, but of late it has been growing stronger."

"The trade speaks well of you, Morris."

"Thank you, Mr. Renwick, I wish I could cash their good opinions into dollars."

Mr. Renwick fingered his pencil for a moment before he spoke:

"Mr. Irons was speaking of you the other evening—told how that when he first started in business you went all through the East and sold boiler-tubes, you had the boiler-tube trade solid, he said."

"Yes, I did." The memory of better days lighted up Morris' face. "Why, they used to wait for me—held their orders—used to say when other salesmen tried to get an order for tubes—'We always buy our boiler-tubes from James Morris of Chicago,' when the other salesman said—'But, I am from Pittsburg, the home of boiler tubes, that's where they are manufactured' it did him no good—the order went to me."

Renwick had been watching Morris closely:

"How did you come to lose it, James?"

"Well, it was the fire that knocked us out—Mr. Irons never went into iron goods much after that—"

"I mean, how did you come to lose the power of having your personality so suggest business that it simply came to you? Why did you not transfer the power you then clearly had from boiler-tubes to some other commodity—to all other commodities you handled?"

Mr. Morris was thinking deeply—so after a slight pause Renwick continued:

"In other words, James, since the boiler-tube experience you have been doing business on the fact that you are a nice fellow. Being a modest sort of chap you have never looked upon that as a fixed asset, so you feel no certainty of selling a customer. You are surprised at an order being placed with you, and more

surprised at the nature of goods sold. In other words, you have gone into the office of a customer and have posed for him to throw orders at—if you were not so nice a chap you would have gotten less."

"But I have worked night and day, Mr. Renwick."

"No, James, you have worried night and day. Work would have consisted in directing your customers' liking for you into profitable business—in making up your mind what you wanted to sell—and then selling it."

"I don't see your point, sir."

"Well, possibly a homely illustration will make the matter clear. Down at the 'Alamo' I have as fellow-boarders Miss Smyth and Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins is deeply in love with Miss Smyth—but the young lady is having a pleasant time and has had no particular desire to change her lot in life. Collins, however, is in dead earnest, and is playing a pretty game—one that we all are watching with interest."

"He is away from the city occasionally but he has it all fixed that he will, though abroad, still occupy her thoughts. One day it is flowers ordered by mail—the next it is a book—possibly only a clipping from a newspaper of something that will interest her. Wherever she turns she is confronted by evidences of Mr. Collins' love! The flowers by their sweetness suggest Collins to her—the books on her table bring to her mind the thoughtfulness of Collins, the sheet music on the piano reminds her of Collins' taste for music—"

"Now she did not care for Collins to start with. There are others of us who line up pretty well—but I'll wager a new hat that in six months, if not before, Collins leads her to the altar."

"But, wait a moment, this scheme of suggestion that Collins has planned to gain her interest, then her love, has what one might look upon as a reciprocal action—there is a regular term for it—but I shall call it 'self-suggestion.' The more he has suggested himself to Miss Smyth the greater has grown his affection for her—he is twice the lover now that he was at first. He cared for her then—he fairly worships her now."

Morris had been listening closely to Renwick's remarks:

"I think I see your point, sir."

"Of course you do," exclaimed the sales manager. "You practiced the scheme once upon a time, unconsciously, perhaps, but it worked big—now go out and intelligently do business on such a plan. Get your arms around this idea—and you will not have to worry—your chariot will be hitched to a star."

"But the resignation, sir?"

"We will file it right in this private compartment, Morris. If in six months you want to use it, you will know where it is."

As Morris passed out a door behind Renwick opened and Moses Irons appeared on the threshold.

"You are sure that his name is Collins, are you?"

Renwick looked at his chief in amazement.

Mr. Irons pointed to the open transom:

"For a bachelor, John, you have excellent ideas about salesmen and—women. What is Collins' first name?"

II.

One evening a few weeks later Mr. Morris, seated in the *l'Innocence* at Buffalo was looking complacently at two large envelopes which he had just stamped:

"Not so bad for three days' work in the hardest town on my route—four big orders, and each for a different line of goods than I have ever before sold in this locality. There may be something to Renwick's theory after all. To-morrow will come the test, though—if I can sell old Smedley something besides the regular 'complimentary' he generally has ready for me, I shall subscribe to Renwick's creed and be a worshipper for all time."

It was therefore with some trepidation, mixed with curiosity that Morris the next morning walked into the Smedley Company's store on Niagara Street. Mr. Smedley's grouchy 'morning' seemed gronchier than usual—surely here was a case of creating a "sales-atmosphere."

"I find that it is getting more and more difficult to get service out of Chicago,

Morris: I suppose that you folks are so busy looking after the golden West that you don't care for us old fogies who are still afraid of the Indians. It is the home jobber whom we have to fall back on after all."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Smedley. A couple of Eastern roads have been changing their Chicago freight-terminals—and that knocked things out badly for a time—but it is all right now."

If this had been a month earlier, Morris would have made an issue—would have insisted on seeing invoices and bills of lading—and there would have followed a season of argument ending in his being given a complimentary order. But, the Morris of to-day was not following blind impulse—he was expecting real business—and that would only make its appearance after he had prepared the proper environment.

"I had a look at your show-window as I came in, Mr. Smedley, and think that I caught your idea as to your next display—following out an idea like that week after week takes with the public, does it not?"

Now Smedley, after his preliminary skirmish had been accustomed to settle down for a fifteen minute wrangle on political questions—then to give Morris a hundred dollar order—such had been the programme for ten years past. The unexpected tactics of Mr. Morris disconcerted him—particularly as he had no scheme laid out for the next window display. So he snorted:

"You know what I am going to show next week do you—well you have a guess—what is it?"

Morris was treading a path new to him—but he kept moving:

"Your idea of putting a lot of fixtures into the window at one time is to give an impression to the public that you are carrying a large stock, and that is an impression well worth cultivating too."

"I see you guessed it—now you have a try on next week's window—what is that going to be like?"

Mr. Morris' mind was making double quick time—he knew that his explanation of the Smedley Company's window-trimming plan was a revelation to the

head of the concern—he could not help but admire Mr. Smedley's acceptance of what had never existed—now if he could only make his next suggestion count for business:

"Well, your next display will be just the opposite as to quantity—where this attracts by the amount of goods shown—that will command admiration by its simplicity and artistic merit. You will drape the floor and background in black—then you will place in the centre just one fixture—a white pedestal lavatory—one of these, of course."

And the wily Morris pulled out of his pocket an illustration of a brand new fixture. Ralph Smedley took the proffered plate; as he glanced at it a cynical smile twisted his lip:

"Really, James, you are an excellent guesser—you have outlined my ideas even to the punctuation marks. But this particular fixture was not the one I had in mind—just something like it—though this will do. What is it worth?"

But Morris had learned a good deal in the last half hour—enough to keep him from mentioning prices at this stage.

"Then as you realize—it is in overhauling old work that the profit lies—there is where you cut out competition—that's your plan, of course. With this lavatory in the window every woman passing will picture a similar one in her bathroom. So you are safe in figuring on at least thirty such fixtures sold in two weeks."

Morris was amazed at his own imaginative powers, but he kept right on, thinking and talking lavatories. He understood now about the growing esteem that Collins felt for Miss Smyth.

"The combination cock with pedal waste is an idea that takes too no soap-begrimed nickel-plated work there."

When James Morris walked out of Smedley's office he pedaled in an order for forty pedestal lavatories, all trimmed—an eighteen hundred dollar order. And he heard Mr. Smedley say to his clerk:

"Just phone this requisition for fittings down to the Pan-American Supply Company."

That requisition was the hundred dollar order that had been saved for Morris

—and Morris knowing it, was thankful that it went to the local jobber.

In the letter Morris sent Renwick that night appeared this clause:

"I just concentrated my mind on that pedestal lavatory—I did not do much talking—not near as much as usual—but I kept advancing arguments in my mind—not voiced at all—why Smedley should buy that style lavatory and buy it from me, not next week but now."

III.

"What are you looking for, Morris?" It was some months later—the speaker was John Renwick.

"I am looking for that resignation of mine that you put away in your desk."

"Oh, I tore that up long since—I thought you were too busy sending in high grade orders to ever want to see it again."

"Then I shall have to write another," calmly said Morris.

"What's the matter, James? You surely must feel by this time that you have a cinch on the trade—why you have doubled your sales in the last three months and have gotten in on a line of goods that show clean profit. What do you want to resign for now?"

"Just because I have learned to know my own abilities and others have discovered them, too. Ralph Smedley has offered me a big slice in his company. I will go in with him—he to look after construction work and I to secure new business; he says he realizes now that there is such a thing as salesmanship even in contracting work."

"Well you are not going—so just write Smedley and tell him so—come in here a minute—" and Renwick dragged Morris past the olive-haired Bysbee who guarded Moses Irons' door into the presence of the square-jawed iron master:

"Here's this man Morris about whom we were talking this morning—hunting for a piece of paper on which to write his resignation."

"I thought you said Morris was a sensible man," Moses Irons spoke reproachfully.

"I still think he is—but that odd grouchy Smedley who never has gotten a job except as lowest bidder wants Morris to become a lamb of sacrifice, and Morris is looking for the knife."

Moses Irons walked over to where Morris was standing and put his hand on the salesman's shoulder:

"James, for more than seventeen years you and I have been more to each other than employer and employee—you sold goods for me when I had to go out and buy them, giving the accounts as collateral—and you sold lots of them, too—then came the fire bringing a change in our line—something dropped with both of us then—I saw it first and gathered in this red-headed whirlwind—on whose coat-tails one can play dice."

"Then you saw your own weakness and man-like felt that you should no longer be a drag on us. I heard that talk between you and Renwick six months ago. John here could not have put up so strong a talk as that even a month earlier than he did; he had practiced his scheme or plan of suggestion without having analyzed it—then came the episode with Miss Smyth and—Collins—was it not, John? Renwick far above such human emotions was still able to apply the same rule to business—and you were big enough to catch the idea and coin it into dollars."

"I need both of you—Renwick and I were talking of you this morning—we are going to open that New York office and show Easterners that a freshwater manufacturer can sell at tidewater. You are going to take that office as manager—we are paying you two thousand now—it doubles till next year and then we will do still better."

Moses Irons' hand crept along Morris' shoulder till his whole arm lay about it:

"James, it behooves us old chaps who are alone in the world to hang together—as for that confirmed bachelor of thirty-five, Renwick, there watch his smoke—Did you say his name was Collins—John?"

And the olive-haired Bysbee outside the door joined in the laugh.

The City Man as a Farmer

Can Intensive Farming be Made Practical and Profitable for the Inexperienced Man From the Urban Community?—Some Practical Advice on Increasing the Crop Producing Power of the Soil.

By Edgar J. Holister in the Craftsman Magazine.

THE first question asked of one who advocates a return to farming as the most natural and reasonable method of earning a living and providing a house and a competence for the future, is: What about the practical side of such a scheme? Would it be possible for a workman used to city life and to the factories and possessing little knowledge of farming to cope with the difficulties which frequently prove too much for the man who has lived all his life on the farm and whose father and grandfather before him have followed the plough? Also, the question is likely to come up as to the actual results to be obtained by modern methods of intensive agriculture. Reports of experiments made by experts is one thing, but the actual pointing into practice of these methods by the man who is more or less inexperienced in dealing with the soil is another and generally there is a difference between the two so wide that the two results hardly seem to apply to the same thing.

With regard to the first question, I should say that the practical difficulties in taking up farming could soon be surmounted by an intelligent, energetic man, however inexperienced, who was willing to learn all he could from reliable sources and to gain his own experience as rapidly as possible by keeping a strict account of everything done on the farm and profiting by every failure as well as by success. We purpose in this and succeeding numbers of the Craftsman to give all the practical information, advice and suggestion that lies within the scope

of our own experience and upon which we are therefore entitled to speak with authority. Owing to the activity of the Department of Agriculture, the sources of more technical instruction are also abundant, and when a man's mind is once turned in this direction it will find plenty of good stuff to feed upon. As to the actual results of intensive agriculture, I can only say that after years of a varied personal experience, covering a variety of climatic and soil conditions in this country and Canada, I know that it is possible by the use of intensive agriculture to double all of our agricultural products and that each farmer can by taking the necessary care not only increase his own profits very materially, but bear his share in bringing the general productiveness of the country to the point so imperatively needed in view of the demands of our increasing population. In some ways the man who goes to the farm fresh from other occupations has an advantage over the man who has stayed on the farm, for the reason that his inexperience is balanced by a certain mental alertness that comes from being vitally interested in a new thing.

In my mind there is no question that we have reached a period in our national growth where it is absolutely necessary to take more interest in the matter of increasing the crop producing power of the soil. We are only beginning to feel the pinch of this necessity, but the conditions that now exist are bound to increase, and we have our choice between beginning now to apply the remedy or of delaying action until widespread distress compels

us to force the adoption of some such reform. The chief difficulty is that the people at large do not see the necessity as it is seen by statesmen and thinkers who grasp the whole situation and realize its significance; and until we can formulate a practical plan by which those who are suffering under present conditions will be enabled to take up the work of cultivating the soil with the idea of getting a large yield from a small area, progress must necessarily be slow. The tendency of human nature is to get all it can and let the future take care of itself, but we seem now to have reached a period in our national growth where the future must be taken into consideration and a return to agriculture brought about as almost the only means by which our national strength may be increased and our prosperity put on a permanent basis.

For proof of the effect of such a movement upon our national life, we have only to turn to the history of the more densely populated countries of Europe, where such conditions as we are coming to existed long ago. One of the most significant evidences of the responsibility which rests upon the farmer is found in the payment of the enormous war indemnity which was required of France by Germany before the German army of occupation would be withdrawn from Paris. The treaty of peace stipulated that this indemnity was to be paid in specie, and it was then that the small farmers from all parts of France rose to the situation and brought to the government all the gold and silver coin they had saved, taking in exchange the French paper money. The debt was paid and the country spared further humiliation from the presence of the German troops. Since then, France has not only redeemed her obligation, but is to-day financing other countries. Her people are so contented that very few find any inducement to emigrate, and the thrift and prosperity of the small farmer and shopkeeper in France has grown to be proverbial.

Another instance of a country where small farming by intensive methods is made the basis of national strength is found in Japan, where forty-five millions of people—of whom thirty millions are agriculturists living and working on an area less than the

State of New York, have been the means of building up and equipping a nation which in a few years has come to rank among the foremost of the powers. Intensive agriculture in Japan is the outgrowth of conditions. The country is rough, and farming is carried on under unusual difficulties. In many instances the land has to be made into a series of shelves, with raised ridges on the hillsides to prevent the soil from washing down into the valleys. And so great is the value of this land that the Japanese are devoting considerable attention to finding plants that will grow on these ridges and yield profitable food supplies. It is hardly too much to say that in this intensive farming of small tracts of land lies the secret of Japan's marvelous advancement, for it is nothing more nor less than scientific thrift, and the turning to the utmost account of every resource of the country, a state of affairs diametrically opposite to that which obtains in America to-day.

In this country of vast size and apparently illimitable resources, it is hardly to be wondered at that the intensive farming of small tracts of land has not, up to the present time, been considered a general necessity. Under certain conditions and in small communities in various parts of the country it has been and is carried on with a marked degree of success. For instance, at Norfolk, Virginia, where the climate is mild in winter and where the soils are of a sandy nature, making easy all the processes of agriculture, market farming has reached a wonderful degree of perfection. All the northern markets are made accessible by the fact that cheap transportation by boat is easily obtained, and when these transportation facilities were extended to Florida, many farmers moved further south, where fruit and vegetables might be produced and sent to the market in the early winter. Again, the climatic conditions near Kalamazoo, Michigan, coupled with a limited area of the kind of soil best adapted to the production of celery, induced a group of Hollanders in the early seventies to take up the growing of celery, an industry which has since made this city famous. The thrifty Hollanders drained the tamarack swamps, peat bogs and river bottom lands in Kalamazoo, and, merely by the practical application of good principles of farming, they developed an industry that

brought to the city banks annual deposits in the neighborhood of six hundred thousand dollars. The total area under cultivation is about seventeen hundred acres, which has been cut up into small farms containing from two to five acres each. As the production of the celery crop is largely hand labor, each family shared in the cultivation of its own farm, and communities were rapidly built up where fifteen hundred people are now gaining an ample livelihood. The industry was developed in other parts of the State, on limited areas, adapted to this particular crop. Modern methods of fertilization and cultivation have been introduced and the standard of the crop has been raised so that the net profit in most cases ranges from two to three hundred dollars per acre.

For some years the Department of Agriculture has been advocating the practical application of intensive methods on farms where the dairy industry might be used as an additional means of livelihood and for the purpose of restoring the fertility of the soil. Tons of valuable literature have been distributed among the farmers and those interested in the problem, setting forth the advantages that might be gained from proper drainage of the soil, the selection of seed and a system of crop rotation. Much good has been accomplished by these means, but one difficulty has been met which seems apparently insurmountable. The Department work has been simplified more and more that the farmer might better understand how to put into practice the fundamental principles that govern success in agriculture; but by reason of his desire to expand and cultivate a larger area than his energy and capital would permit frustrates to a great degree his own efforts. Instead of putting all the care upon a small tract of land necessary to make it as productive as possible, he almost invariably turns to the purchasing or renting of more land to farm in the same old way, hoping that with good weather he might realize larger returns.

Nevertheless, these obstacles are largely due to faulty standards and methods that are either extravagant or over-conservative. Enough has been done even in this country to show the results that may be obtained by intensive methods of farming, and it is my belief that all that is required to make such a movement general in its scope is to

bring within the reach of the workingman a plan that he can undertake with a reasonable prospect of success. The matter of securing land would be comparatively easy in the New England States, in New York or in New Jersey, where there are a number of farms well located and with an abundant water supply that can be purchased at a price ranging from ten to fifty dollars per acre, according to the condition of the buildings. Throughout the Northern, Central and Western States, where the land is not so rough, the prices would run from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. The advantage of the Eastern lands is that they lie in a much more thickly settled part of the country, and where it is possible to restore the soil to a fair state of productivity, it is better for the small farmer to be located somewhere near a city or a large town, as this provides his market and does away with exorbitant charges for transportation.

Within easy reach of New York and the coast cities there are large areas of salt meadows and swamps that are not only favorably located, but may easily be reclaimed for cultivation. These tracts may be purchased at prices ranging from five to one hundred dollars per acre, and when they are diked and reduced to cultivation by modern methods and treatment, they could easily produce a net income ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre in common crops and five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre when used for the production of such special crops as celery, lettuce, asparagus and other vegetables. This is not theory, but a matter of which I speak from actual experience. In the New England States there are large tracts of land well located and with a good water supply which range in price from ten to twenty dollars an acre. A portion of this land is now under cultivation and the remainder is covered with small timber, so that agriculture and forestry could be taken up with a very encouraging prospect for success.

The most encouraging feature in starting such an enterprise is that a beginning can be made by a few people, say from five to ten, and the acreage required need not exceed fifty to one hundred to give each person sufficient land to cultivate. As a rule, in getting property of this kind, not much ready money is required, as most of it is

mortgaged and the mortgage could be taken over with the place, leaving the first payment required very small. If the location chance to be a very desirable one, the group of people settling there would be wise to take options on surrounding lands, and thus avoid competition which might come from speculators in such real estate, who would inevitably be attracted by the first appearance of a settlement. In selecting the location, the first requisite is a good and convenient supply of wholesome water. What is termed loamy soil is preferable, with a small portion of low muck ground, where the outlet for local and main drainage of the whole farm is ample to meet all necessities. If there happen to be wood lots and orchards, so much the better, and stone piles are an advantage.

In the beginning a small portion of land, say three acres, could be set aside for the building site. One acre of this might be planted with such fruit as would permit the keeping of poultry in the orchard for the greater part of the year. When the fruit ripened the poultry could be confined or temporarily removed without much detriment. The variety of fruit trees planted could embrace peaches, plums, pears, dwarf apples and cherries—about seventy-five to one hundred trees, which should come into bearing the second year after planting. This acre could also furnish room for keeping one hundred laying hens in small colony houses scattered over the area. The net income from these hens can safely be estimated at one hundred dollars per annum, and by the fourth year the fruit should also net a return of one hundred dollars, which income would materially increase as the trees grew older. On the remaining two acres surrounding the house would be a lawn with shrubbery, shade trees and flowers. The rest of the land would be devoted to the farm proper, one-fourth of which should always be in clover, which is most useful as a reconstructor of the chemical and physical conditions of the soil. The area planted to clover could be changed every year and a half from one part of the lot to the other, arranging it so that every part of the land would be planted to clover at least every fourth year. While the chief returns from the clover crop would be in the increased productivity of the land, there would still be a revenue of at least ten dollars on the clover

hay harvested, and also a pasture would be furnished for the poultry during the time of their removal from the orchard while the fruit was being harvested.

On the remaining three-quarters of the land vegetables and small fruits might be continuously cultivated, producing sufficient for home consumption and preserving, and leaving a goodly crop to be marketed. In addition to the income to be derived from the sale of fresh fruits and vegetables, and of canned and preserved fruits, jams, jellies and the like, there is a great demand for pedigree seed stock. The seedmen and gardeners pay fancy prices for tomato seeds and selected corn and beans, all of which could be produced not only for the revenue that would come from their sale, but for the opportunity thus offered to gain a practical knowledge of the breeding of plants up to a high standard with a view to increasing the yield, improving the quality and hastening the time of ripening of all such crops—features much to be desired in intensive agriculture.

In the methods by which these results may be obtained, the question of drainage occupies a prominent place, as the benefits derived from a good system of drainage are far-reaching. The drainage of land is the most practical method, but the expense of it has militated against its general use. If, however, the tillers of the soil could once realize the advantages to be derived from such methods of draining and the profits likely to accrue from such an investment, the introduction of tile drainage could not fail to be more rapid. The most practical way would be to lay a line of tile along one side of an acre lot and see what it would do. The expense of this would be trifling in comparison with that of putting in a system of tile drainage throughout the whole area, and the increased revenue from the part so drained would not only encourage the cultivator to drain the rest, but would materially help him in paying for it. This principle applies to all methods of intensive agriculture.

By the systematic manipulation of a three-acre plot, the gross revenue from the poultry, fruit, vegetables and seeds should reach at least one thousand dollars a year. This result, however, would depend upon the putting into practice of such methods as have now been found to be practical and that govern success.

Some Neglected First Principles

By Ambrose Bierce.

WHAT shall a sturdy man do who has not "the price of a meal"? Clearly, he must go to work and earn it. But if none will give him work? Right here we impose the death-penalty for his failure: we sentence him to starvation.

He can escape this punishment in no way that is lawful: we have had the foresight to see to that, by laws against robbery, theft, and mendicancy. Mere vagrancy, too, is a crime: if "without visible means of support" a man may be sent to jail. If, like "the Son of Man," he "hath not where to lay his head," he will be safer from the rest of us if he pack it about with him, remaining awake or sleeping afoot. He might sleep in the park or on a wharf, or in some other unconsidered place. That would be no great hardship to society, but it would do him good, and we have provided against it.

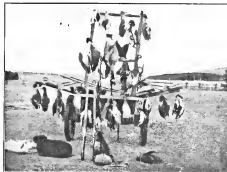
Laws against robbery and theft are just and necessary; those against begging are necessary and unjust. What makes them unjust is that we do not assure work to those able and willing to work. To say to a penniless and hungry man, "You may ask for employment, but if it is refused you shall not ask for bread"—that is a monstrous and shameful tyranny.

There is only one way out of this moral *impasse*. Since the state cannot permit the individual to rob or steal, and will not permit him to beg, it should provide him with employment; there is no other way to preserve his life and his self-respect. So plain is this duty of society to the individual that it is no less than astonishing that it ever could have been overlooked, or questioned when pointed out.

The employment should not, of course, carry a wage that would tempt the recipient to withdraw himself permanently from private industries, but it should be sufficient to keep the wolf outside his door—to tide him over his period of sharpest need.

This is not an anarchistic proposal; no proposal can be that if it aim to remove an imperative compulsion to lawlessness. If it is socialistic, then socialism may claim the glory of advocating an indisputable reform—the adding to the Ten Thousand Commandments thundered from the political Sinai one with a negative that is not prohibitive but benevolent, carrying not a threat but a promise: "Thou shalt not starve."

Gentlemen of the legislatures, how long do you purpose indulging yourselves in the happiness of contemplating indigence as a capital offence?



A Good Bag.

A Fall Shooting Trip in British Columbia

A Week's Expedition Spent in the Nicola District with Varying Success—Smallness of the Bag Attributed by One of the Party to the Want of Reverence Displayed While Passing a Well-Known Indian Grave—A Touching Legend and Some Curious Peace Offerings

By R. Leslie-Ewing in the *Budestian Magazine*.

I WAS unable to get off after big game in the fall, so was glad to accept the invitation of an old school friend to a week's shooting in the Nicola district of British Columbia. I had not hunted nor shot in this part of the country before, but had often heard enticing accounts of the duck and goose shooting which could be had on the numerous lakes and rivers for which the Nicola and Kamloops districts are famed.

Towards the middle of October, I started off and joined our party of four guns in Kamloops. Here we made final arrangements and got together the usual shooting outfit: blankets, tents, dogs, guns, ammunition, etc. The dogs, to my eye, appeared to be rather a scratch lot: an old clumber, a setter, an Irish water spaniel, and my curly retriever black and young pointer. Fortunately, as it turned out, the work they

had to do was simple, consisting almost entirely of retrieving dead or wounded birds from off the shores, or else bringing them to hand out of the water. It is a common thing to see setters and pointers used for this work in America, and as far as I can see it has no bad effects upon their behavior when doing their usual work.

In previous years blue grouse and prairie chicken had been fairly plentiful in the country which we traveled through and shot over. The last-mentioned had been placed in a close season for three years, but we saw very few grouse of any description during our entire hunt. They appeared to have left this part of the country altogether.

It is extremely difficult to account for this state of affairs, doubtless the birds have some good reasons for migrating, but to the sportsmen these are hidden; the feed, climate, etc., are pretty much the same

every year. It is the same with big game; caribou, elk, deer, at one time abounded in many districts where now they are practically extinct. The depredations of cougar, lynx, coyotes, eagles, hawks, and other vermin, may and do account to some extent for the scarcity of birds and deer, but not for the wholesale migration of the game.

The scarcity of grouse on the present occasion somewhat lessened the pleasure of our sport; but as our main object was the shooting of duck and geese we did not mind so very much, and confined our attention to the numerous lakes and slimes which

thrive and fatten on the rich and nutritious bunch grass which grows to perfection on the estate. Some splendid low-lying meadows, hundreds of acres in extent, afford sufficient land to grow roots, oats, and wheat for winter feed. When we arrived harvesting was in full swing, some thirty or forty horses being employed in the various operations of carting, threshing, hauling, etc. The weather was perfect and the crops bumper ones.

Unfortunately this fine weather, so acceptable in many ways, was bad for our sport, as both geese and duck had not yet



Golden Eye, Mallard, Scaup.

abounded in the country which we shot over.

A long drive of nearly seventy miles, which we accomplished in the excellent time of ten hours, brought us to our destination, the Douglas Lake Cattle Ranch, where we were most hospitably received by the owner, who made us, our horses, and dogs welcome for our five days' shoot. This ranch is the largest stock one in the country; it consists, I believe, of some fifty square miles of land, and carries some thirty thousand head of stock. The cattle

arrived from their northern homes. There were, of course, a good many local birds on the lakes and rivers, but we depended to a great extent upon birds flying from north to south. Many of these stop for weeks on their way, and rest and feed on the waters over which they pass. Our heaviest bags ought also to have been made at flight-shooting, but in clear, fine weather the duck either avoid regular fighting altogether, or else they fly so high that they are almost always out of range. This latter condition prevailed; and in the fighting-

A FALL SHOOTING TRIP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



At the Grave of the Indian Lovers.

ground where in former years a bag of thirty or forty couple was the usual thing for a night's shooting, we did not on the present occasion get half this number. How,

ever, we had some excellent sport shooting over the various slimes and lakes which were spread over the entire estate. To get over such a large extent of country we had to



Jenny Taitley-Aas, a Buxton Siwash Belle.

have horses; some of us rode, whilst our cartridges, hunch, game, etc., were stowed away in saddle-bags. The other four guns had all shot over the same ground before, consequently no mistakes were made, and the lakes were always approached so that one or other and often both sets of guns always got some shooting.

The usual mode of proceeding was for a couple of guns to approach the far end of the lake by a circuitous route, whilst those at the near end (after allowing time for the others to get close to the water's edge) would walk slowly forward, and either fire at any birds which rose within range, or else put up the duck which happened to be on the water. In this manner some good shooting could always be had, and very often the birds, when once disturbed and shot at, would fly round and round the sluc before they finally mounted high in the air and made off. Sometimes a dozen or more would be accounted for out of a single small sheet of water. In some shallow marshes snipe were fairly plentiful, and if we could have spared a day or two shooting them alone we could have made some very fair bags, but each day was mapped out for its particular round of duck-shooting.

On account of the late harvest the geese had not settled to any regular habits of feeding in the stubble fields, so we were unable to make anything like a decent bag of these fine birds. Large flocks were often seen, but these were either flying too high to shoot at, or else lay huddled up in big black masses in the middle of the larger lakes, where it was quite impossible to get at them. A few weeks later my brother, a friend, and I managed to pay a flying trip into this part of the country, and although duck were not much more plentiful we managed one evening to get into a place where it was very evident no flight-shooting had taken place that fall.

With the sportsman's common want of forethought, we came out with far too few cartridges, and long before the magnificent flight of both ducks and geese was over we had expended every single shell, and were left standing, cursing our own carelessness in not filling up our cartridge bags. A long, narrow sluc, with splendid cover of toolies and rushes at one end, was where we had taken up our stand. The flight started with mallard, teal, shovellers and

pintails, and flocks both large and small came passing and repassing our hiding places, giving us some splendid shooting, and keeping the dogs busy retrieving the birds we were bringing down. Towards dusk the geese began to arrive; we could hear their honking long before they appeared in sight, and all, or nearly all, came within forty yards, flying right over our heads; but even at this range, with 12-bores and 4 and 5 shot, out of every ten birds you may hit scarcely more than one will be killed, or at any rate drop within half a mile of where he is shot at. This proved to be the case on the present occasion, and with the few remaining cartridges we had it was aggravating in the extreme to hear the pellets rattling on the breasts and wings of the huge Canadas which kept sweeping with steady flight over our heads. At last my supply of shells was exhausted, and I thought the fun was at an end. In an out-of-the-way pocket I came across a couple of snipe cartridges loaded with No. 8 shot. Not much use, I thought; but I rammed them into my gun, and scarcely had I done so when a flock of some twenty geese lit right in front of my brother. He saluted them with a right and left which sent them straight across to me. They were flying just a few yards above the water and coming straight for my face; it was pretty dark, but I singled out the leader, who by this time was within twenty yards of me; he dropped nicely to my first barrel, and with my second I thought I had another, but although he staggered badly, as well he might, he managed to struggle off, to my greater regret, as I had hit him, and it was too dark for me to mark him down. The one I got, however, was a monster, and it was a long time before my retriever managed to drag it to shore. This was the end of a most exciting if somewhat disappointing flight-shoot.

But to return to our first trip. With varying success, our bag at the end of five days had assumed fair proportions, and although far below what my friends had shot in previous years, we had nevertheless a most enjoyable time, and returned with some fifty-odd couples of duck, a few brace of ruffed grouse, and some twenty snipe. My camera was not idle, and I got some good photographs of a most beautiful country. One of our party put the smallness of our bag down to the want of rever-



A Group of Canadian Wild-Fowlers.

ence which was displayed while passing a well-known Indian grave. The legend attached to it is a somewhat touching one. About a century ago the daughter of the Siwash chief, a very lovely girl, fell madly in love with a scion of a poorer tribe. Her father would not allow her to marry the brave of her own choice, but had compelled her to accept a more wealthy party. Rather than give her lover up, and be forced into so unwelcome an alliance, she clandestinely met her sweetheart at the rock which now stands as a monument to their undying devotion; for it was there that they took their own lives, and were found dead by the irate

and tyrannical old chief. The curious habit which still prevails of leaving peace-offerings on this stone attracts the attention of the few white men who happen to know the legend. We got out of our rigs to pay our respects, but it certainly gave one something of a shock to see the quality of gifts which were lying about on the stone: matches, pieces of string, buttons, an old pipe, a few empty bottles, etc. Apparently these are left by the passing Indians in all good faith, and are duly collected by the present representative of the clan, who, it seems, is a buxom Siwash belle, known by the unromantic name of Jenny Tatley-Ans.



Characteristics That Make a Successful Man

Everything Attempted is Wrought to a Conclusion and not Until it is Properly Completed is Senator Frost Satisfied—Some Outstanding Features of the Success of a Prominent Manufacturer, Parliamentarian and Public Spirited Citizen.

By G. C. Keith.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed,
Your substance and your birthright are."

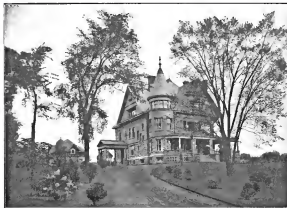
IF genius may be described as those sterling qualities which stand for honesty and fair dealing, capacity for work and general executive ability that makes a man indispensable to a community, then we may say that Senator F. T. Frost is a genius. From 1876 to 1883 Mr. Frost occupied the chair of the Reeve of Smith's Falls. Being instrumental in changing the village into a town he became in 1883 its first mayor

by acclamation. He has always had a deep interest in the affairs of the town in which he was born and has never lost an opportunity to advance its interests whether in the council or as a member of the School Board where he served many years.

Mr. Frost is one of the heads of the Frost & Wood Co., large manufacturers of agricultural implements and, with his brother, Charles B. Frost, for one cannot be mentioned in the commercial world without the other, broad and deep foundations have been laid for a great industrial enterprise which finds its expression in the high chimneys and great buildings in Smith's Falls, and large warehouses elsewhere in the Dominion.

The big enterprise of which these two men are now the honored heads was founded by their father, Ebenezer Frost, away back in 1839, the business at that time consisting of the manufacture of a few plows and stoves. Those were not the days when the proprietors of a shop sat in a glass-enclosed office and dictated letters to their stenographers. They were days when the proprietors filled the many duties of the shop and office and personally supervised every detail.

Perseverance was an innate quality of the early pioneers and this was inherited by Senator Frost and has been reflected all through his business and public life. Hopefulness is one of the outstanding features of his character. Since 1863, when their father died, Charles B. Frost and Senator Frost have been directing the destiny of their company. For about twenty years Alexander Wood was in



The Residence of Senator Frost, Smith's Falls, Ont.

partnership with them but the Messrs. Frost took over the business in 1885, maintaining the name Frost & Wood until it became a joint stock company in 1899 when it was changed to the Frost & Wood Co., Limited. The business has shown a steady growth ever since but was greatly checked by the disastrous fire of February 8, 1906, when the manufacturing part of the plant was destroyed by fire and it is only now regaining its position again as one of the large implement industries of the Dominion. It was a hard blow but there is an old saying "a person never knows what he can do until he has to do it." It certainly must have looked like a hopeless task to try and replace their plant and still keep on business. The spirit of perseverance, however, showed itself. The smoke had scarcely cleared away before they had a staff of men at work and in less than a year a new plant with double the capacity of the old one was erected on the site, equipped with the most modern machinery on the continent. It took

plenty of nerve and a lot of hard work but, as a circular they issued said, "Every knock's a boost," they are now in a better position for manufacturing than before.

But his commercial life shows only one view of Senator Frost's qualities of perseverance. In 1896 he was elected to the Federal Parliament for North Leeds and Grenville. It was an up-hill climb but, after four successive defeats against great odds, he had the satisfaction of achieving his object to which his native town largely contributed. During the four years as member he showed such a capacity for work and clear insight into questions of the day that it was an open secret that he was in close succession for the ministry which would have given good satisfaction throughout the Province of Ontario. But "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" and in 1900 he met defeat once more and was relegated to private life. His work was recognized, however, and in March, 1903, he was appointed a Sen-



SENATOR F. T. FROST.



The Public Library, Smith's Falls.

ator by the Crown much to the satisfaction of his friends from whom he received many letters and telegrams of congratulation from all parts of Canada and elsewhere.

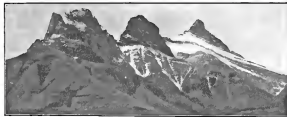
A plain unassuming man is Senator Frost and excitement does not wean him from his home. He has no hobby but takes a great interest in British history. Accompanied by his estimable wife, he has twice visited Europe and studied the customs of the European countries, taking special delight in Italy with its beauties, and the British Isles showing the culture of centuries. His home, a handsome one, is a model of beauty surrounded as it is by trees and lawns, shrubs and flowers arranged in the most exquisite taste. His den is a favorite place with him and, when not attending to his many duties, he is usually found there but never idle. He is ever ready to lend a hand to any worthy object and the Public Library which is one of the adornments of the town is due to the generosity of his brothers and himself. When Andrew Carnegie offered money for a library the Messrs. Frost generously donated a like amount for its maintenance.

Senator Frost is a Presbyterian and is a regular attendant at St. Paul's where Mrs. Frost and he are active workers in the Church and Sabbath School, of which the Senator was Superintendent for many years.

Mr. Frost is greatly interested in and is very popular with the young men and has been honorary president of Smith's Falls hockey, lacrosse and baseball for years.

His good judgment, common sense and aesthetic tastes, have added still more to his duties. His capacity for work seems unlimited and he never shirks any of it. Everything attempted is wrought to a conclusion and not until everything is properly completed is he satisfied. It is a creed of his from which he has never departed. In his home, in business and public life it has ever been a maxim to do things well and to this he attributes his whole career. In their machinery lines is written a character—one hundred cents is given for a dollar and to this he attributes the growth of their large industry.

In 1902 Mr. Frost was appointed a member of the Ottawa Improvement Commission and the work of these men is making that city famous for its beauty besides giving an impetus to other Dominion cities to undertake similar improvements. The great aim of the Commission is not only to adorn the Capital but to give rich and poor alike a higher conception of life, an atmosphere that encourages culture and refinement, and a loyal pride in the city that stimulates to true living with better conditions and pleasant surroundings. These improvements will absorb all the Government lands around Ottawa. Rockcliffe Park will be one of the beauties of the Dominion with its miles of splendid roadway already completed and more under construction. Driveways from Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, to the Parliament Building also along the Rideau Canal for miles and various parks in different parts of the city have been completed or are under construction. When the whole scheme of the Commission is completed, Ottawa will be one of the most attractive and fascinating cities on the continent.



The Three Sisters of the Rockies, near Canmore.

No Sport in the World to Equal Mountaineering

Although the Recreation is Participated in by Comparatively few People—The Exhibition of Making an Ascent up the Steep Incline—Some Excellent Rules for the Guidance of the Novice in the Exciting Pastime of Reveling in Nature's Most Stupendous Handwork.

By George D. Alesha in the World's Work Magazine.

THERE is no sport in the world like mountaineering. Its pleasures are not marred by the slaughter of innocent animal life, nor discomfited to any of our fellow beings, and perfect health and physical fitness, such as no other sport can give, are numbered among its greatest rewards. But its pure joys and benefits are shared by relatively few people, for mountain climbing for the sake of recreation is a sport of comparatively recent times. The ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1834 by Mr. Justice Wills is generally recognized as the beginning of the genuine sporting side of mountaineering. In recent years, however, mountain clubs have been formed in many parts of the world and the number of those who appreciate the pure joys and benefits of mountaineering is increasing. Fortunately are those who have tasted of these and renewed health and strength far above the cares and troubles of the world, among the crags and silent snows of the everlasting hills.

It is a mistake for the American to imagine that he must go to the Alps or the Himalayas in order to find peaks worthy of

his ambition. A vast range of mountains stretches across North America from far south of the United States to Alaska. Mount St. Elias (18,092 feet) is the most notable culminating point in the icy North, and its ascent was the object of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition in 1897. A tremendous expanse of slightly sloping glacier had to be crossed in order to reach the peak. Its ascent required a month of strenuous exertion, but on July 30th of that year his party stood on the longed-for summit, and the Italian flag was left floating in the Arctic breezes.

Mount McKinley, which rises in Alaskan territory to a height of nearly 20,500 feet above sea-level, is supposed to be the loftiest peak in North America. Dr. F. A. Cook, who was a member of the Peary Arctic Expedition, succeeded in reaching its summit in 1906. In his book, "To the Top of the Continent," he describes it as the steepest and the most Arctic of the great mountains of the world.

The Canadian Rockies have been called "the Switzerland of North America" on account of their natural beauties and at-

tractions. Dr. Norman Collie has organized a number of American climbing clubs for expeditions among these first-class peaks. One of these, Mount Assiniboine, is 11,830 feet above the sea, and has been described as the Canadian Matterhorn.

As a stimulus to American interest in the vigorous sport of climbing, it is worth while to recall that the Rockies are in extent vastly greater than the Alps, and that it is not at the present time known which is the highest peak. The average height of the mountains is from 10,000 to 11,000 feet. Mount Forbes, in the northerly part of the group, is generally supposed to be the loftiest, the summit reaching nearly 14,000 feet above sea-level. There is also rare sport to be found in the Appalachians and in other parts of the United States.

There is, of course, especial interest in being the first to reach the summit of a great mountain, but there is always sufficient interest awaiting anyone who scales a lofty peak for the first time. It matters little, for instance, how many people have strode the crest of such a peak as the Matterhorn. Its individuality is still there, and to each climber who makes his first acquaintance with its snow-covered slabs and shattered ridges the element of novelty is scarcely wanting. After all, the climbing is the main thing.

For climbing foothills and for work in the lower altitudes of the more majestic peaks, little advice is needed, even by the novice. There it is simply a question of physical fitness, of endurance, and of some ingenuity. But the conquest of such difficult summits as some of those shown in the accompanying illustrations requires expert advice and a sort of apprenticeship. The present article is intended merely as a help to the beginner, assuming that he must make his beginning without the aid of an experienced mountaineer to guide his efforts. It would obviously require an entire volume to enter into the details of rock-climbing and snow-craft on the first-class peaks.

THE DANGERS OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

A short time ago a newspaper contributor suggested that, as a remedy against accidents "warning boards should be placed on all dangerous places, and danger signals on all the treacherous crevasses." It would be an education worthy of the Fresh Air Fund

if that writer could be lured to the comparatively small Glacier des Bossons on Mount Blanc, and be shown its thousands of crevasses that would require labelling—and the surface is constantly changing. Any sport that defies to any great extent the laws of gravitation must of necessity be dangerous, and what recreation is worth its salt unless it possesses a spice of danger? But foresight and prudence can do much to lessen the dangers.

The man who makes it a rule to climb only in absolutely settled weather will have little to fear from the danger of sudden storms. It may be remarked that as long as the wind blows from a northerly or easterly quarter, or from any point between these two, any sudden changes that occur are scarcely likely to prove serious. The only way correctly to gauge the direction of the winds in the higher altitudes is to watch the movements of the clouds. The really unavoidable danger is that which arises from comparatively small stones, or pieces of ice that become detached and fall unexpectedly. They may be loosened by the action of frost followed by the warmth of the sun, by sudden changes of wind, by another party on the mountain, or by a variety of smaller causes. Yet accidents from this source are surprisingly rare.

Judged by the fatalities, the easiest parts of a mountain are the most dangerous. After a hard struggle on the upper crags, human nature is apt to treat the lesser with disrespect. Novices are especially apt to underestimate the risks, as was shown by an amusing entry in the visitors' book at a well-known climbing centre: "Ascended the Pillar Rock in three hours, and found the rocks very easy." This was probably written by a young climber with more self-assurance than experience. The entry immediately below this is written by a well-known Cambridge don, who adds: "Descended the Pillar Rock in three seconds, and found the rocks very hard."

The following advice may be helpful to some who may engage in this sport without the opportunity of an apprenticeship under an experienced climber. The rules are merely the application of plain common sense.

RULES FOR MOUNTAINEERING.

(1) Start climbing mountains near home. Learn to walk slowly uphill, and how to

find the route by map and compass in misty and stormy weather; do not attempt any of the more difficult rock-climbs.

(2) Let every article of equipment be of the very best quality, pay constant attention to the condition of the boots, more especially the nails.

(3) Always begin a climbing holiday gently, after a few training walks.

(4) Procure the very best guiding assistance available.

(5) Do not undertake a serious expedition with untried companions.

(6) Never attempt a high mountain when it is out of condition; three days should be allowed after stormy weather.

(7) Do not climb in bad weather; if a storm should arise during an ascent, turn back at once if the slightest doubt should exist.

(8) Always be clothed to withstand the coldest temperature that is likely to be encountered.

(9) Take sufficient food for the wants of the party if they should be required to spend the night out.

(10) Allow at least an hour to intervene from the time of waking to the hour of setting out.

(11) Get equipment together the night before.

(12) Do not delay putting on the rope.

(13) Never climb alone, or with less than three men on a rope if any snow work is to be attempted; hold the rope firmly but do not jerk it in any situation.

(14) Let the best man lead going up, and take the last place on the rope in the descent; the leader's decision should be final on all questions.

(15) If a slip on the part of any member of the party would prove dangerous, only one climber should move at a time, and the rope should be anchored.

(16) If a slip on the part of any one climber would be certain to precipitate the whole party, the route should be immediately forsaken.

(17) Do not pass underneath or over cornices, nor cross slopes of snow that are swept by avalanches.

(18) The spirit of rivalry in any form should never enter into a mountaineering expedition.

(19) Never glissade down a slope of any length unless you have ascended it less than three hours previously.



Mirror Lake at Laggan.

(20) Eat and drink as much as possible, but especially avoid contaminated water.

(21) Always climb slowly, deliberately, and carefully; a slip, even when harmless, is something to be ashamed of.

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S OUTFIT.

First of all, the famous saying, "A soldier is no better than his feet," is equally true of a climber. I have no hesitation in saying that a pair of properly nailed boots are the most important details of a climber's outfit. The leathers for the uppers should be of the best Zug or chrome, soft and absolutely waterproof. The heels should be low, and they, as well as the soles, should project fully a quarter of an inch beyond the uppers when new, for even with this allowance they will become almost flush with the uppers after a few days' use. The laced pattern is preferable, and the tongue must be so sewn as to be watertight to the top. The tab at the back should be of strong leather.

The nailing of climbing boots is a fine art. There is no more trying experience after the first day's climbing than to find that half or even more of the nails have gone from their appointed resting places in one's boot sole. The greatest skill is required in driving the nails direct, for it is

imperative that no hole should be previously bored in the leather, otherwise they will come out, sooner or later. This is one secret of successful nailing, and the other is composition of the leather that forms the sole. Boots advertised as having waterproof soles should be avoided, for the process of waterproofing them renders them too spongy to hold the nails for any length of time.

The outer row of nails should be of wrought iron, not cast iron, or steel; these outer nails should overlap and secure each other firmly, and should continue around the sole as far as the heel. I am strongly averse to the use of large nails for the inner part of the sole. A useful hint for drying the boots thoroughly after a wet day on the mountains is to fill them with oats, or even straw. Next morning they will be found to have retained their shape and suppleness. Judicious oiling will further improve them.

The rope may be considered next to the boots in importance. The choice of the best climbing rope is a simple matter, for there is only one make to recommend—the famous Alpine Club rope with the red worsted thread running throughout its length. It is made with three strands of the best manila hemp, specially prepared to resist damp-rot. For ordinary ascents in the Alps, not less than a 60-foot length would be necessary for a party of three, but for the more difficult courses fully 80 feet would be required. Alpine Club rope weighs only one pound per 20 feet. An almost endless variety of knots is used by climbers. The "bowline" and the "reef" are mostly favored for the two men at the ends of the rope, while the "middleman noose" is the best for the intermediate members of the party. The purpose of the rope is to secure the safety of the entire party, particularly the less experienced members. When roped, it may be stated that the ability of the party is about equal to that of the leader. The rope should be closely tied about the waist.

For the ice-axe, one must go to Switzerland and the neighboring Alpine regions for the best and only serviceable specimens. The balance of the axe demands foremost notice. It ought to balance about eighteen inches from the head. The shaft should be of selected, straight-grained ash, and the head of the axe ought to be of wrought iron tipped with steel. Careful tempering is re-

quired to obtain the necessary degree of softness. The novice starts out with his implement held more or less horizontally in his hand, but the expert carries his axe with the head tucked tightly between his arm and body, while the spiked shaft projects forward and downward. Carried thus, it can scarcely be considered one of the dangers of the Alps.

The Rucksack is an ordinary bag made of canvas, with adjustable leather straps for suspending it from the shoulders. Its interior should be lined with waterproof mackintosh. This lining ought to be left loose at the top and threaded through with a tape for tying up the opening by means of a draw-string.

A small lantern, with mica sides, is desirable. Dry matches are, of course, a necessity. Goggles are indispensable for Alpine climbing, but the glasses should be of a neutral tint, not blue. A drinking cup of rubber or aluminum is easily carried. A good compass, mounted in a small but strong case, is another indispensable article.

The clothing throughout should be of wool, as far as possible. Certainly the underclothing should be woollen. The Norfolk jacket is undoubtedly the best form of coat and it should contain at least six pockets. A warm waistcoat is a great comfort, and the most important feature of it should be a thick flannel lining down the back. Professional guides often climb in trousers but amateurs favor knickerbockers. Personally, I prefer them unlined, for they are more easily dried. The Alpine hat is a familiar sight, but an ordinary cap is sometimes better. Gloves wear out quickly, so several pairs should be taken. They should have only one division for all the fingers and one for the thumb. A woollen muffler is a genuine luxury, and a woollen "sweater" proves a pleasant companion.

It will readily be understood that duplicates of all articles of wearing apparel should be carried. Even if the climber is not "wet through," it is refreshing to have a change of salient after a hard day on the mountains.

AILMENTS AND SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Sunburn is one of the most prevalent and annoying troubles. Its worst form is caused by reflection of the sun's rays from newly fallen snow, but most people suffer acutely from an ordinary glacier walk. Toilet lan-



Sentinel Pass, Paradise Valley, Laggos.

line is the most efficacious preventative, and boric acid ointment will assist the healing process if the skin cracks or peels off and the face becomes extremely painful. At the beginning of a climbing holiday, it is a good plan to wash one's face in water as seldom as possible, and shaving is an inadvisable luxury. On returning to the hotel after a few excursions above the snow-line, it is comforting to wash the face in warm milk and complete the operation by drying the tender skin with a very soft towel. Boric acid powder is excellent for abrasions and for blistered feet.

The eyes often grow painful after long exposure to the bright light on a snowfield. A few drops of a solution of cocaine will generally relieve the irritation immediately. Other simple remedies will suggest themselves.

In all sports it falls to the lot of few men

to excel, and in mountaineering this is especially so. The real expert realizes better than anyone else the smallness of his best efforts, and never is an expedition undertaken without his adding to the almost endless store of technical knowledge that is required if he is safely to indulge in mountaineering. The great mountaineer is the man with all his senses on the alert; and though, despite his comparative insignificance, he may revel in nature's most stupendous handiwork, he must never neglect the laws which govern his craft, nor forget for a moment the penalty of neglecting them. Indeed, it has even been suggested by a friend who was asked to read some of the instructions contained in this article that a suitable title would be "how not to break your neck on the mountain. by one who has tried it!"

Sir William Macdonald and Practical Education

Some Striking Characteristics of the Man who Stands Alone as One of the World's Greatest Reformers—The Aged Philanthropist and Benefactor Allows Himself to be Interviewed for the First Time—Some of His Maxims, Methods, Ideals and Gifts.

By C. D. CHIL-

"I AM a solitary man. I do my own thinking. I do my own acting. I am sorry you ever suggested the idea of writing anything about me, because I do not like it."

So spoke Sir William C. Macdonald the other day, the noted philanthropist, benefactor to McGill University and education generally, and highly successful business man of Montreal. This, then, in one para-

graph explains one side of the man. To call him a merchant prince would be no compliment. To say anything but just plain, unvarnished truth would be a waste. Cut out all platitudes and Sir William stands alone as one of the world's great reformers. His munificent donations to education running into millions have established a monument to his memory "more lasting than bronze," especially as it will dispense through countless generations numberless blessings to the land he serves.

"A foolish consistency is the hob-goblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do." So wrote Emerson, and it applies aptly to such benefactors when the fanatics say, "How did he make his money?" "Is it tainted?" "How much did he pay his half-capable employee who was discharged?" etc. "Whisper it not in Gath," etc., for it would be a weary world, were it not for the open-handed generosity of the Carnegies, the Strathcoons, the Mount Stephens and the Macdonalds.

Sir William Macdonald has been over half a century in the tobacco business. He has always been as near independent as human beings can be, because he believed early that when men get the crook out of their backs, the hinges out of their knees, and the cringe out of their souls, they are free.

From his earliest childhood in Glenal-dale, P.E.I., where he was born in 1831, his dominant characteristic has been thoroughness, an ambition to be first in his classes, first in competitive games in the field, and, later, first in affairs. Those who have



SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD.



Main Building of Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

known him all these years believe him to be just such a man all through—a man in whom the people could easily believe, they heard his voice, the very intonation of kindness, they looked upon his strong, lithe form, have seen the gleam of his honest eyes, and felt the presence of a man—a man who wants nothing and gives much—a man who has given more than his life for this country's education. When asked how he came to turn his mind towards education improvement; if it was want of education in his own life, etc., he smilingly replied: "Want of education applies to all mankind." So there is the key to his benevolence, the subtle basis of his scientific economy for education.

In the little Central Academy at Charlottetown, P.E.I., the future millionaire, knight and benefactor, was educated, his capacity for absorbing knowledge was marked. The traits of the rugged Scottish ancestry were his, even to a theological stiffness at home which robbed his mind of much of its humor. In fact, it is well known that reformers must be color-blind—they see only red or purple and nothing else. Young Macdonald left home early, and, to use his own expression, he escaped much religious rigidity. Morgan's Book of Men states that he was of Roman Catholic family. This is wrong. Sir William says he is opposed in toto to the Roman Catholic doctrines and to much of the Protestant.

His parents, though not wealthy, were people of prominence, and were, best of all, thinking people. His father, Donald Macdonald was a well-known figure in the East, and was for some time President of the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island. His mother, Anna Matilda Brecken, came of good old United Empire Loyalist stock, and was very fond of William, her youngest son.

She it was who instilled into the young man the right principles of life, the careful thrift and the evenness of mind which have served him well. It is said by those who know that Sir William's abiding affection for his mother prevented him from marrying at an early age, and so he never took the step at all. It is, however, from his grandfather that Sir William inherits much ability. He was Captain John Macdonald, eighth chieftain of the Clan Macdonald, of Glendaloe. He was a leader of men and a benefactor, living a life devoted to public

good. After founding the sterling Scotch settlements of Tracadie, Scotchforth, Glenfinn and Fort Augustus, all known throughout the Province of Prince Edward Island to-day for their sound Scotch worth, he served during the American War as captain of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, organized by Col. Allan Maclean for the defense of Quebec.

His young grandson was proud of his stirring parents, and it is easy to see that Sir William inherited the power to lead and rule men, by his mental strength, his excellent physique and the combination of poise and sympathy which go to make up the equipment. The Macdonalds were like most of their race, they always bought the things they should have bought, and never left unsold the things they should have worked off. William was at work early, although he acquired a fine education. He spent one year in the employ of Daniel Brennan, in Charlottetown, which is merely an incident, and is more honor to that man than to Sir William, now, as it was really the only man he ever worked for. At 23 years of age, a time when most young men are just beginning to find their feet and often are just "getting out of college," young Macdonald left his native district and started business for himself as an importer and commission merchant in Montreal, subsequently going into the tobacco business. From crudest beginnings he has developed an immense business, and, incidentally, a large fortune. Employment is given to a large number of hands and the business ranks as one of Canada's leading enterprises. His business methods and his opinions have been kept as secret as if in watertight compartments. Even in the matter of his donations to McGill College, he loathes even the mentioning of it. He has given nearly two millions of money alone to McGill, to say nothing of his five million-dollar college bearing his own name at St. Anne de Bellevue, and his hundreds of thousands distributed in other ways. He is the largest shareholder in Canada's largest bank, the Montreal; is a director of it, as well as many other important financial and commercial institutions; is life governor of numerous charitable and beneficent institutions and a supporter of many, unknown to the public, yet he holds up his hands in apparent agony and cries out, "LEAVE ME ALONE. I DO NOT



Macdonald Hall at Guelph, Ont.

WISH TO HEAR ABOUT IT." Though Sir William seems to have shut himself in he has never been a recluse nor has he ever been in danger of dying at the top from mental asphyxiation.

Asked why he did not now advertise his tobacco, he said he had for years used the papers freely. This, with a good factory system and a very high quality in his products, laid the foundation for the largest individually owned tobacco business in the world. He would have been equally successful in any other business. The methods he employed in his great career form the strongest object lesson for the present-day business man. Questioned further about his business and some of his peculiar methods, Sir William said he would be shocked to have any reference to his private business.

Many acts of munificent man to man charities, kindnesses to old employees, donations to needy and suffering ones are known to the writer, and when the idea of mentioning them was heard by Sir William he exclaimed, "Horrible! Horrible! I am sorry I ever met you." What then can be done to dissipate the misunderstanding that is abroad regarding such men. Self-seekers invariably brand such a man as "the meanest man on earth." "An odd curmudgeon." "A shyster millionaire." "He made his money by grinding down his staff," etc., and all the other poling stuff that is emitted

from incapables and jealous fortune seekers who hate, because this man or that man declines to dip down in his pocket and pass out his hard earned money whenever asked.

"Misunderstood, indeed! It is a right fool's word. Is it so had then to be misunderstood? Carnegie was misunderstood, and Rockefeller and Straithcona and Stewart Stephen, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh.

Sir William is on close and friendly terms with many of Canada's greatest men. He is friendly with his employees, and most of his customers. He does not dictate their religious opinions or tell them how they shall vote. He respects their convictions and they respect his. He has made money and is making money. But his first object in life has never been to make money—it is to be true to himself, and serve the public.

He has been well paid for his services. "There is that which giveth and yet increaseth," etc. Cool, practical and courageous, his feet are always on the earth, even though his head may be sometimes in the clouds. Think what it would mean to have his services at the disposal of the nation! Firm, resolute and incorruptible, unmoved by flattery, unshaken by fear, just and tenacious in conviction, he has enriched Canada by a modest and noble example of strength and fidelity. He has given a rebirth to education; has quickened the aspiration of our children and planted firmly

a heritage worth more far than a mint of gold.

In his home, and this is dangerous ground, as far as displeasing Sir William is concerned—one finds all the earmarks of a voracious student. He has a fondness for fine books, loves the work of fine artists and engravers; joys in communing with the thoughts of great souls who have worked and loved and failed and died to help the world's freedom. That he thinks his own thoughts or is a freethinker is his own business. He is familiar with Emerson, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Morris. His heroes are men like Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Paine.

The students at McGill convocations have been heard to say, "Bill, we need the money." But Sir William only smiles and gives more. Those who do not care for him do not know him.

Those who think Sir William anything but a high-minded gentleman of superior attainments, are like the old maid who had a profound belief in the rascality of man—it was all founded upon hearsay.

The man is a picture of what is known as character. Character is like an Alexandrian puzzle, read it backward, forward or across and it still reads the same thing. He wears a full beard, which is now flecked with grey, but to see that long, square lower jaw, with the chin almost sticking out, it is so prominent; pursed lips, the long, nicely carved nose with just the hint of a hook, topped by a broad, well-shaped, bare head, the forehead bulging out just over the eyes, which twinkle through his glasses, and the thought of mastery, control, serenity—success—strike one with even ordinary observation. The face itself is smooth and rosy as if its owner had never known a care, while at 77 he walks as straight as a lance and with a step as firm as a lad of twenty.

At Christmas, 1898, he was knighted by her Majesty Queen Victoria for his services to education. His great work has been, however, latterly, James Wilson Robertson, now principal of the Macdonald College at St. Anne, had been for many years very successful in Canada as a dairy expert, and later as Agriculture Commissioner for the Dominion. Some years ago he had a plan for interesting the young people of the Dominion in the work of agri-

culture. He had offered \$100 in prizes to boys and girls who would send him the largest heads of wheat and oats from their father's farms.

The response was most gratifying, and Prof. Robertson saw its future possibilities. He enlisted the support of Sir William Macdonald, who offered \$30,000 as prizes. As a result the yields of grains increased 27 and 28 per cent., and from this movement has grown the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, who estimate that in three years crops have been increased in value by half a million dollars.

From seed grain Professor Robertson interested Sir William in manual training. Professor Robertson had studied the best systems in vogue in the United States, England and elsewhere, and adapted their best features to his manual training schools. He founded twenty-one of these, attended by 7,000 children. Sir William contributed the whole cost for three years, and then left the municipalities free to continue the schools if they wished. In every case they have been continued, and the movement is spreading rapidly. In Ontario the number grew from three to forty.

Another move was to consolidate rural schools. Professor Robertson took up this work with his characteristic energy, and again enlisted the sympathies of Sir William Macdonald. In these consolidated schools the course was broadened to include gardening, sewing, cooking and manual training. Dr. Robertson felt that our elementary education system was too bookish, that it did not appeal to the skill of hand and eye which calls out intelligence, and prepares for the home, the farm and workshop, or the mill, where most boys and girls spend their lives. These schools were successful beyond all anticipation. The attendance was larger, the education better and broader, the results more permanent and effective. In these schools selected seed was sown in the gardens, attention paid to the value of rotation of crops, the protecting of crops against insects and fungus diseases.

The educational movement of these two men was now so broad that teachers were required to be trained. Recognizing this need, Sir William has provided at Guelph two large buildings fully equipped for instruction of teachers. Here are courses for manual training, household science, cook-

ing, sewing, etc.; also a course in nature study and gardening. At St. Anne he has taken all that he found best at Guelph and in other colleges, and combined them into a system as unique and perfect as is possible to obtain.

The farm consists of 564 acres, divided into three parts: the campus, 74 acres, with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers; the small culture farm of 100 acres, for horticulture and poultry-keeping, and the live stock and grain farm of 387 acres. All the buildings are modern, fireproof structures, models of simplicity and good taste.

The college has three departments: School for Teachers, which takes the place of the former Provincial Normal School. In this special attention is paid to the needs of the rural districts.

School of Agriculture, which aims to provide a training by combination of theory and practice.

School of Household Science, to impart instruction in all that pertains to good housekeeping.

In the School for Teachers, there are five classes—elementary, advanced elementary, kindergarten, model school instruction and pedagogy.

The School of Household Science gives instruction in a wide range of subjects, including the study of foods, cooking, household economics, clothing materials, dress-

making, millinery, fuels, ventilation, home nursing and hygiene and home art. These courses admirably supplement those of the School of Agriculture and show the wonderful educational instinct of the principal. In the School of Agriculture, boys are taught how to win wealth from the soil, the dairy, the cattle farm and the poultry yard. How to earn a good income is taught here and how to spend it wisely and carefully is taught in the department of household science.

Professor Robertson's work has been a natural growth. From seed selection and manual training grew the movement to reorganize rural schools. From consolidated rural schools grew the plans for the great Macdonald College at St. Anne. The question naturally arises, Will he succeed in the larger sphere? To know the man is to say "Yes."

St. Anne has won more than a national reputation. Delegations from the United States and Europe have visited Macdonald College in numbers. Prof. Robertson has so won the confidence of Sir William Macdonald that together they go forward developing ideas and applying them to the advancement of education and "the building up of the country." Sir William has put over five millions of dollars into the movement for the betterment of rural conditions by means of education. Not many men are able to inspire such confidence as



Macdonald Institute at Guelph, Ont.

to receive co-operation and backing so magnificent. This is as true of the one man as of the other, for Prof. Robertson says Sir William has ever been the predominant partner in ideas and good-will, as well as in wealth.

Recently the Quebec Society for the Protection of Plants was formed at the Macdonald College, with Professor Wm. Lockhead as President, and Brother Liguori, of La Trappe, as Vice-President.

The purpose of this organization is to study and control the insect and fungus pests that cause so much loss to farmers. Probably there is as good work to be done for agriculture in this way as any.

It will help to show the cause of loss, and when the cause is defined the remedy will be more readily discovered and applied.

It has been said that Sir William's characteristic virtues are commonplace, and that it is easy to give money when you have it, then may Heaven send us more such commonplace men. He has accomplished a work which would have broken a genius and driven a creature of public flattery to despair. If this is not greatness, no man need desire to be great.

His donations to education may be

enumerated as follows: \$80,000 to endowment for Mechanical Engineering; erected the W. C. Macdonald Engineering Building, valued with its equipment at \$350,000, with an endowment for its maintenance; endowment of Electrical Engineering, with the sum of \$40,000; erection and equipment of the Physics Building, valued at \$300,000, and two Chairs of Physics, with endowments amounting to \$80,000; the endowment of the Law Faculty with \$150,000; a further sum of \$150,000 for the maintenance of the Engineering Building; \$50,000 towards the endowment of the Pension Fund; erection of a new building for the Department of Chemistry, Mining and Architecture at a cost of \$300,000, making a total of \$1,650,000 in this list. In December, 1897, he founded a new Chair of Chemistry in McGill, and contributed a further sum of \$50,000 towards those departments with which his name was associated.

A short time ago the McGill Engineering Building was completely destroyed by fire, and it is now in the course of reconstruction. Thanks also to private work on the part of Sir William.

MAXIMS AND MORALISINGS

The sincere stone can recognise sincerity.—*Carlyle*.

Wisdom preaches temperance, not mortification.—*Seneca*.

Every step of civil advancement makes every man's dollar worth more.—*Emerson*.

There is no fine thing but loses something of its grace by being misplaced.—*La Bruyere*.

An unmarried man is an untested man—in most cases a shirker of responsibilities.—*Mrs. Craigie*.

When a man gets engaged it must be a slight upon all the rest of his female acquaintances.—*Lyndon*.

Discretion generally means having a good memory for the lies you have told.—*John Oliver Hobbs*.

The good of mankind means the attainment by every man of all the happiness which he can enjoy without diminishing the happiness of his fellow men.—*Huxley*.



Macdonald and Dufferin Terrace, Quebec.

Winning Fresh Laurels in Australia

By G. S. Herbert.

TO the dramatic world, Canada has made no brighter or more charming contribution than Miss Margaret Anglin. Having achieved a singularly eminent position in her profession on this side of the Atlantic, like that intrepid warrior, Alexander the Great, she is naturally in search of new worlds to conquer, and is now visiting Australia.

Her antipodean tour has been signally successful. In Sydney, New South Wales, where she recently made her debut in "The Awakening of Helena Bishop," she scored a pronounced triumph. Her work is accorded the highest praise by press and critics, while the large audiences, which have greeted the talented Canadian lady, have evinced their appreciation in a measure hitherto unknown in the Southern Commonwealth. Miss Anglin's numerous admirers have with pleasure read the despatches referring to the splendid reception accorded her in every city and the marked enthusiasm that she has aroused. Her tour promises to outlive the most sanguine expectations.

Miss Anglin's rise to fame has been rapid. She is the daughter of the late Honorable Timothy Warren Anglin, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons at the time of the Mackenzie regime. It was during the session of 1873 that she was born in the Speaker's Chambers. Inheriting some of her histrionic talent from her mother, who was recognized as a delightful amateur actress, the early bent of Miss Anglin's mind for the stage soon manifested itself. She was educated at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, and at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal. At the age of eighteen she graduated from a school of dramatic acting in New York City. Her initial engagement was with a Stock Company, in which she took divers roles and played them most acceptably, travelling through the Maritime Provinces. Returning to the metropolis she appeared in "Shenandoah." She also made a hit as Lady Ursula, and later, as Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac," she gave unmistakable evidence that a brilliant future awaited her. Fresh laurels were each season showered upon her as a decidedly clever emotional actress—one whose faithful, conscientious and consistent work has been clearly demonstrated in many memorable productions. With James O'Neill, Henry Miller, Charles Frohman, and others, she has starred and left the impress of her gifts and power on vast gatherings in all the leading theatres of the continent.

That she is reaping new honors in the play houses of another land is most gratifying to Canadians, who have, during the past few years, followed her career with intense interest. Miss Anglin is a sister of Mr. Justice F. A. Anglin and A. W. Anglin, Esq., of Toronto.



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

The Talented Canadian Actress who is now Touring Australia.

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Army and Navy.

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Brigade of Guards-Spectator (June 21).
New British Army Officer—Chambers's Jour.
Photography of the Navy. H. Symonds—Pear-
son's (Eng.).
Muster of Musketeers—Fort. Res.
Muster Regimental Musketeers—Wood's.
Our Navy's Great Task. Joo. R. Woodell—
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Architecture and the Arts.

An Old Revolt in Mainz J. A. P. Melkiss—
Weekend.
American Art Scenes a Triumph. G. Edgar—
Chambers.
Illustrations of the Magazine. G. C. Widney—
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Miss F. South Campbell—Overland Monthly.
Diary of a Collector. E. New—Full Mail.
Hunt Sails—Sat. Rev. (June 21).
Old Tavern. E. Watson—Harper's Bazaar.
Mr. John G. Johnson's Collection of Pictures
in Philadelphia. J. K. Grant—Consensus.
The Years of Walnut. H. Macfall—Consensus.
Old House Images. O. M. Rae—Consensus.
Shakespeare Marriage Picture. M. H. Spiel-
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Technique of Painted Castles. R. A. P. H.
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Art of the Age—Pearson's (Eng.).
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Two Beautiful Arts L. Burrows—Sat. Rev.
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Furniture, Ancient and Modern. Ads. Dugh-
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Business and Industry.

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A Journey Across the Sea. G. A. Selous—Pear-
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Story of Export Success. E. J. Blue—World's
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Pioneers of Export Trade. U. D. Eddy—
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American Trading Around the World—World's
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The Standard Oil Co. C. M. Key—World's
Work.
Technique of Foreign Trade. E. S. Vane-
Ward's Work.
American Farmer Feeding the World. W. M.
Hayes—World's Work.
Control and Use of Our Water Powers. C. H.
Forbes—Lindsay—Consensus.
Agricultural Extension Among Negroes. R. B.
Park—World To-Day.
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Window Attractions That Hold Attention. R.
Nuttan—Italia (July 11).
From Ad-Writer's Note Book. C. L. Chandler—
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Science of Office Stenography. R. G. Rastor-
res (July 11).
By Their Stationery They are Known. J. M.
Lee—Office Outlook.
Machines Compile Crop Reports. J. A. Fleming—
Office Outlook.
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slow—Office Outlook.
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son—Office Outlook.
Should Sail Foreign Trade. Hon. W. H. Mc-
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fice Outlook.
Reclamation of Long Trial Evils. C. H. Hester—
Office Outlook.
Managing Duplicate Department. W. G. Allen—
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Dutton Ready to Great War Gossip. W. G.
Allen—Office Outlook.
Science of Office Stenography. R. G. Rastor-
res (June 21).
Executive's Rubric. K. Banning—System.
Contrasts of World Trade. A. H. Ford—Spe-
cial.
Keeping Touch with the Trade. F. T. Day—Sys-
tem.
Finding the Point of Contact in Advertising—
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Finding the Good Line in Price Making. H. A.
Spinks—System.
Raising the Workman's Efficiency. H. Gaster-
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Money Savings That Build Profits. Jas. M.
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Why They Failed A. Reed—System.
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Making of Edison Business Photograph. F. E.
Tupper—Office Appliances.
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Office Stenography—Office Appliances.
Berke's Greatest Store. I. Lottman—Am.
Bus. Man.
Fishing Club. Beginners in Foreign Markets. F.
A. Crover—Am. Bus. Man.
Primitive Methods in Department Store Ad-
vertising. J. Schneider—Am. Bus. Man.
Growth of Glassware Industry in U. S. H.
Ford—Am. Bus. Man.
Modern Development of Business of Bonding. F.
M. Blount—Am. Bus. Man.
Concrete Met and Overcome in Building up
Foreign Trade. J. G. Sherris—Am. Bus.
Man.
Work of Merchandise in Great Department
Store. J. Bock—Am. Bus. Man.
Money-Making Opportunities in a Modern Lan-
guage. B. C. Kierke—Am. Bus. Man.
Concrete as a Building Material. J. K. Blisk-
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Retail as Retailing—Am. Bus. Man.
Advertising the Staples. C. L. Chamberlin—
Bazaar (July 4).
Ten-Fold Advertising. A. E. Edgar—Bazaar
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Local Markets of New Ireland—Smith's
Trade and Resources of Tibet. C. E. D. Black-
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Development of Alberta—Canada (June 21).
How a Sea. Drag Stone Made Good—Strains
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Hills on Boat and Ship Sales. C. L. Cham-
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Weather Conditions and Advertising. A. E.
Edgar—Strains (June 21).
Practical Talks on Retail Advertising—Strains
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The Girl in Selling. F. Wray—Lore Magd.
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Book-Keeper.
New Publishing Methods. O. Miller—Book-Keeper.
Physical Effect of Business Integrity. E. Christ-
ian—Book-Keeper.
Employee Association. T. G. Hart—Book-
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Paying Publicity. M. Hartman—Book-Keeper.
Fictitious Values in Appearance of Prices. G.
W. Hadden—Book-Keeper.

Accounting Methods for Small Municipality. C.
O. Hark—Book-Keeper.
Accounting Methods for Navigation Company.
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Accounting Systems for Textile Works. O. A.
Barker—Book-Keeper.
Postal Check System for Grocery—Book-Keeper.
Simple System of Cost Accounting. G. T.
Stewart—Book-Keeper.
Personal Inventory and Record of Stock to
Sold. H. A. Thayer—Book-Keeper.
Pests Not Industry—Garden.
Practical Campaign for Snake Prevention. Geo.
H. Cushing—Am. Rev. of Revs.

Children.

Need of Departments of School Hygiene. W. H.
Allen—North Am. Rev.
Children on the Sand-Spectator (July 6).
What Our Cities are Doing for Their Children.
G. E. Wade—Chambers.
Children's Carnival. H. E. Deane—World To-
Day.

Education and School Affairs.

Carriage Institution of Washington. H. T.
Wade—Am. Rev. of Revs.
Mistakes Made in Home Study. F. A.
Morgan—Chambers.
Study the Human Body—Shortland Water.
Lessons in Every-Day English. C. C. Marshall—
Shortland Water.
Master the Principles. W. F. Cooper—Shortland
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Hints to Business Students. E. A. Williams—
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Suggestions for Home Study. E. B. Cutting—
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Education of Our Girls. W. M. Wade—Eng. Ill.
International Moral Education Congress. Lady
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Bard—World To-Day.

Essays and General Literature.

Little Essay on Boards. Kofak—Lore Magd.
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Difficulties of Translation. Rev. J. F. C. Hagan—
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Mr. Chamberlin on Magazine Journalism—
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Constructive Criticism of Fictitious B. Hecker-
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Homes in Home. Doster Revolutionary Stand-
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Questions in Language and Creation in Litera-
ture. G. F. Knapp—Forum.
What Business Means. R. Hubbard—Forum.
My Lord Hamlet. J. McGowan and J. R. Hall—
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Military-Spectator (July 6).
Gothic's West-Eastern Divan. Prof. Dunning-
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Influence of English Thought on the French
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Becher and Christian Science. M. E. Whose—
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Religion and Our Schools. Prof. J. Dewey—
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Religious Action. True Roads of Morality.
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Scientific Elements in Ethics of Christ. S. G.
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Problem of Immortality. Prof. R. Eucken—
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Religion of Scientific Materialism. D. S. Jordan—
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Science and Invention.

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Electric Theory of Matter. W. A. Sherrington—
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The Trolley Wheel Cannot Jump. M. H. Salt—
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Vapor Penetration of Food—Chambers's Jrnl.
High Seas of Space. T. F. Baldwin—National.
Why the Sky is Blue. W. G. Ball—Weather.
Scientific Results of Antarctic Expeditions.
1914-15. Prof. J. W. Gregory—Geographical
Jrnl.
Subjective Science. E. M. Callard—Cont. Rev.

Sports and Pastimes.

Big Game Conditions in N. B. A. Moore—Rod
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Night With Coons. W. Carroll—Rod and Gun.
Our Trenching Deer. J. Dawson. O.B.S.—Rod
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Shotguns and Their Loads. C. B. Smith—Rod
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One Season for Hunting and Fishing Through-
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Way I Revised Olympic Games. Baron P. de
Coubertin—Fort Rev.
Mrs. Stettin's Opinion on Bridge. A. Cecil—
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Story of Country Cricket—Blackwood's.
Tenderfoot Skating on High Field of Norway—
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Moose Hunting in New Ontario. Chas. O. G.
Hocking—Admission.
Ladies' Golf—Spring. 1916. Miss M. E. Stringer
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Mountaineer's Equipment. M. Steinmann—Ad-
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Public School Cricket. Sir H. Gordon—Ad-
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Tiger Experiences in the Central Provinces. R.
Dobbs—Admission.
Pads and Pads Before the Camera. W. E.
Hayward—Babaria.
Hazy Mountains. Reddew. Rev. M. Blair—
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Country Life in Am.
Vital Facts About Sailing. L. A. Camanche—
Country Life in Am.
Mighty Hunting in Africa—Local Hand.
Olympic Games in London. E. G. Hawke—Am.
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World's Greatest Pastime. W. Henry—London.
Victims of Unorthodox Cricket. H. D. G. Leveson-
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Real Olympic Games. A. R. Johnson—Ball Mail.
Tackling for Boys. F. W. R. Fall Mail.
Imperial Cricket Trigonometry—Sat. Rev. (June
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The Fisherman's Nightingale. A. T. Johnson—
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Tackling on Plover Harbor in Daniala. K. M.
Brown—Rod and Gun.
Cycling Through British Columbia. S. O. H.
Power—Rod and Gun.
British Navy. W. Brown—Rod and Gun.
Still Hunt With a Camera. F. R. Boyd—Rod
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Eskimo's Experiences in North Country. W. H.
Allison—Rod and Gun.
In Glow of the Camp Fire. W. A. Warren—Rod
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Fishing in Kootenay. B. G.—Rod and Gun.
Successful Moose Hunt. A. Phillips—Rod and
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Prospective Work in B.C.—Rod and Gun.

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Australian Chorus-Girl. F. Young—Last Hand.
Some Wives of Plaster's. W. R. Eddings—Stb.
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The Summer Show. A. Sale—Cosmopolita.
Lovers of the Recent Season. C. Hamilton—
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On the Road With the Players. C. B. Dorje—
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Cohabit and Its Prospects—Canada (June 25).
Important Manitoban City—Canada (June 25).
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People of the North Georgia Mountains. J.
Dudley—Home Mag.
French President in His Field. V. Thompson—
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Romance of an Old Cape. T. F. Day—Outing.
Treadle Castle—Scottish Field.
Dance and Victory—Scottish Field.
A Patriotic Pilgrimage—English Idea.
Fire E. C. Pella. C. F. Nelson—Rod and Gun.
Exploration in Southern Nigeria. Lieut. E. A.
Sunt—Geographical Jrnl.

Topography of Northwestern Greece. Rev. Canon
C. M. Church—Geographical Jrnl.
Geographical Distribution of Rainfall in British
Isles. H. R. Mills—Geographical Jrnl.
Memories of Papua. J. E. Hargrave—Cont. Hand.
From the Oldest Field. L. Hays—Cont. Hand.
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Foreign Tour at Home. H. Holt—Pittman's.
Skylark in the Andes. M. Wilson—Pittman's.
Quebec 20 Years After. Champlain. L. E. van
Nesman—Am. Rev. of Revs.
On the Other Side. T. A. DeWorm—Am. Rev. of
Revs.
Ten Days at Atlantic City. F. D. O'Malley—
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House of the Sea Gull. E. W. Mober—Canadian
Country of the Mad Malak. H. S. S. Harlow—
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The New Forest. E. P. Webster—Canadian.
Sailing Seattle. N. A. Argue—Overland Weekly.
Bavarian Cracking Ground. F. H. Mason—Fall
Mail.
Last House of Oliver Goldsmith. W. Ball—Fall
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In Iceland. I. Malcolm—Cerebellum.
Letters from an American Girl Abroad. Mrs.
J. Van Tass—Smith's.
Birds Eye View of Malta. M. Nelson—Irish
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Interesting Facts About Australia. T. H.
Stanley—Chambers's Jrnl.
On an Indian Coast. Col. J. K. S. Macleod—
Blackwood's.
Gaping Ghyll. R. Ferner—Blackwood's.
In the Andes. Ego. P. E. Butler—Blackwood's.
Travels with a Donkey. F. W. Head—Country.
What We Saw Through—Country.
Among the Desert in the Southwest. H. J.
Cook—Scottish Rev.
"Continued." Villa of Louis Bragueres. E.
Ferner—Am. Home and Garden.
Japanese Garden of "Tadama." J. F. Cur-
ran—Home and Garden.
Black-wax Lodge. F. D. Nichols—Am. Home
and Garden.
Glimpses of old Annapolis. E. Singleton—Am.
Home and Garden.
At the Throttle of a Piper. W. De Wagstaff—
Travel.
To the Midnight Sun. P. L. Ward—Travel.
New York to Boston by Trolley. S. F. M. Cro-
well—Travel.
Shoshone Falls. H. P. Kiefer—Travel.
Along Flaming Waters. B. Wilby—Travel.

Vacation.

Rail Camping in the Wisconsin Wilderness. A.
E. Bartlett—Suburban Life.

A Pleasant Vacation. H. W. Clarke—Sun Life.
Where to Spend the Holidays—Guestweekend
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How to Enjoy a Tour. H. L. Toms—Circle.

Woman and the Home.

Some Wives of Plaster's. W. R. Eddings—Stb.
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The Business Girl—Canadian.
Fifty Years of Fashion. Ignotus—London.
New Crop of English Beauties—London.
The Littlest Women in the World. A. Brijana
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Royal Housekeeping. C. Berkebeck—Smith's.
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York—Smith's.
For the Girl Who Wants to be Pretty. F. Aa-
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Women and Politics—Sat. Rev. (June 25).
Practical Talks to Women. R. S. Moody—con-
tinue Writer.
The Housewife's Problems—Harper's Bazaar.
Landscape for Hot Days. J. Gieseler—Harper's
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The Girl Who Comes to the City—Harper's Bazaar.
Club Houses Guard by American Women. R. D.
Knob—Harper's Bazaar.
When the College Girl Comes Home. A. E.
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Casting and Penetrating of Fruits. M. R. Plick-
ner—Scientific Life.
Softagates in Canada—Empire Rev.
Bottles of Wines. V. Hittington—Cont. Rev.
Liberation and Woman's Suffrage. H. P. Bee-
cher—Cont. Rev.
Canning Fruit. J. G. Gieseler—Science.
Masters of Great Trees. J. A. R. Marjot—
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Ladies' Golf—Spring. 1916. Miss M. E. Stringer
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Women in Journalism. E. Farley—Babaria.
Ideas for College Girls. E. Farley—Babaria.
Home Comp.
Cold Stakes for Hot Days. C. V. Herri-
cane—Woman's Home Comp.
Mart Schindler. F. M. Farmer—Woman's
Home Comp.
Seasonable Dishes. F. M. Farmer—Woman's
Home Comp.
Women Who Travel in Sheep. C. F. Holt-
man—Woman's Home Comp.
Letters to Girl at Columbia University. Jess
McLennan—Watson's Jeffersonian.
Cephalopods of a North-Atlantic Woman—Circle.
Midsummer Moods and Their Making. C. F.
Benton—Circle.



The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some New Books Worth Reading.

The God of Clay—By H. C. Bailey.
The Gail of the South—By Robert Lee Darnham.
Love and the Immigrant—By F. J. Randall.
A New Self-Build—By A. Bryant.
Rear Socrates of a Sarcophagus—By James F. Havens.
Their Wedding Journey—By William T. Howells.
Sagittar Farm—By Helen M. Winslow.
The Making of Personality—By Hilda Cresson.
Night Riders—By Henry C. Ward.
Captain Love—By Theodore Roberts.
Bahama Bill—By T. Jenkins Hoar.
The Kingdom of Canada and Other Essays—By J. S. Ewart.
The Laws of the Moon—By Harold McGeech.
Chester Royal—By J. H. Yarnall.
Mrs. Bailey's Debt—By Charles Eddy.
Matthew Porter—By Cassel Bradford, Jr.
The Old Loyalist—By A. R. Davis.
Anne of Green Gables—By L. M. Montgomery.
By Their Front—By Mrs. Campbell Hall.
The Secretaries Career—By Madison C. Peters.
Glean 'O' Glean—By Arthur Goddard.
True Stories of Crime—By Arthur Train.
The Frolics—By Arthur Harnshaw.
A Woman's Way Through Unknown Landscapes—By Mrs. Louisa Hilditch.
Get-Rich-Quick—By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
The Chapters—By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Jack Sparlock—By G. H. Lorimer.
Candiana Wild—By Thomas A. Barnard.
The Tragedy of Quebec—By Robert Selous.
The First English Conquest of Canada—By Henry Kirby.
The Old Road—By E. C. Booth.
A Chance Acquaintance—Wm. D. Howells.
Old Quebec—By Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude Bryne.
The Spots of Life—By Wm. McLennan and Jean McLeish.
In Old France and New—By Wm. McLennan.
The First Century of Methodism in Canada—By J. E. Sanderson.
Captain Love—By Theodore Roberts.
The Homestead of the Reapers—By Herbert N. Chace.

* * *

Best Selling Books.

The best selling books during the past month in Canada were—
Bartley—By Ian Barch.
Mr. Crew's Career—By William Churchill.
Prime Deeds—By F. M. Crawford.
Jack Sparlock—By G. H. Lorimer.

Chapman—By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
Get-Rich-Quick—By G. R. Charter.

* * *

Bright Sayings From New Books.

A person who can talk is left as much less than they used to do is largely due to the decay of the imaginative faculty.

Women has ever been men's favorite gossip text, from the day when he got out of his first scrape by blaming the only available woman.

Probably when the last trump shall sound, the last living man will be found grumbling loudly at the stonewall selfishness of women for leaving him alone, and the last dead man to rise will awake cowering because his wife did not call him sooner.

Women only want extravagant pleasures when they are miserable. It is generally the wretched wives, the unhappy, restless spouses, who run up bills and sling away money. They feel that life is passing them, and they react by some compensation.

"If I am horrid, darling," a girl once said to her lover, when trying to make up a quarrel she herself had brought about. "It's only because I love you so intensely." "Then, for God's sake, love me less and treat me better," snapped the outraged lover. And we can sympathize with him—From "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It," by M. C. Brady.

I often heard from an American, that English people while taking pains to be courteous on the surface, are tremendously unkind to him. I would rather a man spoke of his heart than . . . his stomach.

In the time of our grandmothers the morning call was doubtless more whirling through the air, instead of walking along the ground, and slight with a shiver on her neighbor's balcony—and primer will then be a thing of the past.

The telephone has enlarged the field of modern romance as much as the telescope has enlarged the field of modern vision.

We are constantly told to do our best, we are never told to say our best; if we were the world would be a different place.

Man has been equipped by Nature with nine pockets: woman with only one, and that one she cannot find—From "Topics for Conversation," by Lady Bell.

A live woman is better than a dead saint, any day.

A sour apple sorts a jaded palate better than a sweet one sometimes.

Some men must have love, at least. Anything between the two is too tame for their tastes.

Is there a man born who understands all the moods of a beautiful and bewitching woman?

All women who rely more to grief sooner or later; for a woman, even in the most dangerous moment, will turn aside from her ambitions to give her eyes with love.

Edge round a woman with spurs, and a man will find his soul out to get her; but let her lay her . . . and he doesn't care who his bet.

He says he will die for his country, and so he will—die of old age.

A notice went for him for a day—and then left his wife and children to starve—From "Morris," by A. G. Holer.

One always has time for what one really wants to do. It is only a question of waiting hard enough.

Half the civility of life arises from our shouting our own pet virtues, and then being angry with our friends for not sustaining them, whereas if we took them for what they are and asked for nothing more, we should be at once kinder, kinder and happier.

Forecast things only go to those who have pleasantness already in themselves. That is what it means when it says, "Only them that have, more shall be given."

The people who boast of lassitude are never the people who possess it.

We see less apt to remind the discovery of our secret feelings than the taking of them as a mere matter of course.

We all want to do the best thing for ourselves, and ignorance is the only thing that takes us wrong. Nobody deliberately does the worst for himself.

If you want to be happy in life, don't be too stubborn or consistent in your convictions.

All boys are sentimental and want to remind the world—the old world goes on just the same.

Sometimes, people do not realize that they want a thing until the chance has gone by. There are sometimes pleasant things waiting on you at your best, waiting for you to pick up—don't let it be a pity to overlook them. Some men are so busy thinking for things after—From "The Ways of Rebellion," by Reginald Parer.

I don't think I should like to be married at all. As a philosophic scholar, active of mind, when I see how, even selected for his single pleasantness. "I don't think I would stand seeing a strange woman about the house."

You would be surprised if you knew how many persons live in comfort in Queen Street. . . . It is not that the clever people are very common; it is that the fools are so abundant.

We are all fools in some respect or other. But the majority of mankind is hardly in possession of even that one redeeming ray of light.

which enables it to realize its liability to be made a fool of—From "Letters From Queen Street," by J. H. M. Abbott.

An expert in human nature can sit with his back to an hotel entrance when a host of tenants comes rushing for rooms from an incoming train, and he will pick out the Reginald person almost every time out of ten.

Best behavior is not generally human nature. They have a saying at St. Martin that the first year you lose your hair, the second your manners, and the third your character.

The natural right of an Englishman is his sense of conventionality—From "The Cause is Righteous," by Victor L. Winschorek.



ELMORE GLYN

Author of that Much Discussed Book "Three Weeks." She was Born in Toronto.

Give space a time all artists were velvet coats and long hair, but nowadays many of them look more like gardeners than artists. Art and romance seem to be drawing gradually closer to each other, and limited liability companies are past pictures.

A young friend of mine who was married the other day was showing me over his newly furnished house. "What pretty pictures," I said. "What are they by?" "The Broom," he replied—From "Park Among the Pictures," by Walter Renshaw.

The approximation of a child provides better food for the soul than the true philosophy of a man who has spent his youth in acquiring a smattering of dead languages, and his later years in organizing war-packets and banners.

Little Missions were children who designed themselves to try and convert to a higher

moral standard all those with whom they were daily brought into contact. Unusually, they were so to conduct themselves that when they died no one could regret their death.—From "The Church and These Gays," by John La Rocco.

A wife is not a yard of tape, but it is advisable to get both man's wife and one's tape of the right character and substance.

I sometimes envy the costermonger with his barrow, but I suppose his antelopes and disappointments have a strong genetic resemblance to my own, and are quite as irritating. The antelope is more often the product of accident than design. Just as the president of birth may endow a man with a porridge, and the preparation of a society, so the revelation of a sister may, by the accidental discovery of a magnet, be transformed into a Crosses.—From "The Fortunate Duke," by Frederick Wicks.

All wise women avoid doing anything that they cannot do well.
The Service is no longer a stepping stone for ambitious men. It's a temporary stopping place for smoke and outsiders, and a brick wall against which both soldiers break their spirits.—From "Keepers of the House," by Conno Hamilton.

General Notes of Interest.

There has recently been issued from the pen of James P. Hargrave, a well-known Toronto newspaperman, a bright and most entertaining volume, entitled, "Some Sonnets of a Surrender." In a formal, colloquial way many incidents and experiences are told. There is a raw bag of truth and everyday wisdom poured into each stanza, and the verification is decidedly clever. The volume is a witty one and is appropriately illustrated by Mr. Fergus Kyle.



WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S HOME.

"The Vale," in Chelsea, London, Eng., residence of the author of "Joseph Vance," "Somehow Good," etc.

The stray dog always shows his teeth to an outstretched hand.

If one were to stop to count fifty before one did anything the world would be peopled with devils.

A thing is only dangerous when you stop to think that it is.

Well-downed aspirins to life what the sea gives to a lighthouse. With certain of the dark places with a shimmering veil of gold, and make the remembrance of certain days, hours, even minutes in the years come through life like the melody of a song.

Men's lives and women's lives are different. What a man can do and forget is unthinkable for a woman.

An American edition of the book will also be issued.

Mr. Leonidas Rickard has written a most thrilling and realistic narrative entitled, "A Woman's Way Through Labrador," which has just been published by William Begg, Toronto.

The new book of "Sowing Seeds in Bump," by McClung, of Marlboro, Mass., has just been issued.

An exceedingly helpful and stimulating volume is that entitled, "A New Self Help," by Ernest

A. Bryant. It is admirably illustrated and tells in a pleasing way a kind of success story in many paths of endeavor, not only by men and women of the past, but also of the present. The workers of the world, who have performed their labors faithfully and well, are freely referred to and the author, in a few prefatory remarks, eagerly points out that the aim of the book is not to glorify the money-makers. It is most comprehensive in its scope. All persons may deserve success, which is interpreted as meaning "making more than doing what you can do well." The publication, which is by Cassell & Co., gives a complete survey of the whole field, and a glimpse into the careers of men who have done things.

Milton's thirtieth anniversary in December will be the most important literary anniversary of 1905, but in 1906 the readers of festivals, the writers for reviews, the retailers of reminiscence will be overwhelmed. In that year will occur four great purely literary commemorations—those of Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edward Fitzgerald.

It is not a common experience for an author, particularly a poet, to live to witness the sale at high prices of his first editions. A copy of Salisborne's "Rosewood and the Queen Mother," however, has just been sold in London for £12. The book, of course, is a first edition, and dates back to 1888.

William Dean Howells is expected to return by the end of this month. Previously he has been staying in London, where he will remain until his departure for Boston. Mr. Howells has been abroad, chiefly in Italy, since the beginning of January. He will spend his summer at Mount Malaga.

Charles Battell Loomis has just completed the manuscript of a new book of humorous stories for his publishers, Henry Holt & Co., and is now said to be "breezing" up on the little language preparatory to writing a South American story, an occupation which is increasing his bluster at his summer home at Torrington, Conn.

Harold McGrath is the most domestic of men. But every Saturday night he goes off to his Syracuse club and stays as long as there is any one left to swap a story with him. This is generally a long, long time. "It is a new story" hour generally before the spirit moves him homeward. Then he takes a cab. But the cab is never allowed to draw up at his front of his house. It is always stopped by a little church around the corner. His wife, observing this curious practice, asked why. "It is very simple," said the author. "If I slatterned up to our door at this unsavory hour, the neighbors would be raising their eyebrows. But if I stop at the church, only God knows about it."

Mrs. Mathias C. Peters, the noted critic, lecturer and writer, has written a beautiful work entitled, "The Mathematics of an 'A' Short Steps in Science." It is filled with sound, practical advice and nuggets of wisdom. Running throughout is an optimistic spirit that inspires the reader to be up and doing. It is a most readable and useful volume.

At 64 years of age, William De Morgan wrote the first chapter of "Joseph Vance," a novel later, in 1903, at his wife's solicitation, he finished the novel and sent it to a publisher. It was rejected; the long-hand manuscript of some 150,000 words must have seemed appalling, and



THEODORE ROBERTS
A Talented Member of the Roberts Family
and Author of "Captain Love"

someone suggested that it would have a better chance if typewritten. The typing was put into the hands of an intelligent woman, who was soon complaining because her girls were mending the manuscript and crying out instead of copying it. She told this amusing experience to a publisher and "Joseph Vance" was sent between covers. "After-for-Short," written early in 1906, was published in May, 1907, and "Somehow Good," written in 1901, appeared in February, 1908. Mr. De Morgan is the son of Augustus De Morgan, a noted mathematician and logician, and professor in University College, London. The elder De Morgan wrote a modest shillib of books, including a series of mathematical works and "A Budget of Fools," on which Roberts comments delightfully in "Over the Top Cup." The son in this connection he says, "I plead guilty to 30 of an accurate and intensive form of mind. In terms of exercises."

Humor in the Magazines

A CLERGYMAN was about to leave his church one evening when he encountered an old lady examining the writing on the front door. Finding her desirous of seeing the brethren of the church, he volunteered to show her over, and the flustered old lady, much gratified at this unexpected offer of a personally conducted tour, shyly accepted it. By and by they came to a handsome tablet on the right of the pulpit.

"That," explained the good man, "is a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late vicar."

"There now! Ain't it beautiful?" exclaimed the admiring old lady, still flustered and anxious to please. "And I'm sure, sir, I s'pose it won't be long afore we see one erected to you on 'Yonkers side.'"

Andy McTavish was "no foolin'" just well, as he went to the doctor and stated his complaints.

"What do you drink?" demanded the medico.

"Whiskey."

"How much?"

"Maybe a bottle a day."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Two ounces a day."

"Well, you must give up whiskey and tobacco altogether."

Andy took up his cap, and, in three steps, reached the door.

"Andy," called the doctor, "you have not paid for my advice!"

"Ah'm no' takkin' it," snapped Andy, and he shut the door behind him.

Fat, Mike and Dennis were down in the trench digging a drain.

"Eh, Fat," and Mike, "p'werst wud ye do, Denney, me lirr, if yer had a million dollars?"

"P'werst wud I do, is it? Well, I'd tell ye: cure the first thing'd be wim or thim after-moakes, and the next'd be a big dance" in me short front. P'werst'd you be after doin', Mike?"

"If thim the first thing, Denney, I'd buy th' cold woman a grand house, a fine dress, and wend a new pipe and a fast horse. P'werst wud ye be doing, Fat?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," replied Fat thoughtfully. "I'd go up to the finest hotel I could find and rig the best room in the house, and this I'd go to bed and tell 'em to call me when the morning."

"And p'werst'd ye be doin' at six in th' mornin' wid a million dollars?" inquired the peevish Mike. "Well," replied Fat, "I'd wait till they'd come and knocked in me door, and this I'd yell: 'Go to th' devil—I don't have t' get up!'"

A certain spinster was being consoled with because she had no husband. "Why," she said, "I don't want a husband. I'm just as well off. You see, I have a dog and he growls; I have a parrot and he scaws; I have a cat and he stays out nights. Now, why should I get married?"

A school girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following: "My uncle brought an automobile. He was riding in the country when it started going up hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

An Irishman out of work applied to the boss of a large repair shop in Detroit. When the Cdn had stated his ready and diverse qualifications for the job, the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random he asked:

Do you know anything about carpentry?
Stare.

Do you know how to make a Vesuvian blid?
Stare.

How would you do it?
Stare. I'd poke me finger in his eye.

An old woman resident of a Yorkshire village took a social pride in attending all the festivals with ringing clatter of her home. There was a festival one day in the next village which she could not attend, but a neighbor of hers was there. That night she called on the neighbor and said:

"Well, Nancy, I heard you was at t' last 'ral."

"What kind of a festival was it?" Nancy asked.

"Why, it was a werry mean affair," she said. "There was no but a few blisid and d'et."

"Ah," said the old woman, "them's the sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, hat, thank 'eaves I've buried 'em all with 'em."

A group of people are gathered around a large document or map. The document has the heading "BUSINESS SYSTEMS LIMITED" and "TORONTO, CANADA." Below this, it says "WIN-ET" and "FAS".

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